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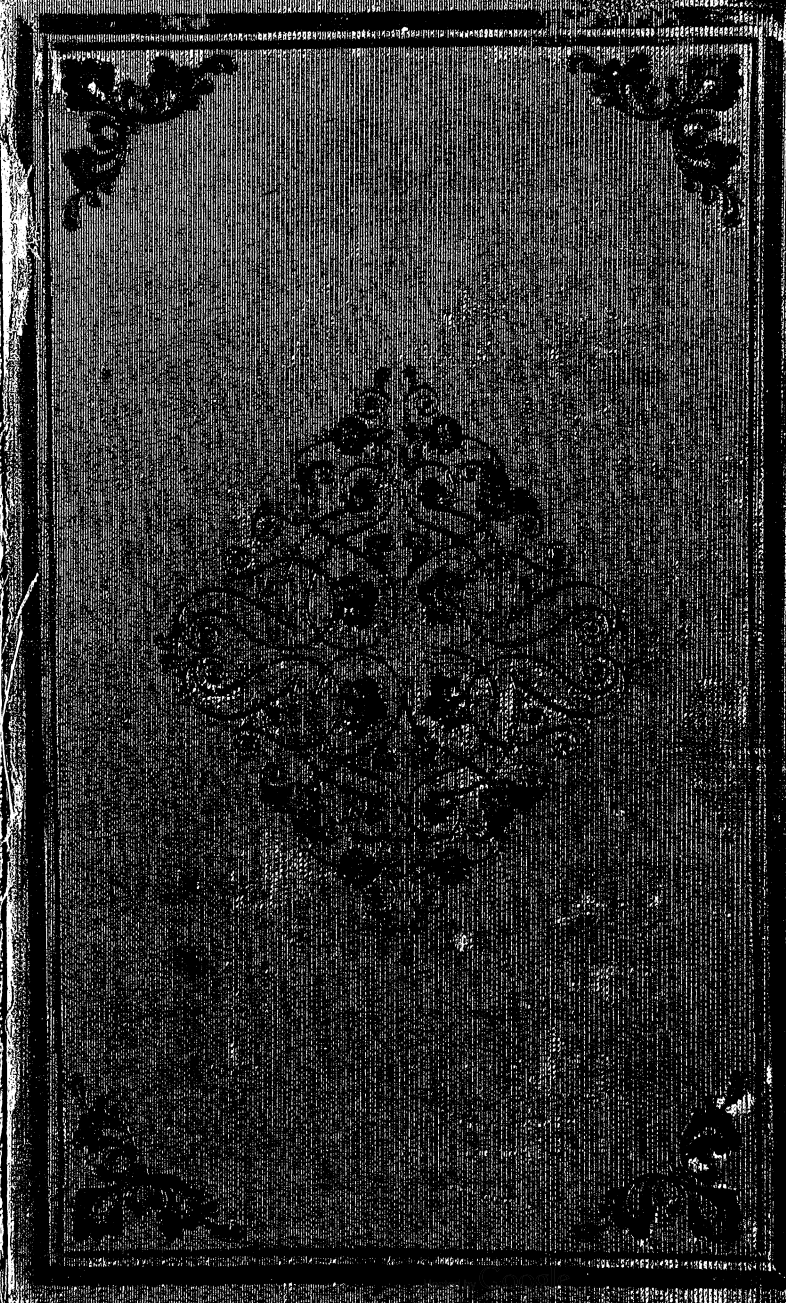
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THE
PRACTICAL WORKING
OF
THE CHURCH OF SPAIN.

BY THE
REV. FREDERICK MEYRICK, M.A. 1857-1906
FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

"Pleasant meadows, happy peasants, all holy monks, all holy priests, holy every body. Such charity and such unity, when every man was a Catholic. I once believed in this Utopia myself, but when tested by stern facts, it all melts away like a dream." *A. Welby Pugin.*

OXFORD,
JOHN HENRY PARKER;
AND 377, STRAND, LONDON.
1851.

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TO
ALL WHO HAVE DREAMED
THAT THE PERFECTIONS OF THE
CHURCH TRIUMPHANT
BELONG TO THE
CHURCH MILITANT
AND THAT THEY ARE TO BE FOUND IN ANY OTHER PART
OF THE
CHURCH CATHOLIC
IN A GREATER DEGREE THAN IN THE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND
THESE PAGES ARE ADDRESSED
EARNESTLY, AFFECTIONATELY, SADLY.

PREFACE.

IN the year 1847, the Rev. James Meyrick, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, was presented by the Bishop of Salisbury to the Vicarage of Westbury, in the county of Wiltshire. Before two years were quite expired, broken health compelled him to leave his parochial work, and to seek a warmer climate than could be found in England. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1849, accompanied by some of his near relations, he proceeded to the south of Spain, stayed at Malaga during the winter and following spring, and after a visit to Seville, returned to England. The following autumn, being again unable to face an English winter, he went back to Malaga, together with one of his companions of the last year, and instead of living at the English Hotel, took lodgings at a Spanish Casa de Pupilos, or boarding house. The first four chapters of the present volume consist of letters written during the first visit to Spain, those in the seven following chapters were written

during the second year. The Rev. J. Meyrick's letters are marked by his initials J. M. Most of the rest which have the initials F. M. were written by his companion, who, it will be seen, is a Lady. They went out from England, one with a high respect, the other with a high admiration, for the spirit of many of the practices of Rome, such as Retreats, Sisterhoods, and the good work wrought by such institutions, and they shared in the distress and perplexity of mind caused by irregularities in ecclesiastical affairs in England. This respect and admiration was as yet untested by experience. What effect experience of the practical working of the Roman Church had upon their minds, the following letters will shew. It cleared off the mist which imagination often throws over the distance, and revealed the truth, that abroad as well as at home, in foreign systems as well as in our own, there were great scandals and great evils, often the very same as those under which we suffer, often far greater both in kind and degree.

The conclusion is obvious, that from such scandals and evils among ourselves, no proof or presumption against our Catholicity can be drawn, unless the same holds good in the same or greater degree against those foreign Churches which are in like or worse condition. If we do not recognise an event as a *sign* of any thing in

Spain, we are playing with ourselves, if we persist in proclaiming the same event to be a *sign* in England. Or again, if Italy and Spain have a scandal A, which we have not, and we have a scandal B, which they have not, we are acting the part of children or self-deceivers if we turn all our eyes upon B, and put A out of the range of our vision. A few of the present letters, giving an account of the Home Mission at Malaga, have already appeared in the form of a pamphlet; the larger selection now made will give an opportunity, to such as desire it, of following the progress of minds which began with the presumption, that in "Catholic Spain" most things would be right, to the certainty that very many things were wrong, more contrary to God's revealed Truth, more irregular, less reconcilable with God's glory and man's salvation, than any thing that could be found in the Church of England.

There are objections to every scheme and system, religious and irreligious, the Christian scheme itself included. When these objections against Christianity are urged by unbelievers, every one would acknowledge that it was the part of reason and honesty, not on their account to give up Christianity, but to balance them with the objections which lie more strongly against the infidel scheme. So when objections are urged against the Anglican Church and theory, whether

drawn from the practice of her children, or from more *a priori* grounds, how is it not in like manner the part of reason and honesty not on that account to give up the Anglican Church and theory, but to balance such objections with those which, whether drawn from practice, or from more *a priori* grounds, lie more strongly against the Roman Church and theory? "These" (want of fuller unity and agreement) "are, it must be admitted, difficulties," says one whose words are priceless, "to which there are counter-difficulties, which may well make us not patient only, but grateful to God for His goodness. Persons have been over-sensitive to ills around them, so that if they judged of the Gospel with the same measure with which they have ventured to judge their Church, they would have become infidels^a."

Thus if a foreigner were to bring forward the taciturnity of Englishmen as the result of their domestic habits, he would be probably correct; if he asserted that it was an evil, his words would be quite true; but if he went on from this to argue that we should give up our domestic habits, and adopt the foreign mode of life, how should we meet him? If we allowed ourselves to be tied down to the one fact under discussion, we should have no answer that we could make, but the line of argument that we should adopt would clearly be to point out

^a Letter to the Bishop of London, by the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D.

the far greater evils consequent on the want of a domestic character in foreign nations, and then our adversary's triumphant tone would soon be exchanged for one of deprecation. Again, if opponents of the present system in Oxford dwell upon the objection to the Collegiate system, that the teacher *most* learned in each department cannot be had in every single College, we do not meet them by denying this physically necessary fact, but by pointing out the (in our judgment) greater evils which would ensue from the unlimited use of the Professorial system.

The *Fallacy of Objections* is one to be found in good manuals of Logic. "It is," says Whately, "the Fallacy employed by those who are for overthrowing whatever is established, as soon as they can prove an objection against it; without considering whether more and weightier objections may not lie against their own schemes^b." "There are objections," says Johnson, "against a plenum, and objections against a vacuum." Would a philosopher, educated as a plenist, be likely to come to a true conclusion, who should let his mind dwell daily upon the objections to the plenum theory, but count it a sort of *nefas* to take into consideration the objections against a vacuum?

None of the letters, either of my English cor-

^b Whately's Elements of Logic, p. 250.

respondents or of the Spanish Clergyman, whose interesting, and to some minds startling, testimony will be found at the end of the volume, were written with a view to publication. This will account for their unsystematic character. Those of my English correspondents have been revised by their authors since they have returned from Spain.

I need scarcely apologize for having made free use of Ford's Handbook for Spain. No one could write on the subject of Spain without having his book by them, any more than he would write the history of England without reference to Hume.

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CHAP. I.

Malaga. Gibraltar to Malaga. Toleration of the English Service. Funeral Service. Campo Santo. Andalusian character. Abolition of Monasteries. English and Roman Churches. Lent Sermons. Procession on Ash-Wednesday. Casa de Mendicidad. Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. Good Friday. Monks. The Blessed Virgin. Procession of the Nazarenes. Procession of la Virgen de la Soledad. Hills of Malaga. Climate.

CHAP. I.

“MALAGA,” says Mr. Ford in his Handbook for Spain, “is the capital of its province, the residence of the superior authorities, *Geefe politico*, and Bishop, suffragan to Granada. Its population is 80,000, and increasing. It has a cathedral, a *casa de espositos*, hospitals, a naval college, a decent theatre, a reading room, excellent bath, a bull-ring constructed out of a convent, a fine quay, pier, and Alameda.” Situated at a bend of the coast line, and being in possession of a good harbour not yet filled up by the deposits of the river which runs into it, Malaga has followed the example of Barcelona in becoming to a great extent, a commercial and manufacturing town. We should therefore expect in the Malagueños those characteristics which are generally found in the inhabitants of a seaport town. Among these characteristics, a habit of frankness of speech is a prominent one. It is not unnatural therefore that a spirit which is abroad throughout Andalusia and the rest of Spain and Portugal should find its most open expression in Malaga. The following

series of letters will shew what that spirit is, and serve to bring before the eyes of Englishmen the system of the Roman Catholic Church, not in its canons and books, but in its every-day effects; not what it claims to be in theory, but what it is in plain reality and in its actual working.

Letters of F. M. from Malaga during the winter and spring of 1849-50.

Malaga, Jan. 8, 1850.

“We came from Gibraltar by a steamer that runs between Cadiz and Malaga. If it had touched at Gibraltar it would have been put in quarantine, so we were obliged to cross the bay, and embark at Algeciras. From Algeciras to Malaga we had a night passage, and the weather being very fine, I stayed on deck till eleven o'clock, and watched Gibraltar, which looked beautiful in the moonlight. We had to undergo quarantine on our arrival at Gibraltar from England, but it lasted only three days and four nights; those who came out both before and after us found it longer. Moreover, the hulk in which it was performed had lately been repaired and cleansed; and though I have still marks on my hands from certain of its small inhabitants, they were in very small numbers compared to what they have been both before and since. The very last passengers before us

had the rain come in on their beds; we had cloudless weather.

We are very pleasantly situated here; the climate is as faultless as can well be imagined, the scenery lovely, the town very cheerful and animated. The hotel, at which we are, very good, kept by an Englishman. We have sunny rooms, looking on the Alameda. Spanish law on church-matters is so stringent, that if J. were to read the Service in this hotel, and any of the other guests came into our room to join in it, he would, we are told, be liable to severe punishment; so we have service in the Consul's house, under the protection of the British flag^a. Mr. Brereton, the Chaplain, came last week, and on Sunday the Consul's

^a In order to know what this punishment would be, I made application, through the kindness of a friend, to a late Canon of Cordova Cathedral, now a member of the Anglican Church, and received the following reply. "According to the existing law of Spain, any Spaniard departing from the Romish doctrine is liable to capital punishment; but I think no Government of that country would now attempt to enforce such a law. The foreigners being Protestants are allowed to meet together for religious purposes at the office or house of their respective Consuls. As for the case you mention, both the reader and his hearers would be either fined or imprisoned, or dismissed from Spain, and perhaps subjected to endure these three penalties. Of course, any Spaniard found among the congregation would be prosecuted, and troubled with greater severity. Thus much can I inform you on this subject. I enjoy great blessings in my present position.".... I was not before aware that the punishment of converts was *more* severe than imprisonment for life.

dining room was filled to overflowing. By next Sunday, we are to have a large room fitted up to be used only as a Chapel. There are many English and Scotchmen in the cotton and iron factories, who are now living a heathen life, and a clergyman is wanted, who should have both zeal and discretion. Our Sunday congregation is satisfactory, for though it is smaller than it ought to be, it is very orderly and attentive; every body kneels, and every body gives the responses.

I have not been able as yet to attend the Church Services here so much as I expected; for they are generally early in the day, and we cannot get our breakfast much before nine^b. By the time that I get out, the Churches are many of them as closely locked up as in England. There are one Cathedral and fifty-six Churches in the town; there are always some open, and Services going on most of the day in one, which is different on different days. The Cathedral is shut as early as ten. I cannot tell you how striking, how solemn, how real to me, a private Mass is. The High Mass on great days in the Cathedral does not produce half the effect on my mind. The crowds of people, the varied dresses and ceremonies, to me who do not understand them, are distracting, and take off my mind from the great reality.

Yesterday there was a great funeral, a proces-

^b This was only the case at first.

sion first of boys, then men clothed by the family of the deceased, then Priests, all bearing candles, and chanting; then followed the hearse and private carriages: it was an immense train. We followed it to the Church, which we found at first totally dark, except the candles by the high Altar, and by the coffin, which was placed in front of it, the Priests chanting solemnly. After a time light was admitted through the clerestory windows, and candles held by men on each side of the nave were lighted, then mass was celebrated. All this time the mourners, at least the women, remained on their knees in the nave below the coffin. They were however, if relations at all of the deceased, but very distant, for it is not the custom for near female relations to go to the Church. Then last of all the boys' candles were lighted, and the procession moved on to the Campo Santo, the burial-ground^c. The Bishop, with the two Priests who sat on his right hand and on his left, was the last to leave the Church, and as he passed, he gave us his blessing. He looks, and I believe he is, a very good old man. The Campo Santo is a dreadful place where coffins are put for two years in a hole in the wall, and at the end of that time if no rent is paid for the hole, the remains are taken out, and thrown into a pit. The rich build themselves hideous edifices

^c It is only the paid boys, the Priests, and the empty carriages, that go to the burial ground; the rest return.

of marble with urns and torches; the less rich and poor put up inscriptions in worse taste than I have seen in England, about the cruel fates, &c. The English cemetery is very nice.

The character of the people here is very pleasing. You must not confound a merry Andaluz with a grave Castilian. They are just like children, light-hearted, friendly, and civil; if they have two-pence in their pockets, they will sing and dance: what should they work for? and, as a hard-working Scotchman said to me, 'they enjoy themselves ten times as much as we do.' The dark side of their character is, that they are very revengeful. If they have received an injury, the law will not avenge them. It is well known that money will purchase impunity for any crime, so they avenge themselves. They sing and dance as before till their opportunity comes, but they never forget, and every man carries a knife. There is one now working at the cotton-factory, who has killed three men, and who will sometimes shew his scars as a soldier might do. They never stab behind, like the Italians; it is done in fair fight. As far as a stranger can judge by their behaviour in Church, their salutations by the way, &c. there are *remains* of a very religious character.

'As rich as the Church once was,' said our Spanish master one day, 'so poor is it now.' There were eleven convents of Monks and Friars, and nine of

Nuns in this place. The government has utterly abolished the former, turning the Monks penniless into the world, and seizing their convents for its own use. The Nuns it allows to remain, promises them 9*d.* a day for each, and never pays it regularly. There are a great many Priests about the streets; they are mostly very poor, and the people pay them no respect. The Bishop is highly respected; he is accessible to all, and every body kisses his hand. One Priest whom I saw in the Church yesterday had a most intensely devout expression, and was very like a picture of a Saint^d, but most of them are very fat. In all this town of 80,000 inhabitants, we cannot get a Missal; this is a place of fruits and wine; the only other thing to be obtained is black silk.

At one time I used in my own mind to compare the English Church to a sickly tree, that was throwing off all its healthy leaves. Those words of Newman's seemed so true to me; 'How is it that all that is warm and tender in feeling, or true and noble in performance, thy flower and thy promise, falls from thy bosom, and finds no home in thy arms?' Now the Church has proved her vitality. Though some whom we loved and trusted are gone from us, others have sprung up

^d The indevout behaviour which I afterwards witnessed in the same Priest greatly disappointed me. *F.M.*

to take their places. Still we have guides, still friends, only we have learnt the lesson that we must not idolize: and now the English Church compared with the Roman reminds me of two oaks in Marlborough forest, called the Queen and the King. The King was a giant, covering a huge space of ground when I remember him, but held together with bands of iron, and now falling to pieces: while the Queen in vigorous youth and health, which in my childhood no one would compare with him, is now almost as large, and will soon be the largest of the two.

There is something pleasant in the gay careless character of the people here. They do not seem to suffer want as our poor do. The country-people who come in to market wear silver tags on their jackets, and silver clasps and buttons. They are very friendly, and say, "*Vaya Vmd. con Dios*," which means, "May you go with God," when they pass us. Sometimes my English dress makes them laugh; but they will go out of the way to shew us the road, and it is a friendly laugh.

I have not said a word of what I most dislike, the worship of the Virgin. To me it ruins every thing. The Churches are full of her images, ugly dolls, absurdly dressed, with wax and artificial flowers, and far more prominent than the Crucifix. A Clergyman at Gibraltar told me, that it had sadly grown of late years there.

Malaga, Vigil of S. Matthias, 1850.

Now that Lent is begun, there are Sermons every Friday as well as Sunday, at four or five Churches. At, I think, three of them they are on the seven sorrows of the Blessed Virgin; at the other two, on the seven last words of our Lord; at the Cathedral, on various subjects suited to Lent. I go there on Fridays; the Sermons are very good and very profitable. A popular preacher preached yesterday, and there was a large congregation. The Sermon was one very well adapted to move people by fear, recounting the awful judgments of God upon sin in this world; and when, near the end, he went on to speak of the everlasting torments of hell, most of the women who were sitting on the floor near me rose up on their knees, and continued kneeling till he ended with the words, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden." All the Sermons I have heard are adapted to move the feelings. They are not intended, like some of our English Sermons, "to tell us what we knew of ourselves and what we did not know," or to tell us *how* to serve God: I suppose that instruction of that sort is reserved for the confessional. It strikes me as singular, that though I have been in the Churches at various hours when they are open, I have never yet seen the confessional chairs occupied, and only once have seen an old priest sitting and

reading in a little room attached to the Church, as if he might possibly be waiting to receive the confessions of any who came. Generally the Church is under the care of some dirty little boys, who have no hesitation in standing upon the Altars, but are exceedingly proud of the images, and delight in displaying them to a stranger.

I am meditating a visit to some of the poor old nuns. Their only way of earning their bread is by making preserves and sweetmeats, in which they excel, and I mean to go and order some, and try to get in. It must be a very sad life, for no new nuns are allowed to enter, and they have no prospect but to go on diminishing in numbers till they wear out. I can understand Castilian, which is good Spanish, but the Andalusian which they talk is very puzzling.

Just now there are great Church ceremonies going on, on account of Queen Isabel's hope of a child, processions, Te Deums, &c. but J. is not able to go, and I do not like getting into a crowd alone, with my English dress. The only procession that I have seen was on Ash-Wednesday, in the Cathedral, and that was spoilt by the irreverence of the Choristers. They walked in a long straggling double line, chanting a Litany of invocation to the Saints. One voice sang, "*Sancte Luca,*" and the whole line re-

sponded, "*Ora pro nobis.*" Then one voice again "*Sancte Thaddæe,*" and the choir, "*Ora pro nobis,*" and so on; but they were staring about them the whole time in such a way, as I would not have allowed in the lowest class of our national school. Not one, whether boy or man, passed me, who did not have a good look at me. The Bishop was a great contrast; he walked with his hands together, and a countenance of the deepest devotion; but he looked rather ridiculous, for his train was seven or eight times as long as himself. It was carried stretched out at full length by a Priest; but occasionally, when the length became inconvenient at the Altar, the Priest literally rolled himself up in the end of it, and there they were tied up together. I believe that some of the Priests' dresses are very handsome when closely examined, but most of them are very ungraceful. The funeral cope reminds me very much of a London footman, it is a dark blue, with gold lace, and the surplice, worn alike by Preachers and Choristers, is wonderful in its ugliness. I always expect to see it torn to rags by a vehement preacher, it ties down the arms so strangely. I have a great respect for the old Bishop; I have never seen him near, that he has not given me his blessing. He walks about in a purple cloak and a green hat nearly a yard in length, turned up at

both sides, and always followed by two Priests in black cloaks or hats.

Malaga, Easter Monday, 1850.

There is a sort of large workhouse in this place, supported by voluntary contributions; it is called the *Casa de Mendicidad, de Socorro, y de Maternidad*. The *Mendicidad* department is for obstinate and notorious beggars, who are taken there by the police; the *Socorro*, for any poor who like to enter it voluntarily; the *Maternidad*, for foundlings or orphans, or for any children whose parents like to send them there. We got an order to see it one day, and found the departments of the poor and the boys much as one would expect, the boys learning just as boys do in an English Dame school; but when we got to the babies and girls, the change was delightful. There are four Sisters of Mercy, they belong to the Order of S. Vincent de Paul; the head-quarters of the Sisterhood are at Madrid, but on an application being made for Sisters, these four were sent here. They attend to the babies, teach the girls, and go out to nurse the sick. The Mother is a very fine-looking woman, she must have been beautiful. She told me that they had as many as 400 babies brought in in the course of the year: they come of course from the very dregs of the people: generally

speaking they have wretched constitutions, and half of them die. I saw some of the very young ones, poor little puny things, whose days seemed numbered. We asked what became of the survivors, and were surprised to hear that two-thirds of them are adopted. The Sisters get nurses for them in the house, and put some out to nurse in the villages round, and the nurses get so attached to them, that they cannot part with them. If they wish to adopt them they are allowed, but told that they may at any time send them back. I have heard from other people, that the nurses say it is a miracle of S. Joseph's, the patron of foundlings and orphans, he makes them love these children more than their own. It was quite delightful to see the terms on which the Sisters and the children were, the respect, entirely devoid of fear, that the latter have. The Sisters hear Mass in their oratory every morning, and the girls are all allowed to be present. Unfortunately there was but one lady in the party besides me, and she knew no Spanish, so I could not learn half the particulars that I wanted; but the difference between this and that focus of corruption, an English workhouse, struck me. I know an English child of only six, who has learnt such evil habits in a workhouse, and become so rooted in them, that if she had remained there a year longer, I should say she must have been ruined for life.

These Spanish children, when they grow up, go out into service ; the Sisters let them go to any respectable family, but on condition that they are not to be sent on to other services, but if their mistresses do not like them, they are to be sent back to them. If any of them wish to remain and become Sisters, and shew a fit disposition for it, they may do so ; but I believe the general end is, they go into service, and marry.

The Sisters were very much puzzled about us, they could not make out whether we were "Christians" or "Protestants." The general idea here about the English is that they are unbelievers. I told the Sisters that we were Christians, and while I was thinking how to explain the difference, one of our party strode into the oratory, walked straight up to the Altar, and stood staring. The question was sufficiently answered, and the Sisters got us out of the oratory as soon as they conveniently could. These Sisters have all been regularly trained in a hospital, and keep a stock of bandages provided for every accident, and every operation that could possibly occur. They teach the children to work very nicely, and their stock of baby-clothes excited the surprise of my lady-companion, who had no idea of such very good clothing being provided for foundlings. Two of the girls were making some beautiful lace, and my companion wanted to buy it, but it was only

for the Churches. Altogether instead of being a prison like our workhouses, it was a happy home.

Malaga, Easter Monday, 1850.

On Good Friday I was at the Cathedral, and the behaviour of the people was so intolerable, that I can hardly express the relief that it was to find myself in our own quiet little congregation. The Roman Catholic Services are beautiful, but the people here pay not the smallest attention to them: some few say their own prayers very devoutly, and these attend on ordinary days; but on great Festivals, and days when there is any thing to see, every body comes. The best part of the Cathedral is always left for the ladies, who sit or kneel on the floor, the men stand or kneel outside of them. On Good Friday, the Passion was sung beautifully. It is simply the Gospel narrative of our Lord's sufferings. The chapters from S. Matthew, S. Mark, and S. Luke had been sung before in the week, and the eighteenth and nineteenth of S. John were sung that morning. Our Lord's words were sung very solemnly by a fine bass voice; those of S. Peter, Judas, Pilate, &c. by a tenor; and the narrative by a barytone; the mockery of the multitude, by all together. You can hardly imagine from the description how solemn and touching it is. I could not get a Latin book, but I had one in Spanish, from which it was

easy to follow every word. All the ladies round me had the same, and yet they talked and played with their fans through the whole. They have the art of shutting their fans with a tremendous crack, and in the most solemn parts one fan after another would go crack, crack, all round. I never saw school-children behave worse any where. There are notices all about the Cathedral, that any one walking or talking during Divine Service will incur the greater excommunication, and yet on these grand days, the motion and buzz is like a swarm of bees.

Malaga is indisputably an irreligious place. I hope that other parts of Spain are better. I am assured on good authority, that it is a rare thing for a young or middle-aged man in the upper classes to confess. Of course they are excluded from the Communion, and then what signify threats of excommunication to them? Their wives and sisters persuade them to accompany them to hear mass, or to listen to a popular preacher, and that is all. The Clergy are much looked down upon. One Spaniard told me that there are some good men among them, perhaps one out of twenty, but as his politics are very liberal, and of course opposed to the Clergy, I do not much listen to his opinion. As for the Monks, I fear that they have fallen unregretted. If it was so, it must have been their own fault,

for there were not the outward enemies to contend against that we have in England. The Nuns seem to be well thought of.

I believe that the poor still retain much of the old religious Spanish character, great devotion to the Virgin. People here who profess liberalism will speak slightly of the other Saints, but the Virgin they seem to rank with our Lord. The fashionable Church of the place is one dedicated to her, which I seldom enter. Passion week was devoted in many of the Churches to the consideration of her sorrows, Holy week to our Lord's sufferings, but in *this* Church the latter subject was altogether omitted; it was closed during Passion week, and in Holy week there was a Sermon every day on the sorrows of the blessed Virgin, the last of the whole was preached at five o'clock in the evening of Good Friday. As they begin the Services for Easter day at ten o'clock on Saturday morning, there was actually no time for the consideration of our Lord Himself. The subject of this last Sermon was the Virgin returning home in silence and solitude.

On Wednesday in Holy week I saw some proceedings that are strange to an English eye, the figures of our Lord being set up and dressed in the Churches. They are as large as life, and represent His sufferings. In one Church, which used to belong to the Brothers of the Merced, an

order for the redemption of captives, they were bringing down a large crucifix from a high side chapel. It was necessary to take the figure from the Cross, and it employed about a dozen men to get it down. It was so lifelike, that it was very awful to see it lifted and handled, with the expression of pain in the countenance; and I was glad to see some Priests, the instant it was got down, come and carry it into the sacristy, out of the sight of idle spectators, till the Cross should be made ready to put it up again.

By Thursday morning, the Churches were all open with all the figures, which in the dim light looked very awful, in spite of lace and velvet; all the images of the Saints covered up, except of course the *Virgen de los Dolores*, the "Virgin of Sorrows." The custom is for every person to visit as many Churches as possible in the course of the day. Every Church is crammed, and people kneeling in the streets at the doors of the smaller ones. It is a perpetual restless swarm and bustle all through the day. It ended on this occasion with two processions, which were very striking. One was from the Church of the Merced. Just at dark it began. First, rode four horse-soldiers to clear the crowded streets, then a military band on foot, then four men with torches, then a long irregular double line of men with candles, then about twelve with torches, which threw a

brilliant light all round, then Priests singing, and then an image which I had observed by day for its solemnity, our Lord bearing His Cross; behind followed soldiers with music. The effect of the light of the torches on the pale face and weary-looking figure of the image was very striking, and every hat in the crowd was off directly. The procession was arranged by a brotherhood called the Nazarenes. One Nazarene walked at the head of the procession, and another immediately in front of the image; they were robed in dark red velvet, with gilt crowns of thorns and veiled faces, and by ringing large bells which they carried, directed the moving and stopping of the whole line; other Nazarenes carried the image. They are not a brotherhood for any other object than processions^d. Every time that the bell rang, the torches were lowered so as to make them burn dimly, and clouds of incense went up before the image. When the bell rang again, they were raised, and shone brightly. I do not think that any one with the feelings of the day could have looked at the image without feelings of reverence and love. Going home we met the other procession, which exactly resembled this, except that the image was our Lord praying in the garden. I noticed a boy of five walking in the procession; with his left hand

^d i.e. for any other religious purpose. It is a burial Club, and has a Church-function twice a year.

he held fast by his father's hand, in his right he carried a candle; his earnest face and large sorrowful eyes, looked as if he felt what he was doing.

On the evening of Good Friday, there was another procession, far larger than the other two together, but, alas! not in honour of our Lord. It was the *Virgen de la soledad*: the Virgin returning home alone. It passed our windows, 3000 people walked in it with candles. I once saw a daylight procession, and it was utterly devoid of all appearance of religion, every body laughed and talked. I am told that it is much the same with these night-processions, but certainly from a little distance their effect is solemn and beautiful. Balancing good against evil, if they were always in honour of our Lord, I should say that there was much more of the first. All the dirty, all the idle, all the ragged people of the place, come together to see. If they were not there, they would be somewhere else, far worse employed probably. Here they do learn something, though little.

Malaga, April 15, 1850.

We go on the 25th to Cadiz, two days' voyage by a steamer, the 27th to Seville by another, stay there nearly a month, come down the river to Cadiz for two or three days, and then embark on board the steamer for England. Now that our going draws near, we feel rather as if we were leaving a

home. The people are so very pleasant, and have such good points, notwithstanding their faults. We get up every morning at six, and walk on the mountains, and there we meet genuine Andalusian peasants, every one of whom is a gentleman by nature and feeling. Many an Englishman of birth and education might learn from them. You can hardly imagine how lovely the scenery is in the morning sunshine. The mountains are very high, and cut by innumerable ravines, in which torrents flow when there is rain; the sides sometimes perpendicular. The tops are covered with lilac, rose-coloured, white, and yellow cistus, blue irisses on the sides, and all sorts of lovely flowers, and the whole air scented with lavender. All that is wanting is birds. There is nothing alive but the goats, and long trains of sagacious-looking loaded donkeys and stubborn mules. It is amusing to watch the caution with which a donkey, having on each side a load of furze and cistus as large as himself, will go down the narrow track; how he waits at a steep part till his predecessor has got just a sufficient start of him that he may not run against him, and when he has passed a difficult point will shake his long ears, and congratulate himself.

We found it so hot to-day, that we have determined to go out earlier. With closed persiani, and an open window to the east, we cannot keep the

thermometer below 70 in our stone-floored sitting-room. This climate has a great advantage for an invalid in being so equable; the thermometer goes down very little in the night, so that there is no danger of catching cold. Another great advantage is, that while the town is thoroughly screened by mountains, there is on one side a *vega*, or plain stretching some miles, and on the other a perfectly level walk by the sea, quite as sheltered as the town itself, not a walk of a few yards but many miles. All our invalids have improved but one.

CHAP. II.

Arrival at Malaga. Alameda. Fonda. Andalusian dress. Church at Gibraltar. At Algeciras. Cathedral of Malaga. Figures of St. Mary. Vespers. High Mass. Sunday. Procession de la Virgen de los Reyes. La Mendicidad. Desecration. Books and Booksellers. Disappointment. Monks. The Ave Maria. The Quarenta horas. Holy Week. Palm Sunday. Monday. Tuesday. Wednesday. Thursday. Good Friday. Sabado Santo. Disuse of Confessions. El Calvario. The Blessed Virgin.

Letters of J. M. from Malaga during the Winter and Spring of 1849-50.

Malaga, Dec. 12, 1849.

It was a fine Sunday morning, and the sun was shining bright and warm, when we came on deck, and found ourselves anchored in Malaga bay. The city looks well from the sea. It lies low, embosomed on every side amidst high hills and mountains. The Cathedral rises grandly, and looks well, though it is of a bad style, and unfinished. The bells were sounding for Church, but it did not look like an English Sunday: not only were the shops open, but I saw shoemakers and tailors at work. Our residence is the Fonda on the

Alameda or Promenade. All Spanish towns have their Alameda, and this is a very fine one. It has three broad walks formed by fine rows of trees besides the paved streets next the houses. There are seats under the trees and fountains. I should think that the centre walk was nearly as wide as the Broad Walk of Christ Church.

Our Fonda is a magnificent mansion. All the fine houses here are built in the same fashion. You enter at a portal like our College gates in Oxford: this leads into a grand court open to the sky; and round the sides of this court run two galleries or corridors one above the other, from which the different rooms are entered. These galleries may be closed from the air on the open side towards the court with windows and glass doors, so that they form a sort of inclosed cloister, where one could walk in bad weather. The galleries and all the rooms are paved with square bricks laid diamond-wise; the floors have no carpet, only a piece of matting under and round the table; and there is neither paper nor curtains. This will sound very cold to you, as you give an additional stir to the fire at the thought of it; but we are sitting here on the 12th of December with open windows, and the thermometer at 65 and 66. I could not have believed in such a climate, had I not been living in and enjoying it. At times we have a north wind, which is rather cold. It is very hot in the sun,

and cold in the shade and at the corner of the streets, but the cold is like our cold of summer. With the exception of the Alameda, the rest of the town is built for shade: the best streets are so narrow, that you can cross them in four or five paces; and you must now and then step into the shops, or a donkey with a wide burden will catch you on the shoulder, and knock you down.

It is a thriving active town full of shops, but the chief business done is in dried fruits. The people live out of doors, and most of them seem to have nothing to do. The peasant's dress is very picturesque, and quite splendid on a festival day. He has a short jacket, highly worked and embroidered on the collar and at the elbows and on the back: his breeches are perhaps of a blue sort of plush, fastened down the outside of the legs with bright rows of buttons, handsome buskin gaiters below, a red sash round his waist, and his hat with two rosettes and a brim turned up. The women never wear a bonnet. The poor women put a shawl over their head: the better classes wear the black mantilla, or large veil not covering the face, but the back of the head, and reaching to the waist behind. The gardens round are full of orange trees loaded with golden fruit.

We meet a Cambridge and a Trinity College Dublin man every day at dinner, both of whom are very clever and agreeable, the last an earnest

Roman Catholic, and vehement republican. I have not attempted to enter into the question of religion yet, that must be reserved for another letter. I am learning Spanish, and we have discovered an old library at the Bishop's Palace, where there is probably some old Divinity. Piles of books from the suppressed convents are lying there, never even sorted or catalogued.

Malaga, Dec. 19, 1849.

“ I have now been in several Spanish Churches, and will give you my first impressions. In Gibraltar the English Church was shut, and we could not get in; the Roman Church was open, and for the first time I went into a Roman Catholic Church in a Roman Catholic country. It impressed me much at first. The people came quietly in, (there was no service going on,) and crossed themselves, and knelt down and said their prayers, and went out again. I see great benefits in this practice. I could not help feeling that I was in a house of prayer, and not merely come for a spectacle. However, when I have said this, I have said almost all that impressed me favourably; the style of the building, if there is any style, is miserable Grecian; the gilding gaudy, poor, and bad, and there was among other wretched daubs, an offensive picture of the Holy Trinity, the Father being represented as an old man.

At Algeciras, where we were detained two days, we went to the two Churches, and they were much of the same character, only now being really in Spain, we found the images of the Virgin more painfully prominent. There were between twenty and thirty people waiting (mostly on their knees) for mass.

The Cathedral at Malaga is magnificent in point of size and height; it rises nobly above the city, with two lofty domes at the west façade, but only one dome finished; the other, like most things in Spain, is half done; in style it is every thing that is bad, immense Corinthian pillars, with ponderous cornices, and ugly windows. As for the other Churches, they are mostly of brick outside, ugly and dirty inside. Their want of character is concealed by a profusion of bad gilding, and by the scantiness of light, which is let in through churchwardens' windows veiled with red curtains, and their general effect when lighted for a festival is religious. They will not bear examining. On the high altar is a small Crucifix, and in other parts of the Church it is to be found on a larger scale, but the prominent object is the Virgin. Her images are various, and some of them, most contemptible dolls, but the usual image represents her standing on the moon with twelve stars round her head, her dress of fair white lace, and over this, and covering

also her head, a blue and silver cloak, open in front. Another and very disagreeable image represents her suffering intensely for the pains of her Son, with a dagger in her breast, and her head on one side, a fashionable lace pocket-handkerchief in her hand. Her figures here in Spain are far more prominent than even in Italy.

There is nothing externally in the city, no pictures, crosses, or crucifixes to shew one that it is "Catholic" Spain. I believe these things have been greatly altered by the revolutions in the last ten years. The padres, though very conspicuous for their immense *sombreros*, yet appear to have no respect paid them; I am told that their influence over the people is greatly diminished and diminishing. I have been often in the Churches, especially at vespers in the Cathedral; again and again there was positively no one but the choir, and this on Sunday, as well as other days; if individuals came in, it was only to say their own prayers. However, about ten days ago there was a great festival, *La purisima concepcion*, the favorite doctrine of Spain. There was pontifical high mass at ten o'clock at the Cathedral, and the Bishop preached. The Cathedral was well filled in the best parts; between the choir and high altar the floor is matted, and there all the women sit down on the floor; the men stand outside them. The manner of the Bishop interested me,

though I could not understand him. The Sermon lasted nearly an hour, and then commenced a number of to me most incomprehensible proceedings. There were six priests, and great numbers in short white surplices, with candles and censers; the people knew what to do, and at times knelt down and beat their breasts, and crossed themselves, but to me it was not imposing; it was too much like a play.

The Cathedral, however, is not the fashionable Church; for there are fashionable Churches in Spain, as well as in England. The Church of *La Concepcion* is the fashionable Church of Malaga. I went there in the afternoon, and I think I never saw a Church full before, there being no pews, and few seats of any sort; it was full in every part. I only just looked in, and stood near the door for a few minutes, and on returning home expressed my wonder at the good behaviour of the people; "In England," I said, "we must have had policemen;" when I put my hand into my pocket, and found that my handkerchief was gone. A Mr. — and his servant, who were with me, had their pockets picked at the same time.

Sunday is very badly observed; carpenters and masons do not work, except occasionally, or part of the day; but you will see shoemakers and tailors hard at work; most of the shops are open,

and the markets going on ; mules and donkeys about with loads.

Last night the Bishop of Gibraltar arrived in the port, intending to visit Malaga, preach to-day, and celebrate the Eucharist ; but as they gave him three days' quarantine, he could not stay. I am the only Clergyman here. Mr. Mark reads the Service, (omitting the Communion Office,) and a Sermon, and I give the Absolution and Blessing.

Malaga, March 8, 1850.

We have just had a grand procession in thanksgiving, for the expected heir of the Spanish throne : as I had never yet seen any procession with an image, I determined to go to see it, and at four o'clock on Sunday went to the Cathedral. The image of the *Virgen de los Reyes*, (i. e. the image which was carried about by Ferdinand and Isabel in their conquest of the province of Grenada, and left by them at Malaga) had been moved from its own Chapel to the side of the high altar, the Chapter and Choir assembled, and a very fine Litany was sung in the Cathedral, and then the image was raised by four young men in surplices, and the procession formed and moved. Its progress was through Malaga to the Victoria convent, which is just outside, where there is another image of the Virgin, called *de la Vic-*

toria, which this image went to see. The procession consisted first of the foundling school with their banner of S. Joseph, then of the chief persons and authorities in Malaga, then of singing men and priests, the image of the Virgin, and immediately behind, the Chapter in splendid robes; the Bishop, who is a little man, in a train at least six times as long as himself; then the *hermandads*, or brotherhoods, and friendly societies, and, lastly, a large body of troops, the whole a quarter of a mile long, or thereabouts. It was a fine day, and I got a good position to see it, but it gave me no idea of a religious act at all; indeed it looked quite out of place to see the good old Bishop walking along with his hands together and saying his prayers, while nothing else presented a religious appearance. The helpless way too in which the image shakes about as it is carried, reminds one rather painfully of some of the chapters in Isaiah. The grand amusement of the procession seemed to be, that it brought out all the young ladies into the balconies, and all the young men to look at them.

Another sight that we have seen is the foundling schools and the *Mendicidad*, or poor house. There are now about one hundred and twenty boys, and ninety-six girls; the boys' school, which we saw, seems just middling; the boys learn to read, write, and cipher, besides which they have

a separate book for good manners; as they grow up they are taught separate trades, and then sent out into the world. The most interesting were the young girls and the infants, which are under the charge of some Sisters of Charity; they are nice, cheerful, courteous ladies, and pleased us much with their unaffected goodness. First, we went into the baby room, which in the course of the year had received four hundred babies; but such was the unhealthy disposition of many, that two hundred of them had died. After this we saw the school, which seemed very good of its sort: the girls chiefly learn work, i. e. household work and needle work; many of them after going out to service return, and remain in the house. We then saw the *Mendicidad*; there are two classes of poor; those who go in voluntarily and can leave when they please; and determined beggars, who are sent there by the police, and cannot leave till some inhabitant engages for them that they will not beg. We saw this last to great disadvantage, as they were altering the building. There are a hundred and ten poor; it belongs to Malaga alone, but Malaga has 80,000 inhabitants. The boys were at dinner; their fare was a plentiful supply of soup with macaroni and bread; three times a week they have bacon: when there is a procession, the boys are let out at so much a head to form a part of it.

All these institutions are held in one large building, called S. Domingo, lately, of course, a convent. Twenty years ago there were eighty-four priests in it, besides those of minor orders. The monasteries here are miserable spectacles. The desecrations that time has healed in England are here seen like fresh and bleeding wounds. All round Malaga are fine old religious houses of the different orders, and now they are barracks and hospitals for the dirtiest shabbiest troops that ever I saw. The Churches are preserved and are open on Sunday, and mass is said every morning in them. The nuns were most cruelly used; they had paid large entrance money on their admission; the government seized the convent funds and lands, and promised a pension to the nuns, but they have never money to pay them; they would be verily starved, but for the charity of good people.

There are frequent sermons on the Fridays in Lent, and we are now able to understand them. Those which I hear are mostly good and unobjectionable, but now and then they have strange things in them. Friday week at S. Juan, the preacher's text was on the good thief, and after giving other reasons why he was vouchsafed the grace of penitence, he gave as the chief reason, the intercession of the Virgin; and added, as a well-known thing, this little *fact*, "that she had become acquainted with him on the occasion of her journey

into Egypt." However, good and evil, truth and falsehood, are strangely mingled in the Roman Church.

Malaga, March 22, 1850.

You speak of the convent-books in your letter, and of the probability of meeting with some good Divinity. There is little or nothing to be found in Malaga. I have searched through all the old book shops, and can meet with nothing except lives and visions of the blessed Virgin, and lives of abbots and unknown saints. I have bought only Rodriguez' Path to Perfection, and one of Luis of Granada's small works. Spanish booksellers are very amusing: they dont care whether you buy or not. The best chance of getting a book is to go to the shelves, and look over them for yourself, as they very few of them know what they have^c.

^c This will best be illustrated by an account of a visit paid by my correspondent to the chief bookseller's shop in Seville. "It was the afternoon, and there was no one in the shop but a boy. I asked for the master; he said that *he* could tell me any thing I wished to know; accordingly I asked if he had Cean Bermudez' work on the Cathedral, the works of S. Juan de la Cruz, and several others. And to each one I received an answer, No, no; he had not one of them. "Now," I said, looking steadily at the boy, "are you quite sure that you have not these books in the shop? for I think you have." He looked rather abashed, and then said he did not know, but would go, and call the master. He was

Now I must give you my notion of the religious state of the people, founded on externals, for of internals I have not yet sufficient means of judging. I may as well say then in one word, that I am thoroughly disappointed. I had expected much in "Catholic Spain," which has not been fulfilled. The Churches are in the worst possible style and taste. A person accustomed to our beautiful Gothic arches and windows, has

gone some time, during which I looked over the shelves, and found one of the books denied me. At length the master himself appeared, smoking a cigar; he seemed to know his books, but to be very indifferent whether he sold them or not. He had not Cean Bermudez, but would get it for me to-morrow. "Call again to-morrow, he said, and you shall have it." "But," I said, "have you not S. Juan de la Cruz?" "Yes, a very nice copy with engravings." "Will you let me see it?" "Yes, when you come to-morrow?" "At what hour shall I come?" "In the course of the morning." "Good," I said, "adieu till to-morrow." The next day before twelve I returned to my friend, and he appeared as before smoking a cigarret, and apparently forgetful of all that had passed yesterday. "Have you got me Cean Bermudez?" I said. "No, I have not. I have not seen my friend yet. Can you come to-morrow?" "No, indeed I cannot, for I leave by the steamer at eight." "I am very sorry," he answered, and subsided again into silent smoking. "But," I continued, "the S. Juan with the engravings?" "Ah! I will fetch it:" accordingly he retired to a back room, and in a few minutes returned with a dusty old folio, the very thing I required. I made one more attempt for Bermudez, but in vain, he would not stir that day; I could not have it unless I would come *again to-morrow*; and so we said, "Adios," and parted."

little pleasure in the heavy Greek architecture and side chapels, with tawdry gilding, and more tawdrily dressed images. The old religious houses are turned into barracks, and no one cares for it. It seems, from what I can learn, that the friars had lost all respect, nay, much worse, had done the greatest injury to religion. A Spanish gentleman said to me the other day, when I spoke of them, "They made vows of chastity, and they were not chaste: vows of poverty, and they were avaricious: of humility, and they were proud: they have deeply injured the faith of a religious people." Even now the character and tone of the great body of the Priests is far from standing high. I have been much disappointed in the processions: there is far too much talking, joking, and staring about, and that in the Cathedral, for me to regard them as religious acts. Again, it was the pious custom at the evening bell, the *orationes*, for all to stop, take off their hats, and say an Ave Maria: now you may hear the bell, and hardly three old men in the crowded Alameda take any notice. I cannot get over the strong shock to my feelings that the honours to the blessed Virgin give me. I am sure the appearance of the Churches would make any unprejudiced person think they were meant for her honour^d. To-day, the Friday before

^d It is a pregnant fact, that in the district of Tinnevelly, while the converts of the English Church are called Christians, those

Good Friday, is specially dedicated to meditation on her *dolores*. But I will not go on with this subject, it is painful to be much criticising. The *Quarenta horas* is a very striking custom. Some one Church is open throughout the day, the Altar is lighted, and two persons kneel before it with large candles in their hands below the steps: the devout come in, and kneel down quietly for a time, and then cross themselves, and retire. It is a quiet solemn scene, and is for the good of the soul of some one departed, who is by it supposed to be freed from forty hours' penalty, which is being paid in purgatory.

Malaga, Easter Eve, 1850.

I propose to send you a regular report of the ceremonies of the Holy week that I have seen. Though they will not be new to you, they may not be uninteresting.

Palm Sunday. Went to the Cathedral at nine, and found it very full, and service begun. The Bishop at the high altar was blessing the palms.

of the Roman Missionaries are termed Mother-worshippers. They of Antioch did not give themselves the name of Christians, they called each other Brethren and Saints, but the title was attached to them from without, because Christ was the object of their worship. So they of Tinnevely do not call themselves Mother-worshippers, but whereas the great object of their worship is the Mother of our Lord, the name has similarly been imposed upon them.

The canons, priests, clerics, and some dozen laymen, advanced two by two to the altar, and received each their palm from the Bishop, and the procession formed. It went out by the north door, and round outside to the west; the west door was slightly opened, four clergy admitted, and the door closed. Alternate verses were sung through the closed doors, and then the subdeacon with the Cross gave a loud knock, the doors opened wide, and the whole procession came in with chanting and incense, and advanced up the aisle to the Altar. The palms are very beautiful, nearly quite white, and about eight feet high. The procession was a pretty spectacle, but as a religious act, any thing but religious; the members of the procession and even the priests talk and have little jokes as they walk. Mass followed, and I left for our own Service at eleven.

Monday was the Annunciation, and though the Breviary rubrics postpone every festival in Holy week, yet, I suppose by the Bishop's order, it was observed here. I was unable to go out; but on Tuesday I went to the Cathedral at nine, and heard the Passion sung. To-day it was the history of the Passion in S. Mark. Two priests occupy one the north, and the other the south pulpit, and a third occupies a temporary pulpit in the centre, the priest to the north sings the narrative in barytone, the centre priest sings our Lord's words

in deep bass, and the other sings all the other parts, e. g. the words of S. Peter, of Pilate, and the priests, in tenor; in one or two parts, e. g. the title of the Cross, they sing in harmony. The tenor voice was middling; the whole, though very irregular, to me was striking and religious. There were very few in the Cathedral. Having a Latin *Semana Santa*, I could follow every word.

Wednesday. Heard the Passion from St. Luke. To-day the fast begins. I went round to many of the Churches. The images of the Saints are all veiled, and those of our Lord were being moved out of their glass cases and niches, and brought forward, and put on platforms to form the stations on Good Friday; singular looking figures they are; there is one at Santiago of the *Ecce Homo*, with Pilate on one side and a Roman soldier on the other. In the evening, to the Cathedral to hear the Miserere; they anticipate all the Services here; on Wednesday night about five o'clock they sing Matins and Lauds for Thursday. It is a long Service of nearly three hours, the Psalms and Lessons from Jeremiah: the Church was pretty full. Though I had the Psalms before me, it was with great difficulty I could follow the chant, and I was forced to get the verger to find my place. Among the crowd of lay people there were not six who could have known any thing at all of the sense. The last Psalm sung is the fifty-

first; one verse is chanted, and the next sung in a minor key accompanied by instrumental music. It is singularly beautiful and plaintive, and so are some of the Lessons from Jeremiah. The conclusion is any thing but solemn. There are thirteen candles on a high candlestick; these are extinguished one by one during the singing of the Psalms; the last is not extinguished, but taken to the altar, and hidden behind it. When the Miserere concludes, the whole choir make a loud stamping and rattling; the lighted candle is brought out, and all depart. I believe the twelve lights that are extinguished are supposed to represent the Apostles whose faith failed, the light which is only hidden the Virgin who remained constant. I forgot to mention a ceremony we saw on Palm Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. Three priests with their faces almost covered with black hoods, in black silk cloaks with long trains, came out from the choir to the altar; the chief took down a black flag with a red cross on it from the altar, and waved it along the ground gravely many times; then they walked in procession, attended by all the choir and some other priests in black round the Cathedral, returning to the altar, and waved the flag in the air many times again, replaced it, and retired. What it may mean I have no idea, nor can I discover yet.

Thursday. No work is done to-day, no cries are

allowed, no carriages, and the Church bells are all silent. At the Cathedral the Clergy all receive the Communion, and the Host is carried from the high altar to the sepulchre (which is a small chapel beautifully lighted) for Good Friday, on which day they do not consecrate. At three o'clock went to see the washing of the feet. The Bishop came in, and was seated to the south of the altar, and a little below thirteen old men in blue cloaks were seated. The Gospel was read from S. John xiii. 3. and then a large gilt bason was brought in, and the Bishop, taking off his mitre and outer robe, was girt with a towel, and wetted, wiped, and kissed the right foot of each one. There was a great crowd of spectators, and it was difficult to see or follow the service. I left as a sermon was beginning. F. stayed, but found it inaudible, owing to the noise made by the people. In the evening there were two processions from two of the Spanish Churches. No doubt they may tend to keep up a religious impression in the minds of the multitude, and keep them out of mischief, and give them amusement.

The Churches are all filled this evening: there is no regular Service, but the people swarm in and out, and some kneel down and pray, and some stand and gaze: the high altar is covered in, and a succession of candles rise in a sort of pyramid over it. We met one of the two processions on our return, having witnessed the other previously.

There were numbers of people kneeling in the streets round the convents of the nuns.

Good Friday. The Passion from S. John was sung this morning, then followed the adoration of the Cross. A veiled Cross was taken down from the altar, and given to the Bishop. He unveiled it, and, standing with his back to the altar, said, *Ecce lignum Crucis*, and the choir answered, *In quo mundi salus pependit*. He then places the Cross below the altar, and adores it; then the canons and priests two by two adore, the choir meanwhile singing^a. Here I left for our own Service. I should have liked to remain to hear the hymn, *Vexilla regis*, as they carry the Host in procession from the sepulchre to the high altar. In the evening, the procession of the *Virgen de la Soledad* passed our windows. It was quite dark, and the endless rows of candles had a very beautiful effect in the distance.

Sabado Santo. We went to the Cathedral at half past eight, to see the blessing of the lights; they had just struck a new light, with which three candles on the top of a wreathed pole were lighted; these were blessed and then from them an immense candle was lighted, (which, candlestick and all, is about twenty feet high, and as thick as my waist,) standing by the side of the

^a Sacerdos accedit ad adorandam Crucem. Deinde alii clerici et laici bini et bini Crucem adorant. Off. Heb. San.

altar: then the lamp before the high altar. This is not to go out till Easter comes again, but to burn continually. Then followed twelve long Lessons from Holy Scripture, and twelve prayers which precede the blessing of the font and holy water. The Bishop then descends the steps of the altar, and the procession forms, and proceeds down the Church, and out of one of the doors to a small Church, called the Sagrario, adjoining: at the west end of this in a small recess is the font. The procession was striking, coming in; the women and mass of the people remained behind in the Cathedral; after the blessing of the water, the procession returned to the Cathedral, singing the Litany, which is on the whole the most beautiful thing that they sing. The Bishop and officiating Priests then retired to the Sacristy, and returned, mostly in white robes, and the Bishop began the *Gloria in excelsis*; the choir took it up—the organ pealed out—the acolytes continually rang their small bells—the bells of the Cathedral, which had been silent for two days, struck out, and the cannon fired from the fort. Then followed the Easter Gospel, from S. Matt. xxviii: the Alleluia and the preface to the Mass is the same as our Easter preface. It would have been very striking if it had been on Easter Day, but this absurd system of anticipation spoils it all. I cannot celebrate Easter Day at eleven

o'clock on Saturday morning. The popular notion I find is, that to-day, i. e. Saturday, is the day of the Resurrection. The market is filled with sheep and lambs, and every one buying them for to-morrow.

I am glad to have seen all this, but I am heartily tired with it, and persuaded that the mass of even the Church-going people do not understand the Services to which they go; it is mere spectacle, and great as these things are in theory and in books, in practice they fail utterly. The whole system here is show and outside, and decay within. The young wholly neglect the Confessional, which is the life of Roman Catholic religion. I was walking with — on Sunday on the crowded Alameda, and he said that he would affirm, that in all probability not one young man, nor even middle aged man, then on the Alameda, was in the habit of confessing. It is well to know something of the evils of other Churches, when we are too ready to feel those of our own. I find nothing here to attract.

Malaga, April 25, 1850.

It is time now to be leaving Malaga, as the thermometer will rise to 74 or 75, with all precautions to keep out the sun; however the heat is not oppressive, except when the wind is *tierral* or north, and then it blows hot, and is unpleasant

and relaxing. It also affects the spirits, indeed I am told that there are more cases of stabbing during the prevalence of the *tierral* than at other times. You have received my report of the ceremonies of the Holy week, and the general impression that they left on my mind, which was, that the religion here was a hollow unreality, mere outside and spectacle, "dry bones." However, since that I have been present at a Service which looks more like life and reality at the little chapel of the Calvario. Just outside the city there is a steep hill so called, with a small chapel on the top, which is approached by a steep rough path, by the side of which are fourteen crosses for the fourteen stations. We went to the Service there one Friday afternoon, and found a number of women ascending the hill, some with their shoes off, and saying prayers at the different stations; the chapel was full, but we just got in at the door. In the midst of the congregation a priest was kneeling with his face to the Altar, at a small table, on which was placed a cross and his book of prayers. These were all in Spanish, consisting, as it seemed to me, of Litanies well known to the people, Pater Nosters and Ave Marias, which they all repeated after the priest; the whole presented the appearance of real devotion, instead of the idle gazing which I had begun to think universal. Then followed a sermon; the subject was our Lord's

first speech from the Cross. It was far the best I have heard, the most evangelical, enforcing on the people that penances and outward religious duties were serviceable to them only as tending to conversion of heart. It was also the most popish, e. g. the first example given of forgiveness was that of the Blessed Virgin; when the centurion pierced the side of our Lord, she came forward and bid him (the words were given) not to maltreat her Son; at the same time she so lovingly forgave him, that he was converted on the spot, and afterwards became a holy man: this is certain, for the Blessed Virgin revealed it herself to one of her servants. But still more, the sermon ended thus, "Gloria al Padre, Gloria al Hijo (the Son), Gloria al Espiritu Santo, Gloria á la Sacratísima Virgen." This is to me very shocking, being a deliberate addition to the doxologies of the Church, putting the Blessed Virgin on an equality with the Holy Trinity: but these are daily words here^a. Again,

^a The Sermon concluded with an extempore prayer, which the people repeated after the preacher, which ended with a petition that we might all be brought at last to Heaven, "where with Angels and Archangels, and all blessed spirits, we shall join in the everlasting hymn of praise, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts, all the whole heavens are full of Thy Glory. Glory be to the Father, Glory be to the Son, Glory be to the Holy Ghost; Glory be to the Most Sacred Virgin, Gloria al Padre, Gloria al Hijo, Gloria al Espiritu Santo, Gloria á la Sacratísima Virgen throughout all ages, for ever and ever. Amen."

we heard another sermon at the same place, where in the concluding prayer the preacher addressed *the Virgin* thus, "Command the clouds that they give rain, lest the harvest perish, and *thy* people come to misery, and the children ask for bread, and there be none to give them." I am very glad to know the practical working of the Church in "Catholic" Spain, especially at a time when minds are so unsettled at home.

CHAP. III.

Quarantine at Gibraltar. Algeciras. Malaga. Bell-ringing. Smuggling sea-water. Priest's hats. Lola Montes. Recovery of stolen goods. Spanish Fast Days. English Burial Ground. Spanish Funeral. Noche buena. Soul release. Bargaining. Laws relative to murder. Sale of Images in Churches. Dead Body on the Alameda. Easter Eve. Pocket-picking.

Letters from M. M. during the winter of 1849-50.

Quarantine vessel, Gibraltar, Nov. 19, 1849.

THE heat is so great to-day, that it is impossible to take our deck walk even with umbrellas, for fear of a coup de soleil. Our quarantine expires on the 23d, after which we think of passing a few days at Gibraltar. We shall then have to go across the bay to Algeciras, there take another steamer, and proceed to Malaga. The hulk has not been very uncomfortable, and I have been much amused. We came on board on Friday evening, having dropped anchor in the Jupiter on Thursday. The contrast between the noises of the ship and the hulk are so curious. There all was business, and engines and sails and the usual calls of sailors; here, from eight in the

morning till nine at night are Spanish voices, laughing as people never laugh in England, and singing and dancing. The other evening there was such a noise below, that the gentlemen of the party looked for sticks, saying it was either a mutiny or a fight; when in rushed two wild looking Spanish women tumbling over each other, and uttering faster and more frequently than you could conceive, "Pulpo, Pulpo, Pulpo;" then followed Antonio the servant, bringing a hideous thing called a sea-cat, which they had just caught, and which had caused all the uproar. Our Spanish friend desired to have some of it dressed, and accordingly he had some for dinner, and again for breakfast, but he had it all to himself.

To give you an idea of the occasional benefits of quarantine, this Spaniard is a Queen's messenger, and was bringing dispatches from Hong Kong. He left his dispatches at Gibraltar, but was not allowed to land or to enter into quarantine, because they will not mix the quarantines from the east, with those from the west. His native place was Seville, so he wished to go to Cadiz. They would not have him; he was obliged to go on to England, stay there three days, come back here, spend the quarantine time of three more days, having passed his own home or the port leading to it twice, and to-morrow he will be at liberty to

go to Cadiz in peace. The wife of a merchant at Lisbon had been away some months; it was most important that her husband should not be taken from his country house, but he had leave to see her at a distance, when she was in quarantine, on her return. He came unexpectedly, and she sprung forward, and threw her arms round him; and from that moment he was of course placed in quarantine for the whole time.

Gibraltar, Nov. 21, 1849.

We awoke this morning for the first time in this wonderful place, where every thing is regulated by laws of military discipline. Till the gun is fired at sun-rise, you would think it was a city of the dead; not a sound to be heard except the cries of the sentinels one to another at certain rounds. Then suddenly arise all the noises of a populous place. The reveillée is beaten, donkeys bray, dogs bark, Spanish voices, very high pitched, chatter unceasingly; endless strings of mule carts heavy laden, and jingling as they go, driven by men in blue and red, with yellow slippers, stun you, for we have the old sort of London pavement in the streets. The principal street in Gibraltar is about as wide as Chancery lane; the houses tall, with every possible device to exclude the sun. The thermometer is now at 62. The noise will last till sun-set, when another gun is fired, the

recall beaten, and all sinks into silence, with the above-mentioned exception. Then the people: many with nothing on their heads, many with nothing on their feet and legs; some with enough to furnish a haberdasher's shop round their heads, some with particoloured stockings, and most with yellow slippers trodden down at the heels; some with long white beards, more with their dark Spanish faces covered with black hair—all appearing to be talking and gesticulating from half past six in the morning till half past five in the evening. I could not have imagined any thing like the moving scene before my eyes. Jews, Turks, Moors, Spanish sailors, English soldiers, all jostling each other, to say nothing of men in yellow slippers driving carts drawn by mules, and women with shawls over their heads in place of bonnets, and ladies with mantillas and fans instead of parasols.

We embarked in our boat for Algeciras from Gibraltar at four, but winds and waves being adverse, (the ordinary boat, a small steamer, was “frighten to go,”) we did not arrive till half past seven. In the dusk we reached the quay, an official chattered, and a mob of men and boys chattered too. We got on shore, but then came a higher dignitary—stopped to chatter again. Another, *Da Capo*. At last, over wet and broken pavement, we reached the custom house. They

made us unlock the two carpet bags we wanted for the evening, looked at them, and then, leaving the rest in their custody, we proceeded to our inn; a clean little wayside public house, the best in the place. Here we held a council, consisting of ourselves, the boatmen, and Antonio, as to the arrangement of our bedrooms, in which the latter took the deepest interest, and gave their opinions freely. Though with no other way of communicating our ideas than through Antonio, we became remarkably friendly with our host's family, having a joint drawing room. The young lady thundered some duets from Attila with wonderful execution, accompanied by one moustached man on the flute, and two with concertinas. Then the gentlemen lighted their cigars, and were comfortable.

On Saturday the steamer signalized. At five we sent Antonio with half a crown in his hand to the custom house, and he was told to take all the things on board without farther trouble. The steamer moved at eight in the evening, and we arrived in the beautiful bay of Malaga at six the next morning. Then came an hour of waiting for the health boat. Another hour, and the custom house people were on board, and we disembarked. The Fonda is a splendid palace, but I cannot yet be reconciled to brick floors. The state rooms have a sort of coarse marble, and it

surprises people to be asked for a bit of the wretched matting of the country to put by your bedside. Before us is the Alameda, and just opposite the house is a pole with a rope fixed to the top, one end of which is on fire, and smoulders slowly away, but from morning till night it is never ten minutes without some one coming to light his or her cigar at it; the purpose for which it is placed there.

Malaga, December, 1849.

The absence of bell-ringing in Malaga is remarkable, especially as the Cathedral bells are amongst the finest I have ever heard. One of the Festivals of S. Mary is approaching, and for the last two evenings we have heard a noise resembling three or four men repairing a copper boiler, not by regular hammering, but just as it should happen. This was ringing^a. There is a custom that I like very much. Every servant in the house

^a "When Spanish bells are rung, it is called a *Repique*, which is totally unlike our sweet village bells or impressive Cathedral peal. There is no attempt at melody, no chimes, no triple-bob-majors. The music is devoid alike of ringer-science, rural rustic melody, or the solemn association of sounds, 'the nighest bordering on heaven.' The bells are headed with cross-beams of wood, almost of the same weight as the bells themselves, and are pulled at till they keep turning round and round, head over heels, except when they are very large; then the clapper is agitated by a rope." Ford.

on seeing you first says, "Good morning," and in the evening, "Good night." Most of the Spanish voices that I have yet heard are harsher than the setting of a saw, and they scream as loud as they can. The noise that Spanish women make in playing with children no English imagination can conceive. . . . The tiled floors, having all the interstices filled up with cement, save us from insects. We have had a few mosquito bites, but as to all other annoyances of the kind we are as free from them as at home. If any one dies of consumption, they burn the furniture of the rooms he lived in, scrape, whitewash, and paint the walls, and take away and reforge the locks, the bolts, and iron-work, counting it to be infectious. . . . There is a reading room here containing a supply of English, French, and Spanish Newspapers, such as the Times, Illustrated London News, and Punch. The Spanish gold coinage is the finest in the world; an ounce = 16 dollars; a half ounce = 8 dollars; a 4 dollar piece, a 2 dollar piece, and one dollar, all of gold. The silver and copper coins are innumerable. And you pay nothing for gold, a convenience which those who have travelled elsewhere can, I believe, appreciate. The common silver coin is the French five franc piece, which is very often called by Spaniards a Napoleon.

When the owner of the hotel first came here, he sent a man to fetch some sea-water, and on his not

returning, went in wrath to hurry him. He was met by an authority, who told him that the man was in prison for smuggling! The sea-water was contraband, because salt could be made of it, and salt is a Government monopoly. . . . The Padres' hats are nearly or quite a yard long, turned up closely at the side, to accomplish which the brim is cut through, and in a high wind, or when they walk fast, flaps about, although it is fastened up. The Bishop, whom we passed the other day, had a robe of bright purple, and a hat of a brighter light green. I believe he is a very good man, and his people in their troubles go to him. The police of Malaga are dressed and look like well-trained soldiers, the soldiers themselves like any thing else. Their dress is light blue, and gives you the idea that every thing is in common, and that they wear what first comes to hand, long or short, wide or narrow. They have no fifes, and their drumming sounds like carpenters at work. There is a horrid custom here. On a day in August the policemen go round the town with poisoned sausage, and throw down a bit to every dog they meet, so the streets are soon strewn with dead dogs, which are then picked up, and carried away. They are poor homeless beasts, so it may be a mercy to them.

On Monday, on going down to dinner, we found next to our reserved places a lady in black, and

wearing a bonnet, who had come as well as four gentlemen by a steamer from Valencia. She soon began to talk with them, in a not unpleasant, but high pitched voice, and rather to lay down the law. In the middle of dinner, Mr. — handed across the table a scrap of paper, which we found to contain the words, “Your neighbour is Lola Montes.” She seemed to be very handsome, and her complexion something between ivory and wax, colourless. Her hands were very small and beautifully shaped, and she made them useful, for before any one else had any fruit, she had drawn to herself and demolished a plate of olives, and gone far towards finishing a dish of medlars. . . . Mr. —’s courier had his pocket picked of a silver snuff box on the last festival. He advertised a reward of two dollars for its recovery, and last night he knocked at our door, apologized for his intrusion, and said, ‘he felt he must tell us of his good fortune in getting back the box his poor wife had given him.’ A man came yesterday to the door, and told him that some one in the house had lost a box, and that if he would come in the evening to the Church of the Conception, he might have it. “I say, Sir, I will tell him. So in the evening, I borrow a Spanish cloak and hat, and go. I look, with one of the attendants of the Church, all about, I cannot find it. I look even in the tabernacle where

the wafers are kept; then another man come in, look at me, and walk to the Sacristy. I follow, and there is my little box! The tears come in my eyes, and I am faint! Moreover, I am told that I must pay four dollars. I speak soft for my little box, and he take two dollars!" All this and a great deal more said with much capping and sliding, then a low bow, an assurance that he will be happy to make himself useful to us, and a graceful slide out of the room.

In Spain, the observance of fast-days is very slight; there are but fourteen days in the whole year, on which it is not allowed to eat meat. It is eaten every Friday, except those in Lent. During Lent they eat one full meal of meat each day, but no fish except on Friday, when they eat fish, but not meat; and besides that only a collation, consisting of eight ounces of any thing except meat, and drink is unlimited, as to quantity and quality.

The English burial ground procured by the late Consul in 1832, is quiet and nice looking. A little garden being past, you come to the graves, which, as the climate will not let them be green, are each entirely covered with small scallop shells. A funeral of a young girl passed the house some days since on its way to the Spanish burial ground; the irreverence displayed was painful. Many boys and young men carried torches, and

the open coffin was borne quite low, so that the light fell on the white dress. There was no priest with them, but much such a cortege of noisy boys as would be found in a badly managed parish in England, the torch-bearers seeming quite unconcerned. Yesterday came a paper, asking the prayers of the person addressed, Rev. Don Diego Meyrick, for a young lady, and begging that he would honour the family by attending the funeral. The paper arrived but half an hour before the appointed time, and 'Diego' was out, otherwise he would have gone. The form, we understand, is, that an immense concourse of people assemble at the house of death; they follow the coffin to the Cathedral, the mourners coming last; there the mere acquaintance form two lines, through which the mourners pass to the east end, acknowledging the presence of the guests as they go. After the service there, no one is expected to go to the Campo Santo.

Malaga, Dec. 28, 1849.

On Monday (*noche buena*), the din of buying and selling was quite stunning; the streets full of eatables, oranges and sweet lemons piled up by waggon loads, and the hundreds, I might say thousands, of live turkeys in flocks all round the house, became a real nuisance. This began on Saturday, and Sunday was a day of more buying and selling

than any other, because every one makes holiday of the evening of the noche buena. Christmas Day and Wednesday a few remained, and we could not go out without having one thrust fluttering in our faces, with an assurance that it was *mucho grueso*. For some days past there has been no fish to be had; the fishermen wont work. . . . There was a procession on Sunday at the funeral of a rich old merchant. Several hundred people, as many as a hundred torches, not above twenty lighted, and about forty priests chanting very solemnly. After a death, or rather a burial which takes place next day, the nearest relations sit in a darkened room for three days, all their friends come, sit down without speaking, and after about five minutes go away again. . . . On the feast of the Circumcision it was the etiquette for residents to call on all the people they knew named Manuel. . . The chants in the Cathedral are very disappointing. . . The bull fights of Malaga have not even the prestige of gallantry left, which used to be their redeeming point. The poor old horses are bought up when they can work no longer, and the rider's sole object is to put his horse between himself and danger. Sometimes seventeen horses are killed in a day; at Seville the number is often from 20 to 25. . . Extremes meet. Here the observance of Sunday consists to a great extent in attending theatres and such occupations, and some Prussian

Protestant visitors say that at Berlin it is considered that Sunday was given us for our amusement. . . In one of the Churches, and I suppose in more, is a board, which is displayed on certain occasions, on which is painted in large letters in Spanish, "To-day a soul is released^b." The Innocents' Day is kept here by borrowing money of any one who is oblivious, and promising to pay next Innocents' Day, which means the Greek Calends. Many ingenious plans are resorted to after the fashion of our April 1st. . . . The other day there was another Procession. First came boys looking like a large school, then choristers in short surplices with long sleeves, shewing the black dress underneath, chanting hoarsely not musically; still the sound was solemn. All these held candles, as well as a few priests who came next. Some carried them under their arms, some over their shoulders, some pointed upwards, some downwards, some sideways, as they found convenient, no two alike. Then came about ten men carrying things like gigantic extinguishers with gilt shades, and surmounted by small silver crosses on poles. Then the hearse, (an unusual luxury here;) it is an open bier into which the coffin fits, and it has curtains of black

^b "The especial days are marked in the Almanack, and known to every waiter in the inn. Moreover, notice is put on the Church door, *Hoy se saca anima*, 'This day you can get out a soul.'" Ford.

crape. Then came the mourners, walking in groups of from twenty to thirty, and talking and gesticulating. The Service in the Church was very long. No further religious ceremony took place at the Campo Santo, nor was any reverential feeling apparent. J. having learnt wisdom by experience, on entering the Church put his handkerchief into his breast pocket, but on coming out, returned it to its usual place, and in five minutes it was gone. He must buy some; but he cannot persuade himself to deal after the Spanish fashion, which is, when told the price of a thing, to turn away and say it is too dear; you are then asked what you will give, and say about a third, knowing that the shopkeeper means to take half; or if it is a shop where you deal constantly, when the price is told, you take no notice of the demand further than requesting *el ultimo precio*, which proves to be about half what you were asked.

The last Malaga paper gave a summary of the committals for the month. There were eight for assassinations, and fifteen for wounding without causing death, and this is far below the average. The laws are administered in such a way, that if a man were found wounded in the street, it would be dangerous to try to help him. A short time ago, a foreigner passing along saw a beggar who seemed in the last stage of exhaustion: he went into a wine shop, bought

some wine, and made him drink it, gave him some bread, and seeing him revived, the good Samaritan went on his way. The next morning the beggar was found dead. Enquiry was made as to who had been last with him, his charitable friend described, search was made, and in a neighbouring town he was found, brought here, and sent to prison on suspicion of having caused the beggar's death. It was only on payment of money that he was set at liberty. Murder is not thought much more of here, than pocket picking in England. A young lad committed a murder, was taken immediately, and sent to gaol, where he was two years, and the affair passed from people's minds. Meantime the lad behaved so very well, that the governor of the gaol gave him permission to go out every day to his family, and return to the gaol at night. It was supposed that his youth being considered, he would soon be set at liberty. Meanwhile the friends of the murdered man were making up a purse, which they took to the chief authorities living at Grenada, and an order came down for his execution the following morning. The governor was so shocked, that he could not see the boy, but threw up his office: the boy on returning from his mother's house in the evening was taken to the condemned cell, and garotted the next morning. Thus even justice becomes hateful.

The other day they were decking the Church

of *Los Martires*, for a *funcion* of the Confraternity of the Sagrado Corazon de Maria. Did I tell you how useful the word *funcion* is? It is used for a bull-fight, masquerade, a performance at the theatre, a concert, or a greater ceremony than usual at one of the Churches. . . . If you ask how far off a place is, you may be told *dos cigaritos*, i. e. as far as you can go whilst smoking two cigars. The proper time for boiling an egg is so many *credos*, i. e. while you can repeat them. . . . Marriages of uncles with nieces are very common here. . . . An advertisement of a *funcion* the other day gave notice, "Assistera Nuestro Ilustrisimo Prelado y oficiara una lucida Orquesta." We went to the Church of the Merced, but did not go beyond the entrance, that we might not disturb a Service that was going on. It being the feast of S. Pedro Nolasco, the image of the Saint was dressed in white satin and ermine. . . . Yesterday in the *Avisador Malagueño*, the daily Paper, there was the following advertisement: "To be sold, the image of our Lord of Pardon, who is venerated in the Parish Church of St. John on the altar of our Lady de Dolores. Enquire for particulars at the said Parish Church." J. thought that we must have misunderstood the Spanish, or at least that the purchaser could only get a right to it, leaving it in its place; but on enquiry we found that it was quite open to

him to buy it, and take it to England if he liked. Such beautiful moonlight as we have, you never see in your northern world. When we go down to dinner, the Alameda is deserted, all the Spaniards having dined, and taking their Siesta: when we return up stairs, it is full of groups enjoying a moonlight stroll. The last day of the Carnival has been ushered in by the finding an old woman dead on the Alameda, bleeding from the head. It is now twelve o'clock, and she still lies untouched, no one having claimed her. . . . It is said that the old woman on the Alameda was not murdered. She was attempting to prevent her daughter from going to the masquerade with some young men, and they say she died from a rush of blood to the head; but she was bleeding, and bruised, especially behind one ear. She must have had a dutiful daughter, to leave her lying on the public promenade. According to Spanish custom, the owner of the house where they lived is sent to gaol, not as being suspected in any way, but that he may be forthcoming to give such evidence as he can. The Preacher several times during the Sermon on Ash-Wednesday took off his cap, and turned towards the Bishop, addressing him as *Ilustrísimo Señor*, and then resumed his cap, and the thread of his discourse. At Seville the same sort of address is made to the

Royal Personages present^c. J. is just expressing his dismay at finding in the paper advertisements of performances at the theatre during Lent.

Malaga, Feb. 1850.

The rejoicings to celebrate Queen Isabel's hope of an heir began last Sunday, when we heard firing of artillery, and there was a very partial illumination. The scene in the Alameda was very pretty, the Governor gorgeously dressed, with a long white plume, like a Spaniard in a play, attended by military men covered with orders, and a crowd of people dressed more than usually gaily on foot, and a few carriages driving round the outside. . . . The procession of Nuestra Señora de la Soledad was a strange and striking scene. It must have been half a mile long; soldiers on horseback to clear the way, six or eight enormous torches, two endless lines of candles, then torches again, surrounding the Image of the Virgins. There were thousands of spectators, and the effect was much increased by its being a dark night. . . . S. Joseph's day is the only one which has been observed like an English Sunday since we came. The shops were shut, and the Alameda deserted. Except that the theatre was open, it seemed a day wholly given to religion. . . .

^c This would be a sign of Erastianism in England to some minds.

The Hermandad de Jesus Nazareno wear in the processions purple robes. A purple mask covers the face, with holes made for the eyes, which shine strangely in the candle light. They have an imitation of the crown of thorns on their head. There were boys with crowns of thorns on their heads at the Church doors begging on Thursday in Holy Week. On Easter Eve, as soon as the bells at 10½ a.m. had given notice that the Resurrection *had taken place*, a sheep fair began. The children have almost all a lamb given them by such of their parents as are rich enough to afford it. It costs only two shillings: for, summer or winter, the sheep are never fed, but pick up what they can get on the mountains. Some of the children adorn their lambs with ribbons, and are very fond of them. Some drag and beat them, and when they are tired of playing with them, they are killed and eaten. The incessant bleating that goes on would make you think that you were at a sheep-shearing. At Christmas, one of the practices is for children to tie fowls to sticks, and shoot at them with popguns.

Some ladies of our acquaintance were with their brothers in the crowd looking at a procession of our Lady. They wore mantillas; but a respectable looking woman, who heard them speak English and Spanish by turns, said, pointing to the image, "Ah! you do not believe in her." "Yes," said one

of the ladies, "we believe that she was the mother of our Lord, and worthy of all honour, but we do not pray to her." "Then," said the good woman, "you are no Christians."

At one of the crowded Churches last week, Mr. M. and his servant each lost his pocket-handkerchief. Mr. P. was quick enough to seize a man's hand in his pocket. J. felt a man trying his, but he had a great coat on, and his handkerchief was safe in the under one. Mr. H. feeling *his* touched, turned sharply, but no one was near, except a man on his knees praying very devoutly. At another part of the Church, (for nobody stays in one place,) the same thing occurred, and the same man was near. He made another attempt, and the third time Mr. H. said in Spanish, "Good man, there is nothing there." The actual thief kept his countenance, but a confederate could not help laughing^d.

^d "There is a feeble old woman, who first genuflects before the Blessed Sacrament, and then steals her neighbour's handkerchief or prayer-book, who is intent on his devotion." This is the 'fact:' now for the 'philosophical truth' involved in it. "What does it prove? Faith is illuminative, not operative. It does not force obedience, though it increases responsibility; it heightens guilt, it does not prevent sin. The will is the source of action, not an influence from without acting mechanically on the feelings. She worships, and she sins. She kneels because she believes, she steals because she does not love. She may be out of God's grace, she is not altogether out of His sight. Pro-

The nothing to do air of the people here is very striking. The seats on the Alameda are full of

testants do not think the inconsistency possible of really believing without obeying, and where they see disobedience, they cannot imagine the existence of true faith. Catholics on the other hand hold, that faith and love, faith and obedience, faith and works, are simply separable and ordinarily separated in fact; that faith does not imply love, obedience, or works, that the firmest faith so as to move mountains may exist without love, that is, *true faith*, as truly faith in the strict sense of the word as the faith of a martyr or a doctor." This defence of that faith by which devils believe and tremble, this identification of the *fides informis* of the Schoolmen with the Christian grace of *Fides Formata* is put forth by that same John Henry Newman, who in his Sermon on Faith and Love some years ago expressed himself as follows: "Faith and Hope are not in themselves necessarily graces, but only as grafted on and founded in Love. Balaam had faith and hope, but not love; his conduct shewed that neither faith nor hope were loving. The servant in the Parable who fell down at his Lord's feet, and begged to be excused his debt, had both faith and hope. He had neither love of God because he was high-minded, nor love of his brother because he was hard-hearted. *There are then two kinds of faith in God, a good faith and a bad faith*, and two kinds of hope, a good hope and a bad hope. Faith and hope are not in themselves signs, but *only that faith which worketh by love*. It is said, Though I had all faith, yet without love I am nothing: it is no where said, Though I have all love, without faith I am nothing... Faith is the first element of religion, and love of holiness, and as religion and holiness are distinct yet united, so are love and faith. Religion cannot exist without holiness... Faith is to love as religion to holiness... They are not distinct from each other except in our way of viewing them, the loving faith and the believing love... Love is the root of faith. We are Christ's

people just above the poorest, except at the time of the Siesta. If you go into any of the streets that are wide enough, you see that the chairs are brought out, and the men are sitting in the sun. Go down to the sea-side, they are lying on their faces fast asleep. They require for food only a piece of bread, and either fruit, of which the common sorts are very cheap, or fish, of which a good meal may be bought fried for a halfpenny. They never want a fire. At the vintage I believe they put out all their strength, and work very hard. Sunday is no day of rest to many people here. Counting-house work, and buying and selling, go on in the morning, and theatres, billiards, and gambling in the afternoon.

not by faith merely nor by works merely, but by love." This distinction between good faith, which is inseparable from love, and bad faith, which is not only ordinarily, but always, 'separated in fact,' Dr. Newman now sweeps away, and asserts that the latter without love and obedience is as really true faith as the former. Vide an able Article in T. K. Arnold's Theological Critic, No. I.

CHAP. IV.

Seville. Cathedral. Chapel Royal. Murillo's San Antonio. Roelas. St. Francis Borgia. High Mass. Holy Communion. Personal Experience. Cadiz. Seville. Bull-fights. Alcazar Gardens. The Alcazar. Houses. Una cosa de España. Cadiz.

Letters of F. M. from Seville and Cadiz, during the Spring of 1850.

Seville, Wednesday in Rogation Week, 1850.

I AM delighted with Seville. Of all Spain, I believe that Malaga is the place where the R. C. Church shews to the least, and Seville that where it shews to the greatest, advantage. Notwithstanding that it is frequented by crowds of visitors, it has a peaceful, quiet, and religious aspect. The Churches are always open, except from twelve to two, and the congregations that I have seen attentive. Of course I can judge only of the outside as a stranger, but to a stranger the effect is very different from that of Malaga. It is a beautiful city. The Churches, though not to be compared with those of England, are fine

buildings, the palaces and private houses magnificent. The country is very flat, but the Guadalquivir makes it green and fresh; and there are beautiful walks by the river-side.

The glories of Seville are the Cathedral, Murillo, and Roelas. The Moorish Tower, called the Giralda, is 350 feet in height; it is very beautiful, and stands detached, or rather just touching the Cathedral. It can be ascended for 300 feet without a single step, and by an ascent so gradual, that you might easily ride to the top. The length of the Cathedral is 386 feet, its breadth 291^a; it consists of seven aisles, the transepts being incomplete. In this measurement is not included the Royal Chapel near the east end, which is 81 feet more. In this is preserved the body of San Fernando, the conqueror of Seville, and one of the royal Saints of Spain. It is still perfect after 600 years, and is displayed on his day, when Mass is said there, and all the troops are marched in, and present arms before him. The Cathedral is very lofty and very solemn. Like all in this country, it is very much injured by the internal arrangement. The choir is put down like an immense wooden box in the centre of the

^a According to other calculations, the length is 431 feet, the width 315, and the height 145. In this measurement the side Chapels are included. It was begun in the year 1480, and finished in 1703.

nave, and the two outer aisles are entirely filled with chapels, having bars of iron in front, so that three of the seven aisles are lost, and with them much of the beautiful effect of the forest of enormous piers and columns. The pictures are some of them beyond description.

Cadiz, May 16, 1850.

It was impossible to write at Seville; we were out from morning till night. I was going to tell you of the pictures. Many of the Murillos were sent to Cadiz, which the French never took, and so were saved, and returned to their original places. The Cathedral contains the celebrated "Guardian Angel" leading a Child, and a Virgin and Child by Cano, which some people quite worship as a work of art, but nothing to my mind is so beautiful as San Antonio. The legend is, that when S. Anthony of Padua was praying in his cell, our Lord appeared to him in the form of a beautiful child, and allowed him to embrace Him. The picture is of an immense size, the lower part occupied by the dim cell, and the monk in his dark robes, a light comes in through the open door. He has one knee on the ground, and his arms stretched out to receive our Lord, Who is coming down in a blaze of light surrounded by Angels. It is impossible to tell or to imagine the intense expression of love, adoration, and longing in the whole figure and

face. When we went to the Cathedral, I used to make an arrangement, that whenever I was missing I was to be looked for in the Chapel of San Antonio. The deep religiousness of Murillo's paintings would do more to incline me to the faith in which he learned it, than almost any thing which I have seen in Spain.

There are two more San Antonios in the Museo by the same hand, all brought from the Capuchin convent. One is considered by some people even better than that in the Cathedral. The Monk is kneeling, with his left arm reverently embracing the Child, who is seated on his open book, while in his right hand he holds a lily that He has given him. You might look at the face for hours and days, and never penetrate its wonderful expression. Another marvellous picture is S. Francis embracing the crucified Saviour. The Museo is a convent, which has been turned into a picture-gallery. The Murillos have a large room to themselves, and are hung at some distance from each other in a good light, but they lose incalculably by their separation from their original religious associations. Every one was painted for its own place in a convent, and was intended for a help and a comfort to men who were living a holy life, not for an amusement to connoisseurs. There are some splendid pictures of Zurbaran in the Cathedral, in such a light that the vergers light lucifers to shew you the faces. I

would a thousand times rather see them there than in the picture-gallery. Roelas especially painted Jesuits. One of his master-pieces is in the Chapel of what was the Jesuits' College, now the *Universidad*. It is a Holy Family, in which S. Ignatius Loyola is introduced kneeling in the fore-ground, a portrait. It is a remarkable face, with an expression of deep devotion, and yet with something in it which would make you feel, that the deep strong feeling could be kept under entire control: some think that there is a look of cunning; but that I cannot allow. There is also a statue of him by Montañes, and one of S. Francis of Borgia. S. Francis is a noble face, such as you would expect. I have studied the lives of the Saints of late, and his life is very striking. He was a Grandee of the highest rank, closely related to the Emperor, and Viceroy of Catalonia. In the midst of rank and honours he always lived what would be called a religious and good life. Charles the Fifth's Empress died, and he had charge of the body to conduct it to the royal burying-place. She had been very lovely. After one day's journey he opened the coffin to deliver the body, and found it in the last stage of corruption. At the horrible sight, a sense of the nothingness of the world came vividly over his mind, and his conversion is dated from that instant. He could not immediately leave the Court and

his dignities; but with his wife's consent, he immediately began to live a life of the most extreme severity, and on her death he renounced all, and became a Jesuit. The virtue for which he became most remarkable was humility, carried to such an excess, that to many persons it appears unreal and incomprehensible, and the depth of his penitence in after years was sometimes quite a difficulty to his confessors, who, as it is said in his Life, in some of his frequent confessions could find nothing to absolve him of, so holy was the life that he lived. He came to be General of the Jesuits; but while all others thought him a Saint, and while his great talents were employed in the service of the Church, this entire and simple humility and self-abasement continued.

On Ascension Day we went to the Cathedral (at Seville) for High Mass. I never saw a service of a more splendid and devotional appearance. Such a contrast to that at Malaga. There was a Sermon after the Gospel; and when that was ended, the Nicene Creed was chanted by one of the finest choirs with one of the finest organs in the world. At the words, "And was Incarnate, &c." the whole crowded congregation knelt as one man, requiring no noisy vergers to make them do it, and the long rows of officiating Ministers on the top and on the bottom step of the Altar, laid themselves prostrate, as if overcome with awe at

the Mystery. After the consecration, as many as sixty or seventy large candles were lighted, making the whole one blaze of light. The Service ended by half-past ten, and the Holy Sacrament remained manifested for the adoration of the people till ten minutes before twelve, without any perceptible diminution in the number of worshippers. Some went away, and others came, but they behaved as you would expect people to do, who really believed that our Lord was actually there present before their eyes. The whole time there were alternately voluntaries on the organ, on the softest stops, more cheerful than our usual idea of sacred music, but very sweet, and solemn soft chanting from the choir. At ten minutes before twelve the bell rang, some of the attendants kneeling on the Altar, covered the Sacrament, the blaze of lights were extinguished, leaving only the one lamp that burns always before the Altar, and the large assembly of worshippers dispersed.

The day before, I saw a very different scene, but one also which shewed a favourable side of the Spanish Church. In the Churches here there is one Altar with rails before it, decked with white, at which the Holy Communion is given to the laity. After Mass, they have only to go and kneel before that Altar, and whether there be many, or whether there be but one, the Priest comes and

administers. We went into a Church just as Mass was over. Two young ladies were kneeling before the Altar, and a poor old woman was just finishing her confession before a venerable-looking Priest; when she had finished, he went with her towards the Altar, and knelt at a little distance, while she received with the others. She came back to him presently, and kissed his hand, and he stood talking to her, apparently counselling her earnestly and paternally. I saw him make the sign of the Cross on her forehead. At Malaga, I never saw any sign of the laity receiving the Communion, though they could, I have understood, when they wished it, and probably did at the early Services.

This same scene on Ascension Day is thus described by my other correspondent: "Seville Cathedral is the most religious and awful place I ever entered, and instead of being watched and gazed at, as in our Cathedrals, one can obey one's religious impulses without being observed. On Ascension Day I was present at High Mass. When the whole space within the high gilt rails was filled with lights, and amidst a cloud of incense the Host was raised above the prostrate people, and the mighty organ pealed out solemnly, the impression on the mind was more than can be described. After Mass, the people kneeled for an hour and a half, the organ playing softly, and occasionally the choir chanting. The whole was

an admirable assistance to meditation, aiding the mind, without distracting it. I think that our Churches might be used for something of this sort.

On the whole, the religious tone of Seville seemed to me far higher than that of Malaga, and the Churches better cared for^b Their burial of the dead offends me much, and I much prefer our Service of Holy Baptism. . . . I have learnt many things which I could not have learnt from books, and am most thankful to have seen Spain. I have been too apt to attribute many things to Protestantism and to England, which are in fact faults of human nature and of bad taste: and though I have seen many things that have instructed and delighted me, I feel myself further removed from Rome than ever.

Letters of M. M. from Seville and Cadiz, during the Spring of 1850.

May 1, 1850.

On Saturday, at five, we got on board the steamer at Malaga, and at twelve on Sunday arrived at Cadiz. Mr. M. kindly sent his manservant, an experienced courier, to the landing place to meet us, but even with his efficient help, J. was obliged to appeal to a policeman to prevent people from seizing different ends of the portmanteaus, and struggling for the possession of them. We were soon, by the help of a

^b For the dispelling of illusions about Seville, vide Letters on the second visit to it.

little silver, through the custom-house, and we established ourselves at a *casa de pupilos*, looking across a very pretty Alameda, full on the great bay of Cadiz. Within some doors at one end of the sitting room was a gilt shrine, containing an image of our Lady, with a little figure exactly like a naked Cupid on each side of her, and a framed paper, setting forth, that whoever said a Salve before the said figure should obtain an indulgence of forty days.

Yesterday, at half-past ten, we got on board a steamer, and reached Seville at seven. The landing was an endless business, the steamer being crowded, and the farce of a re-examination of luggage having to take place on the mole. During dinner we had a guitar player to sing, but the inconceivable noise made by twenty-six Dutch, Germans, French, Spaniards, and English at the table, besides another table full in the adjoining patio, or court, made his music a mere occasional floating note. All the separate parties talk in knots, and to make themselves heard, raise their voices till there is a very Babel. One French man or woman will make almost as much noise as any three of another nation. The table here is very different from what we have seen. A salt spoon is unknown, as well as any supererogatory spoon for pastry. The behaviour of the guests is a strange mixture of courtesy and selfishness.

My next neighbour, before dessert, began to puff away at an enormous cigar.

There were only eleven horses and eight bulls killed at the bull-fight on Friday. It was given to assist the funds of the Foundling School. Montes, *the* Matador of Spain, is soon to give one at Madrid, to raise a marriage-portion for a girl he has adopted. He then takes leave of the ring^b. The bull-ring here will hold 16,000 people, and it is thought that, when all expenses are paid, they will realize 6000 dollars for the charity^c.

Seville, May 13, 1850.

I have been with all our party to the Alcazar, the second best Moorish palace in Spain. It is very beautiful and wonderful, and the gardens are pretty. You have just passed over a burning hot pavement; the guide bids you stop, and instantly before and behind you, through imperceptible holes, little streams of water rise, so abundant and so fine, that it seems as if it were raining upwards, and the effect in the bright sun-light is

^b Since this time Montes, the Prince of Matadors, of whom his countrymen are almost as proud as of Jose Maria the Prince of Banditts, has taken leave not only of the amphitheatre, but of life. A Spaniard can scarcely yet mention his name without a look of tragic despair at the thought of the loss that Spain has sustained.

^c "Every *Fiesta de Toros* aids the cause of Charity. The profits form the chief income of the public hospitals, and thus furnish both funds and patients." Ford's *Gatherings*, ch. 21.

very pretty. There are no choice flowers, but abundance of common ones. The myrtles are planted and cut, so as to form Royal initials, crowns, arms, &c. more curious than beautiful. A gallery of the Palace of the most delicate Moorish work faces it. I am quite confirmed in my belief, that the Moors were the more civilized of the two contending races; no words can do justice to the elegance and delicacy of the work about their horseshoe arches, and such splendid ceilings, some simply of deeply carved dark wood, some of every imaginable colour and gorgeous gilding. White-wash and yellow-wash have, as in every thing here, done their worst to spoil and hide the splendid and beautiful. This dry climate preserves the brightness of gilding, and silver, and colour, wonderfully. It is being repaired under the auspices of the Infanta and the Duke de Montpensier.

The greatest treat I have had was in going to the Museo. At first we went into a great room full of paintings, where I became very tired, but in due time we proceeded to the Murillo room. Till I saw his Adoration of the Shepherds, an Annunciation, and two Conceptions, I had never known what painting was. In the first and in one of the last, the face of the Virgin is of such wonderful sweetness and innocence, that I could never tire of them. To give you an idea of one of the *Cosas de España*. The room, we hear, some

time ago wanted whitewashing; it was accordingly done, but who would take the trouble of moving or covering such large pictures? So the man had an accident, and overturned some white-wash, which fell on the face of the Virgin in one of the Conceptions! Both the rooms were full of copying artists.

There is a pretty Plaza a few yards from us, full of trees, planted irregularly, and seats. Every evening it is crowded, and a military band plays. The soldiers here are rather like soldiers, which was not the case at Malaga. There, none could march; the best walked; the rest slouched, and carried their bayonets as a ploughman carries the stick on which is hung the bundle containing his dinner and best clothes.

As the heat increases, people bring down their furniture, pictures, pianos, &c. into the entrance court or patio. As the outer wooden gates are always open, and only the iron inner ones shut, as you pass, you see the family engaged in their everyday occupations amidst shrubs, and flowers, and fountains. The patios are open at the top, but there is no fear of rain, and when the sun is high, they have awnings. Yesterday there was a procession. First, a number boys walking quite irregularly with candles, some lighted, some not. Then a long platform, on which was to be seen *N^{tra} Señora de Salud*, with

the Infant. She was covered with tinsel, and standing on a crescent, her long blue dress supported by four Archangels. Ten Archangels and ten Sybils are recognised here, at least I have seen their names given at length in the newspapers. The procession was closed by a few priests, and some soldiers with military music. There was also a *funcion* at one of the Churches, to receive some new members into a Brotherhood for the Verification of the Immaculate Conception.

Cadiz, May 17, 1851.

Two days before we came away from Seville, in the night, Count ——, who was staying in the house in which we were, beat the head waiter severely, and drew his sword. The waiter said he had his knife, and would have stabbed him, but being brother to the master of the house, and knowing that if the Count were killed, the house would be shut up, he kept his ire down. In the morning the man being seriously injured, they had recourse to justice, but could get none, because the Count was in office at Court, and well known. The doctors say the man must keep his bed for a long time. We had a dispute at dinner between a Dutchman, a Pole, a Frenchman, and three Spaniards, as to which was the most polished and courteous nation. The Spaniards carried it by

dint of throat, though the Pole and Dutchman were hard to vanquish. Knife and fork in hand, they threw their arms over their heads, then stretched them out, as if with some evil design against their adversaries across the table, and vociferated, till we, as well as an unhappy solitary German, deserted the table as soon as our hunger was satisfied. They all agreed fully in one thing, that the English were the least courteous and polished. "*They* care for nothing but money. If a man is rich, it does not signify what his manners are, in England."

All here (at Cadiz) is fresh and quiet as an English village. Yesterday was the anniversary of Albuera, and it had a grand celebration^d. The

^d Oh Albuera, glorious field of grief,
As o'er thy plain the pilgrim prick'd his steed,
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed?
Peace to the perished! may the warriors' meed
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!
Till others fall where other chieftains lead,
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient song!

Childe Harold, Canto I.

"The battle of Albuera was one of the most murderous of modern times. The British loss consisted of nearly 900 killed, 2732 wounded, 544 missing. The Portugese lost about 400. The Spaniards above 2000. The total loss of the French could not have been less than 8000 men. Soult is said to have acknowledged, that he had never before seen so desperate and bloody a conflict." Southey's Pen. War, c. 38.

Alameda was filled with horse and foot, banners, and band. They formed in deep column to march to their place of festival. No two muskets were held at the same degree of elevation; no one line walked, not to say marched, straight. And so we are disposed to undervalue them, but with good officers they would fight bravely, though the line of march is such, that if one man is in danger of treading on the heels of the one before him, he just leans forward, and gives him a push.

The same system of espionage goes on here as at Malaga. A Spaniard would persuade you that it is a proof of their attention to ladies. They make it a boast that no unmarried lady in Cadiz is lost sight of for a moment even in Church. This of course nourishes a spirit of intrigue. It is not proper for a gentleman to join a young lady walking with her mother on the Alameda. The thermometer at Cadiz continues at about 65, while at Seville it was at 76.

CHAP. V.

Gibraltar. The Cobbler's Garden. Malaga. Casa de Pupilos. Cow-fight. Vigil of All Saints. All Souls Day. Priestly character. Abuse of Confession. Tone of mind of the Laity. State Education. Church Services. La Sagrada Compania. The British Legion. Stabbing. University of Salamanca. Catechising. Appointment of Clergy. Characteristic Dialogue. Names. Nacimiento.

*Letters of J. M. from Malaga, from Oct. 1850, to
Christmas, 1850.*

Oct. 9, 1850.

SUNDAY morning at day break we anchored in Gibraltar bay. I got up at six, and got together the luggage. The trouble of landing was made easy by the kindness of Captain —, who was a fellow-passenger. As the host of porters stood jabbering to one another, he took out his watch, and said, "Now if this luggage is not gone in five minutes, I'll order out a fatigue party, and they shall take it." It vanished immediately.

Having obtained passports, and called on the Archdeacon, we took a singular and beautiful

walk to the ‘Cobbler’s garden.’ It is the garden which a little Frenchman made and cultivated for seven years, without its existence being even known. It is now made over to him for his life, and his delight is to stick up in it every extraordinary thing he can get in the most incongruous way. He has a little cottage or hut there, but was not at home. It is on the side of the rock some way above the Alameda.

The fortifications are far more wonderful than I had supposed. They rise in three tiers, and honeycomb the whole face of the rock, to the height of seven hundred feet. There is not a yard of the entrance on the Spanish side, which they do not cover. Cornwallis and St. George’s halls are very fine. The galleries are from seven to twelve feet high, wide enough for three abreast. The evenings are very warm, as the rock gets heated by the western sun. We had some of the usual employment at night, in hunting mosquitos.

[Malaga, Oct. 14.] On Friday at four o’clock we left Gibraltar in a boat for Algeciras, but it was the old story; the packet did not arrive, and about half past six we landed. I left the luggage in the boat for the night, and in the morning we started for the pier, and joined it. The *carabineros* were on board, and a party who preceded us had every box opened. I entreated, but all in vain.

No! it must be opened. I was in dismay, having taken charge for some friends of nailed boxes with unknown contents, when happily the captain declared that he could wait no longer, and my things, after an immense jabber, were hoisted on board, and we started.

Now I had breathing time, and was able to look round me, and a nice sight it was; the dirtiest filthiest boat I ever was in, and yet under the pretence of washing, wet all over. Then she proved very slow, and it soon became clear that we should not get pratique at Malaga that night. The sea was not rough, but for some reason, whether the uneasy motion of the vessel, or the dirty unpleasant state in which it was, I found it the worst voyage I ever had. At eight o'clock, too late to be permitted to land, we anchored in Malaga harbour, and then it appeared that all the ladies' berths were wet through; the vessel pitched just enough to keep us very ill all night.

Malaga, Oct. 21, 1850.

We have established ourselves in a Spanish *Casa de Pupilos*. I must give you an account of our dinner, as it will serve as a specimen of Spanish fare. We consider it superior in quality to that of the Fonda, but it comes in a queer scrambling way. First is a plain soup, or a dish of rice; then the *puchero*; then commonly chops,

a fowl, a salad floating in oil and water, a *pi-miento*, and then fish, perhaps some other odd looking dish, and then *postres*, which are usually rice milk, or a sort of plain custard and preserved quince, with grapes, walnuts, and roasted chesnuts. Our rooms are very quiet; none of the noise of the Fonda: indeed we hear nothing at night but the deep rush of the sea. We are seeing something too of Spanish ways, and picking up more of the language.

Our party at dinner changes from time to time. Next to ourselves is a lively little native of Madrid, who is very polite, but speaks faster even than an Andalusian, so fast that his own countrymen make him repeat. He is very friendly, and has lent us a volume of the *Semana Pintoresca*, which is the Spanish Illustrated News. Then we have Don O. and then Don N. All these three are perfectly well-bred, and gentlemen in their manners; but the two former generally prefer dining in smart dressing gowns and little caps on their heads. The next is Don Q. who suffers greatly from gout. Then we have a Priest. He was a friar at the *Merced*, but has been expelled, and has some duties at the hospital of S. Juan de Dios. Don N. introduced me to him as a brother Priest, and enquired why we do not wear the *corona*; “*porque no gastamos corona en Inglaterra?*” We have often also another Priest at dinner; and lately has come a very stout man,

wearing a short jacket. Still the dinner is good and quiet, and the people cheerful, but never noisy, and we understand them so as to take part in the conversation.

[Nov. 7.] There has been an exhibition which was new to me, not a bull-fight, but a *cow-fight*. It is a real fact, and that with women for *Picadors*. A woman is mounted on a donkey, astride like a man, with a lance, and then the cow is let into the ring. The donkey immediately turns tail, pursued by the cow. The horns being muffled, she cannot gore, and accordingly donkey and rider get upset; and to make the matter more interesting, some of the riders were black women. This is a refined amusement for a Sunday afternoon! However, it was not much frequented.

The Vigil of All Saints is one of the very few Vigils observed here, and some of the party were very sulky at having to 'eat vigil,' though I am sure we had an excellent dinner of fish, vegetables, sweets, and fruit. We shall have no such hardships again, except *noche buena*, till Lent. On All Saints day, as it is the Vigil of the *Animas*, it is the custom to go to the Campo Santo to burn lights before the niches of the dead. We went, and found that it had degenerated into a crowded promenade, where people meet and gossip, and look at one another. There can be no holy and peaceful thoughts of the dead in such a scene. Little

stalls were got up all round the outside with refreshments, and there were the old sounds of “*Agua a !*” “*Castaña as !*” “*Pan de Biscocho o !*”

There has been a funeral at the English burial ground, at which I officiated. The Spaniards attended in great numbers, and have expressed themselves much struck by the Service. There has since appeared a public order from the *Corregidor* for the better arrangement and greater propriety of their own.

I have read all the unhappy distractions at home. Whatever betides, we must cling to the ship, and fight for her. There is no possibility of going to Rome, and further acquaintance with her practice makes me feel this more and more.

Malaga, Dec. 17, 1850.

We are living in a Spanish house, where we dine every day with five or six laymen and a Priest, and through them we learn the state of the middle classes here. The Church was wholly plundered of her property fourteen or fifteen years since, and made dependent on the State; the Parish Priests, *Curas*, between their salary and fees, receive about £70 or £80 per annum, other Priests called *Beneficiados*, who assist them, and are like our Curates in some things, though not appointed by the *Curas*, about £40. The income of the *Cura* depends in part on fees, about which they are said to be exacting, and therefore it is

irregular. They have lost their influence over the people, chiefly I think by their past immorality. The experiment of a celibate clergy here has been attended with the worst results; there are families in Malaga known to be the children of Monks and Priests. Under the weight of this the whole religious system seems to have broken down. Confession, which is the mainspring of religious life in the Roman Church, is gone, the people here all tell me, that is, the men, "Yes, it is the rule of the Church, but we do not observe it." "What, do you never confess?" "No, never." Some years since it was necessary to have a certificate of confession before holding any office under government, and the certificates were bought and sold for a peseta (tenpence^e).

We have had generally two priests at the table, brothers, and both formerly Monks; the one is a well-educated man, the other not so, but both very good tempered; and they had need be so, for the great entertainment of the laymen is to attack them. One day it is the celibacy of the clergy, another day some absurd miracles, another a question why they say that Protestants cannot be saved, &c. The Priests generally parry the questions with great good humour; but one of our friends has taken to reading the Bible, and the

^e These certificates are still required at Malta, or were till very lately. One of the few Maltese with whom I became acquainted had bought one.

result is, that he asks the Priests questions about Lot's daughters, and the probability of the Flood ; and another, a merry hare-brained fellow, suggested, that as the Chinese did not believe in the Deluge, perhaps it was not true. I find myself on the same side with the Priests, and suggesting that it is better not to read the Bible, than to read it without a good intention. A few days since, Don R. told the Priests, that religion was a matter between himself and God, and no one else had any thing to do with what he thought about it. I told him that he was more Protestant than I was, which amused and puzzled him very much, for they think that a Protestant is one who believes nothing. They ask us many strange questions, e. g. why I wear whiskers, which you are aware is not the custom with Priests here ? whether or no we say Masses on the day of the Animas in England ? why the English are so fond of distributing Bibles without notes ? have we got the *Ave* and *Credo* and *Pater noster* in England ? do we believe that 'God comes down' in the Eucharist ? do we believe in the Communion of Saints, and in Purgatory ? I always answer, that we are Catholics, and hold the Catholic Faith, but that there is much liberty in England, and many Protestant sects who believe any thing or nothing. "Ah !" they answer with one voice, "there are many of those here, many who believe

nothing." And it plainly must be so. What education there is, is wholly in the hands of the Government, the whole being supported by local taxes; and they *never* catechise in Church, though it is strictly enjoined by the Canons every Sunday and all through Lent.

The Services in the Churches are Mass in the morning, and nothing else during the day, except occasionally in Lent, and when they celebrate the *Novena* or *Septena* of some Saint. Then there is an afternoon Service, consisting of the recital of the Rosary, with meditations selected by the *Cura*, and read aloud by him from some approved book, and a Sermon. On the day of the *Animas*, I went to hear a celebrated preacher on Purgatory, a powerful and painful doctrine as they teach it here. The Church was crammed, and the latter part was very exciting to the congregation, which consisted almost wholly of women. It was a long Prayer for those in the flames of Purgatory. First for all Cardinals, Bishops, and Priests, and the congregation answered with suppressed and unanimous voice, *Requiescant in pace*. Then he reminded them of fathers, brothers, wives, husbands, children, suffering still, and partly through their neglect, and you might hear suppressed sobs run through the Church, joined with the often repeated prayer, *Requiescant in pace*. And then it concluded, and I went out, and watched the people leave the

Church, and saw them wipe away their tears, and exchangesalutations, aslight-hearted and as quickly moved either way as they ever are here. But there must have been great and grave faults when such a people are not a religious people^d. While

^d Let us look into a Sicilian Church, and see what is the doctrine preached there on the same anniversary. "On the 2nd of November, 1838," says Mr. Gladstone, "in the Church of the *Anime del Purgatorio* at Messina, a discourse was preached by the Padre Cavallari. The preacher alluded to the gloom with which the day was invested by the Church, and said that he would console his hearers by setting before them their great privilege in being allowed to succour those souls of the just, which, though they had died in faith and merits, had not yet sufficiently expiated their sins; so that while the love of God yearned towards them, it could not take effect, inasmuch as his justice bore them away to the awful pains which they were at that moment enduring. To the faithful on earth it is given to procure their re'ease, which they are to do by means of prayers, of alms, and of masses. Through these last there comes to the sufferers great relief during the time which they are said: according (as he stated) to S. Jerome, at the moment at which the Host is elevated, there is even an entire suspension of the pains of those on whose behalf the sacrifice is offered. Without any doubt or scruple, therefore, he would affirm, that the zeal of the Apostles of Christ, which was so much commended in the Church, and by which they preached the Gospel to the world, was a zeal far inferior to that of those who by such masses should procure the release of souls from purgatory. For those to whom the Apostles preached were men yet in their sins, of whom it was yet quite uncertain whether they could ultimately profit by the grace tendered them or not, or whether they were the objects of the effectual and permanent love of God or not: but these are souls everlastingly redeemed, and already holy, only waiting for the consum-

waiting in the crowded Church before the sermon, I saw three Masses said, one after another, without interval, at the same Altar, by the same Priest, and a most irreverent spectacle it was. I have bought a copy of S. Bernard, and have been studying him in order to find his opinion on Purgatory; and though there is much on the intermediate state, I cannot find that even he has one word on Purgatory, as it is taught and believed here. His sermons contain five or six short passages referring to a purifying fire after death, otherwise I believe no allusion to Purgatory occurs throughout his works.

We have lately had an officer of *carabineros* in the house, who has been through the Carlist wars, and entertained us much. He gave me a strange account of a Carlist troop called *La sagrada com-*

mation of their holiness: as they then are infinitely more dear to God, so is it a far higher work to be concerned in their relief. And they, when liberated from torture and received by Christ into heaven, will retain especially their gratitude to those on earth, who have been the means of their release, and will powerfully intercede for them, as he instanced by a number of temporal deliverances. For his own part, he would esteem the sharing in the liberation of a soul from purgatory his best assurances of his own eternal salvation. And he concluded with an invocation to these departed spirits, to remember in their prayers the preacher Cavallari, who had on that day feebly endeavoured to plead their cause." A deep and half articulate Amen broke from many of the auditory as he concluded. As he left the steps of the pulpit, one of the congregation fell on his neck, and kissed him with enthusiasm " Gladstone's Church Principles, chap. vii. 31.

pania. It was formed of Monks who took up arms for Don Carlos, and commanded by a very fat friar. They were the most undisciplined corps in the army, very bad to fight, but fond of collecting contributions. He told me, that there are two officers in the Spanish army, one a Brigadier, and the other a Colonel, who cannot marry because they have taken the vows.

I asked him about the British legion under General Evans, and he said they were drunken and undisciplined, but desperate fighters; and on one occasion, when they were almost exterminated, they died fighting, "*murieron matando*." He has left us now, and our party consists of three laymen, two ladies, the Priest, and ourselves.

The Priest is Chaplain to the Hospital, and he tells me that he has at least one man every day brought in stabbed, sometimes six or seven, but they seldom die, as the stabs are not given in premeditated malice, but in drunken brawls. He says, that the greater number happen on *fiestas*, &c. but that on *Noche buena*, i. e. Christmas Eve, when the whole population are out, though he has been Chaplain fourteen years, he never knew a single case. He tells me, that the Bishop of Malaga is just nominated Archbishop of Granada. I asked who nominated him. "The Government," he said, "subject to the approbation of the Pope." This is almost worse than with



ourselves—the Government and a foreign Bishop. We have at least a form of election, which may be revived.

The Students of Salamanca, where the clergy used chiefly to be educated, (but which is now fallen into great decay,) have a curious custom. They are mostly very poor, and during the vacation they form parties, and wander about the country asking alms. They have generally one clever fellow with a guitar, who improvises verses, and they are very popular, and collect much. But it seems that one great reason of their popularity is, that their verses, though clever, are full of double entendres of the worst character, and they live about at different inns and lodging houses till term time comes round. A strange education, is it not? I am glad to say, that those who are to be priests do not join in these parties^d.

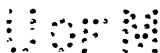
^d Salamanca is now scarcely a shadow of its former self. "In the fourteenth century, it could reckon 14,000 students; in the sixteenth it had declined to 7000, and continued to languish till the French invasion. Now it is a comparative desert. Oct. 1, 1846, there were only 30 Doctors and 400 Students. 'Among other acts of violence and oppression,' writes the Duke, June 18, 1812, 'the French have destroyed 13 out of 25 convents, and 20 of 25 Colleges which existed in this celebrated seat of learning.' The western portion of the ill-fated city is now quite a heap of ruins," continues Ford; "thus conceive Oxford, if M. Joinville," (truly times have changed since the last edition of the Handbook!) "should enter and *écraser* Ch. Ch., Corpus, Merton, Oriel,



Malaga, Nov. 18, 1850.

I am reading the Canons and Synodalia of the Church of Malaga, made in 1681, and comparing them with present practice. I find that Canons are dead letters in other places as well as England. This morning we wandered into the Parish Church of San Felipe, and found three Priests who invited us in, and shewed us the robes and sacred vessels. Some of the Chasubles and Dalmatics were very handsome, though tarnished with age. There are different sets for the great festivals of the year, and also for the martyrs' days, and for funerals. One Chasuble cost £240. The vessels were the same as our own, with the addition of the Custodia and Crucifix. The Chalices and Paten were silver gilt. I asked them respecting catechising, as I had never heard of it. They said that it was not now practised. I then asked about the schools. It was evidently a sore subject, and they hesitated: however, they told me that the schools were all under Government, some

All Souls, the Radcliffe, Bodleian, Brasenose, and S. Mary's. The Colleges were divided into Mayores and Menores, the Escuelas into Mayores, Menores, and Minimios. At the larger Colleges were taught Divinity, Law, Medicine, and the Classics; at the smaller, Grammar and Rhetoric. At the larger Schools, Theology, Canon Law, Medicine, Mathematics, Philosophy Natural and Moral, Languages, and Rhetoric: at the smaller, Grammar and Music: at the smallest, Reading and Writing." Spain, p. 292.



paid by Government directly, some by the corporation, and some by the merchants, who are rated for the purpose. I asked if the Priests taught in them? They said, that the masters were appointed by Government, and the Clergy could only teach *en punto de religion*. . . . The assistant Clergy are not appointed by the Cura of the Parish. The Bishop selects three, and presents them to the Queen, who selects one. They say most of the Masses, and attend to the choir, but the Cura has the charge of souls in the parish, and occupies the pulpit, except when the Bishop sends a special preacher, as in Lent.

We have picked up a good copy of S. Bernard. It was too large for us to carry home, so the book-seller called a bare-footed ragamuffin out of the streets, who put them on his head, and trotted off with them. *Anda con tus libros*, "Get along with your books," cried one man indignantly, when our little friend got in his way. In the crowded streets we became a great object of interest. As we came in, I heard Dolores from the top of the stairs, calling, "*Trinidad, Trinidad, Trinidaita.*" You must know, the little slip-shod girl in the house is named Trinidad, *nombre muy bonito*, as Dolores says. Another day I heard a characteristic dialogue. Some one rang the bell, and Jose pulled the string to open the latch from upstairs, bawling out, "*Quien es.*" The answer was, "*Ave*



Maria purissima;” to which Jose bawled again, “*Sin pecado concebida.*” It proved to be a woman begging, so he supplicated his sister, “*por Dios,*” to pardon him, and depart, and so it concluded. Several of the names here strike one as being very strange. Salvador is by no means an uncommon name for a man, nor Trinidad for a woman. I never met with any man named Jesus, but I have seen the name in the list of marriages and deaths in the newspapers. The way in which the name Jesus is used, as a common exclamation of surprise, strikes very painfully on an English ear. Mrs. — remonstrated with her cook for doing so, and was answered that it was not an irreverence, because she did not *mean* our Lord, or think of Him, when she said it. It was only an exclamation^f.

The polite way of doing things here is most

^f Dr. Newman's way of accounting for the ‘variety and fertility’ of oaths in Romanist countries is as follows: ‘Listen to their (Catholics’) conversations; listen to the conversation of any multitude or any private party; what strange oaths mingle with it! God’s heart, and God’s eyes, and God’s wounds, and God’s blood: you cry out, ‘How profane!’ Doubtless: but do you not see that the special profaneness above Protestant oaths lies not in the words, but simply in the speaker, and is the necessary result of that insight into the invisible world which you have not? Your people would be as varied and fertile in their adjurations and invocations as a Catholic populace, if they believed as we.” Newman’s Ninth Lecture.

amusing. The other day a friend dined with me, and when the bill came in, there was no additional charge. I sent down word to the landlady, '*La Señora*,' and the maid came back saying, "*Dice que nada*." The next week I broke a basin: again it did not appear in the bill: again I sent a message, and received in answer, "*Dice que nada*." . . . There is a new play come out, which is a good deal talked about. It is called, "*El Mercado de Londres*." A rich London merchant becomes jealous of his wife, whereupon, as is the fashion in England, he determines to sell her, which accordingly he does for 24,000 reals. They asked us gravely in the comedor, whether it was the custom to sell wives in England; and when we laugh and say no, they evidently suspect us of preferring patriotism to veracity. The market of London was represented by a stall of dried fish, and another of old clothes. . . . Our landlady has just put up (Dec. 23.) a splendid *nacimiento* in the sala opposite ours. There is *San José* on one side, and *la Virgen* on the other, and *el niño Jesus*, four shepherds kneeling in front, an ox and an ass, and the whole set off with green shrubs and artificial flowers and shells. This room goes by the name of the '*Sala de la Virgen*,' because there is a shrine of the Virgin there, and always a light burning before it. Some time since Xuareb had presented us with a nosegay, and the flowers being withered, we de-

sired Dolores to take them away. "I shall take them to the Virgin," she said; and so accordingly our poor old withered nosegay was taken to her shrine. It is one of those wretched dolls, with its head on one side as if in sorrow, and a dagger in the breast. Dolores says that is *muy bonita*. The whole of the Calle nueva is filled, as last year, with little nacimientos, and figures of angels, and shepherds, and saints. The market groans with fruit and vegetables.

CHAP. VI.

Bay of Biscay. The Malagueños. Working of an intelligent Spaniard's mind under present circumstances. The Hours. Ridicule of Fasting. Stabbing. Treatment of the Priesthood. Payment of the Clergy. Funeral customs. Epitaphs. The Fandango. Parochial arrangement. Sisters of Charity. Clerical Education. Esparteran Bishops. Vicars Capitular. Ventura Gomez. Ortigosa. Royal recommendation to Chapters. Jansenism. Dispensations. State interference in Ecclesiastical Judgments. Uncanonical Elections. State intrusions in the dioceses of Toledo Gaudix and Osma. Parallel to the election to the See of Hereford, and the Episcopal Confirmation Question.

*Letters of F. M. from Malaga, from Oct. 1850, to
Christmas 1850.*

Lisbon, Oct. 3, 1850.

WE have had a bad passage. There was a head wind all down the channel and through the bay, and we were three days and nights in going through the latter, instead of forty hours, the ports closed all the way, the things danced off the table; the only comfort we had was, that all in our cabin were good tempered. One of them, a

French lady, who could not speak English, was nearly wild. She said she was too ill to eat any thing but fruit and salad, and when a wave struck the ship very violently, she would jump out of bed, and run about the cabin, crying aloud.

[Malaga, Feb. 10, 1851.] We have established ourselves in a thoroughly Spanish house, where not an individual speaks any language except Spanish, and between the other guests in the house, our Spanish friends of last year, and our good landlady, who is a most devout Roman Catholic, we see the country under quite a different aspect. What that aspect is would surprise some of our friends in England. Such light-hearted, ready-witted, careless, immoral, and irreligious people, I never met with. Here and there of course there is a specimen of real religion. We have two here, our landlady, and a Priest who was a member of the Order of the Merced. I wish that people who get unsettled in England would come to Spain, and live quietly in one house as we are doing, not going to Rome or to Seville just for the great Church ceremonies, but seeing what is the tone of morals and religion among the people.

[Nov. 27, 1850.] We saw a sight the other day very unlike any thing English. A large body of convicts in chains were employed in cleaning the harbour. They had a sort of wooden dredge,

which was put out in the water at some distance, sunk by some of the men standing in the water up to their knees, and then drawn slowly in, scooping the sand before it, by means of a large wheel. We saw the eight convicts who were standing on it, with the utmost apparent merriment, making a sort of hopping dance, by moving from one foot to the other, while one played the castanets, and all sang. I dare say their merriment covered heavy hearts, but I could not help thinking what an example it was for the crowd of boys who were leaning over the seawall, laughing and applauding. The boys here are notoriously rude and mischievous; there are feuds between the different quarters of the town, and they assemble, and have regular fights with stones. The police disperse them, and put them in gaol when they find them about it.

There was a grand *funcion* here yesterday, all the town went to see it. Two black slaves, belonging to a Señor Martinez, were baptized, confirmed, and received their first Communion. Their master and his niece being sponsors, and the Bishop performing the whole ceremony.

I learnt the other day a curious fact in Spanish law. You know, perhaps, that a man has very little power in leaving his property; almost the whole is disposed of by the law, but any addition which he has made to his wealth by economy since his

marriage, is not under the same rule as what he had before. It is considered that he may do what he likes with it, but that the probability is that his wife had as much merit in saving it as he, so she takes half, and the rest goes as he chooses. I think the system here very bad. No father can disinherit his child for any fault, and any girl may marry any man she pleases against her father's will, provided she is constant to her intention for one month from the time of declaring it; that month not being passed in her father's house, but in that of some mutual friend. Such a system appears to me a direct encouragement to fortune-hunters. When a woman is married too, her fortune is entirely her own, and if her husband dies, she will receive it back, but as long as he lives, he is her administrator, and has absolute power to dispose of it in her name. There is a rich man living in Malaga, whose whole property came by marriage. He is separated from his wife, and allows her barely the necessaries of life, and yet all that he has is hers. He could not pull down a house that belonged to her without her consent, but he may spend the whole of the rents.

Malaga, S. Stephen's Day, 1850.

To shew you that earnest minds find difficulties here, I must tell you something of the state of

mind of a Spaniard of our acquaintance. His history is a very simple one. He is a man of naturally religious character. He was sent abroad for his education, carefully taught in the things of this world, left to take his chance about those of the next, as many are in all countries. He came home to find empty heartless forms and ceremonies, beautiful in their original intention, but now sometimes almost ridiculous from their want of life. Monks with large families of children, Priests the same, openly known to all. Confession and Communion once a year compulsory, (no man was eligible to any employment who could not produce a certificate,) the certificates of having confessed, commonly sold at the price of tenpence apiece or less; he became thoroughly disgusted, and advocated all liberal measures. The destruction of convents, abolition of the law about confession, &c. These measures were carried. The result is, that instead of rich Clergy there are poor; that instead of confessing under compulsion, or bringing a ticket, he never confesses, but he is more miserable than ever. He says that the Church orders confession, but he cannot and will not confess to such Priests; he has become acquainted with some good English people, and studied the Prayer-Book, and New Testament. Finding no rest or peace in his own Church, he longs to try ours. He wishes to come to the

English Chapel. Of course it will not be allowed. I greatly fear that he has embarked in the downward course that leads to infidelity, and yet he is a man of a religious disposition. He sees his children growing up. His wife is a good woman, who is contented to believe as she was taught, but he fears that the children are not religious, and how to make them so he does not know. If there were a Priest whom he could trust, a man of intelligence and holiness, all might yet be right, but he knows of none such. He says of himself that he is profane, for he cannot believe the miracles of the saints. Surely we cannot find such instances of want of guidance in the English Church. Of course there is self-will in this; but what first stirred him up to set himself against Priests and Monks, but their own corruption? If he and his should be lost at the Last Day, will they not have reason to cry out against their branch of the Church as much as any in England against theirs?

You ask about the Breviary and Missal. The secret prayers are printed in the Missal as well as the others, but the laity make little use of it. Except quartos for the Churches, there is not a Missal to be got in Malaga, and we tried most of the shops of Seville and many in Cadiz in vain. At three in the afternoon they sing Vespers, Compline, and Matins; in the morning they sing Prime, Terce, Sext, and None, which last ends about

nine in the morning. We cannot follow them with a book ; J. finds it as impossible as I do, and I suppose it is not intended that the people should do so. The attendance in the afternoon is on an average three persons ; one perhaps engaged in private prayer, the others walking about, and talking in a low tone. The only Service which it is considered a duty to attend is the Mass, which is in most Churches every day, in some only on Sunday, in some more than once a day. If there is an Evening Service, it generally consists of Spiritual Exercises and a Sermon. The Spiritual Exercises are in Spanish. Those which I have generally heard are the Rosary of the Virgin ; the Priest begins, "*Ave Maria*," &c. and all repeat after him.

I have not told you about our companions here. Do you remember that I said that a Priest dined with us, who, I thought, did not eat meat on a Friday ? That was a mistake. He does on Fridays, but on certain Vigils and Ember-days he does not, which the rest of the party think very ridiculous, as ridiculous as *any body* in England would. As he was a Friar, he chooses, I suppose, to observe his rules. I like him very much. He is not a man of any education or quickness, but is very obliging and good-tempered, and very contented, which few would be in his place. He and his two brothers be-

longed to one of the richest Orders in Malaga. Fifteen years ago they were plundered, and turned out. The lay-monks earned their bread as they could, as day-labourers, &c. We have dealt sometimes at the shop of one who is married, and has a family of children. I do not know of what Order he was. The Priests were promised an allowance, which was not paid them, but as fast as it could be done, they were settled in cures. Our friend in a year was appointed to the Chaplaincy of his hospital: I never saw a man so attacked and insulted as he is by his companions at dinner, but they cannot ruffle his temper. Once only I have seen him excited, when a woman had been brought into the hospital with seventeen wounds, given her by five or six men in a quarrel; then he exclaimed indignantly that there was no justice in the land. He lives all day at the hospital, where he has a room, and comes here for his dinner. He does not dress like a Priest, except that he wears the blue neckcloth^d.

One of his brothers came to visit him for a month, a man of far more intelligence and education than himself, who evidently feels bitterly the degraded state of the Church, and we had very stormy dinner-parties. The other people would laugh at the authority of the Church, and at

^d A dark blue neckcloth with a light stripe in it is always worn by the Spanish Clergy.

confessions. The Priest seemed to me to have the best of the argument, but he could never convince them. One said one day, "I neither kill, rob, nor steal, and as for my soul, and whether it is saved or lost, that concerns none but myself and God." The Priest reminded him of the time when the law made him confess, and was immediately attacked by stories of certificates of confession bought for tenpence or fivepence. He could only say, "It is your sin, not that of the Church." Another day we had nothing all dinner-time but questions about some nuns, to whom evidently he is confessor. "Padre, are the nuns pretty?" "Padre, *do* tell me, are they pretty?" "Padrecito, (little father,) I want so much to know if they are pretty." One day one of the others pointed to the hospital-chaplain, and said to J. "The Padre is *so* rich, with the money he got for the pictures out of his convent;" a cruel mockery, I thought. This led to a history of how the convents had been plundered, the pictures sold, and the *retablos*, a sort of high gilt rere-dos, taken out of the Churches in many places, and broken up for the gold. J. asked if the *retablos* in Malaga had been taken. "Not one," said the elder Priest, speaking with a sort of forced calmness, "and the reason was, that they were told that if any touched them, the gold would turn to steel, and the steel to blood." One of our laymen

has a Bible, it is one with notes. I had no idea before of the evil of a Bible in the hands of one who is not taught how to use it. He would argue against the Flood, using the most infidel arguments, and treating the Bible with about as much respect as he would the last new comedy. At last, the Priest found an unexpectedly in J. who assured Don R. that he had better not read the Bible at all, unless he did it in a better spirit. One day we began dinner alone with the younger Priest, and asked him some questions about the Church which formerly belonged to his Order. His face quite brightened, and he began telling us what I thought a very beautiful story of a miracle attributed to an image in that Church, which he implicitly believed. While he was telling it, in came another person, Don P. who listened to the end, and then exclaimed, "And do you believe all this nonsense, Padre?" The Priest said, "It is not an Article of faith, and I do not require you to believe it, but it stands on good testimony." "Why dont such things happen now?" said the other. "And how do you know that they do not?" said the Priest. "Because I never saw them." And he went on to say, that he would not believe them on the testimony of men, because "men tell lies." I tell you these little dialogues, to give you an idea what we find among the middle classes. When we ask about

the religious state of the poor, the laymen say, "they go very little to Church; Sunday is for singing, dancing, and drinking." The Priest, who has evidently a great affection for the poor, can only say, "There are some of all sorts. Even in Malaga there are some very good, and more in the villages. If it were not for the poor, there would be no worship of God in the land."

Some of the evils against which we are struggling in England exist here, and are unresisted. The very form of electing a Bishop does not exist; he is named by the Queen, and confirmed by the Pope, the Chapter have no voice whatever. There are Government-schools for all the poor; the expense is defrayed by a tax on the town, the master appointed and removable by the Government alone; the Cura has the right of inspection as regards the religious instruction, but has no authority; so I suppose that in another generation or two the poor will follow the example of the rich, and there will be "no worship of God in the land." Tithes are abolished, the Clergy paid by an especial tax raised for the purpose. At one time the greater part of the money found its way into the hands of the Government, and never went any further. Since Narvaez came into power they have been paid, but the arrears are not made up. One Priest, who was a Capuchin, and as such used to beg, calls at certain intervals on English residents, who always present him with

a donation. They are accused of being very grasping about fees for attendance at funerals. Nobody is contented here without a showy funeral, (that is, no rich person,) and I think that they ought to pay the poor Priests well. In a large parish the Cura's income would amount to £80, and his assistants to £40^a. I cannot bear the funeral customs. Every acquaintance of the deceased is invited to come, and if he has a carriage, to send it empty. They follow the coffin to the Church, where there is Mass, and then return to the house. The feelings of the family do not allow them to go to the Church, but do allow them to sit at home, and receive the whole party on their return. Meantime, the body is carried up alone to the Campo Santo, followed by the empty carriages, and thrust into a niche in the wall, where it remains as long as any one pays a yearly rent for it. When the family cease to pay, it is taken out at the next general clearance that is made, and put, with others in the same circumstances, into a hole in the ground. On the first of November, when

^a By the Concordat, the stipend of a Cura is fixed in city parishes of from 3,000 to 10,000 reals, i. e. from £30 to £100; in rural parishes, the minimum is to be 2,200 reals, i. e. £22. This is besides the fees. Coadjutors and "economos," or temporary Curas, from 2,000 to 4,000 reals, i. e. from £20 to £40. In addition there is to be assigned to every Church for the expenses of the service not less than £10 annually. People opposed to the Church exclaim loudly against these measures.

candles are lighted before the niches, and every body goes to the Campo Santo, it is a very merry scene. The young men apparently go, as one of them said that he did, "para mirar á las muchachas," and "las muchachas," to be looked at. Some of the foundling boys come up from the hospital with a black cross, and people who wish to do honour to their deceased relations, desire their servants to stop the boys as they go by, and pay them to sing before the niche. With epitaphs about "inexorable destiny," "blighted hopes," "withered glories," skulls and cross-bones figure in abundance. The richer families have frightful mausoleums, with urns, and every thing bad that can be imagined.

Malaga, Dec. 31, 1850.

The natives are suffering much from the unnatural dryness of the weather. The poor country-people are driven into Malaga by actual starvation. One can distinguish them from the professional beggars by their brown faces and absence of whining. Some of the Salamanca *estudiantes* have been in the town begging^b.

^b "The poor Students of Spain who aspire only to be humble Curates, have always been the subjects of witticism and satire: indeed *un estudiante* has long been synonymous with an *imperitante*. The inferior orders of them were permitted by law to vagabondize, and finish their education by soliciting charity . . .

Three days ago we walked on the Velez road, and saw the people dancing on the beach. It is a very pretty sight. The fandango is danced by two only. A party go out with guitars and castanets, sit down on the ground, and begin playing, which soon attracts other groups, and some young man asks any girl he likes to dance, the rest standing round to see, and shouting their applause. We saw one very handsome young man, in a smart majo jacket, tire three partners. The bows and ceremonies that he used in asking them, and the refusals and hesitations of the girls who were determined to dance the whole time, were very amusing. After seeing his performance, we went to another group, where a clumsy boy and a clumsy girl were dancing. The disappointment of the spectators was amusing. A poor woman, with one of the common shawls over her head, said to a man of the same class, "They have no grace at all." "None at all," he answered, shaking his head, between contempt and pity, and the

These Students are among the boldest and most impertinent of the human race, full of tags and rags, fun, frolic, licence, and guitars. Their peculiar compliment is the throwing their cloaks of shreds and patches on the ground, for the well-dressed handsome women to walk over. Few of them have a superfluity of any thing except impudence. They are gregarious, generally hunting in packs, but one, the *gracioso*, or wag of the party, begs in verse, accompanying his improvisation with a guitar." Ford, p. 292.

whole party broke up, and dispersed. The children of labourers regularly learn of a master to dance the fandango.

On the Noche Buena in one little Church; people were found playing the zambomba and tambourine, and dancing, to represent the joy of the shepherds. In all the Churches they played, except the Cathedral, which was illuminated, and so full that it was almost impossible to get from the west to the east end. We had a little music here, a zambomba, a tambourine, and a brass mortar with some singing. In the evening, Don P. who plays beautifully on the guitar, and extemporizes songs, came and sang, and told us Andalusian stories. The tales of Andalusia far surpass any Irish stories. The Andaluces do not make bulls, but they exaggerate in the most marvellous way.

To-morrow there is to be a great funcion at the Merced, in honour of a very fine image of our Lord bearing the Cross. Our friend, the Monk, told us, that if we went, we should hear the whole history of the image, which is miraculous. He began telling it us himself, but unluckily some of the other people came in, and he was obliged to be silent, because they make such a mockery of such things. Living in a Spanish house gives me more idea of the extensive spread of infidelity than I had before. Truth and fable have been

so mixed up in people's minds, that when they cease to believe fables, the belief of the truth goes too.

Malaga, Christmas, 1850.

My opinion of the state of the Church here does not rise. We now live among Spaniards, and I never heard more rampant "Protestantism" than I have heard here. I do no harm, to any one, they say, and give what I can to the poor, and then it does not signify what I believe. I am a good Christian, and as to what concerns my soul, that is between myself and God, and no man, Priest or not, has any right to interfere with it.

I am gradually coming to the same opinion with an English Clergyman, who told me years ago, much to my surprise at that time, that he regarded the English Church as the great depository of the truth, and the hope of the world; and therefore I do not wonder that fierce attacks should be made upon her on every side. If she should fall, where indeed would Faith be found on the earth? Where in Europe at least are we to look for any branch of the Church, which shews such symptoms of life and truth as our own?

One day we held a conversation with the Priest about Spanish Sisters of Charity. They are of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul. I should like

to see an Order like them established in England, in addition to our Sisters of Mercy. The latter give relief to the poor, and consequently must have funds, and for the most part be of a certain class of life. These Sisters do not give money, for they have none to give. They live on £20 a year each, they always have an oratory, and, I believe, are provided with clothes, which of course are plain and cheap. English residents in Malaga say that the necessaries of life are as dear there as in England, but of course in that climate necessaries are fewer. They teach in the schools, nurse the sick, and serve in hospitals. In our English parishes I should like to see the actual Schoolmistresses and Nurses Sisters, and it might well be done. There are many now who cannot be Sisters, because they have not the pecuniary means.

You may be aware, that when Espartero was in power, the Pope refused to approve his nominations to Bishoprics. He refused to name others, and so in, I think, thirty dioceses they were without Bishops. That was the state of Malaga for some years. The Government nominee had the Palace and income, and the Diocese did without a Bishop. The Bishop of Malaga has just been nominated to the Archbishopric of Granada. The last Archbishop was, I believe, a very good man. He was removed sorely against his will from the small and poor Bishopric of the Canaries,

to go there two years ago, and died this spring of pulmonia, caused by the sharp winds of Granada. To remove from the Canaries or Malaga to Granada, must be a most dangerous experiment for old men. There is an Ordination to-day. A lawyer lost his wife rather more than a year ago, and he resolved on taking Orders. The Ordination takes place privately in the Bishop's Palace. Most of the Clergy come from a very low class. Many who have been Monks, were of the very poor. The regular education in the Bishop's Seminary costs £40 a year, but not nearly all who are ordained can afford that. At Salamanca a gratuitous education is given. Young men of talent go there, we are told, and hire themselves in service, with the condition that they may attend the lectures. Sometimes they set up barbers' shops, or maintain themselves in any way they can, and many have thus risen to be Bishops.

In order to explain my correspondent's statement concerning the Esparteran Bishops, it may be of use to put together a few facts gathered from no hostile witness, an article in the Dublin Review, the writer of which, as he speaks of the early impressions and recollections of childhood in Spain, may be presumed to be Cardinal Wiseman. When a See becomes vacant, "the Catholic Church has most minutely provided for its wants, by vesting in

the Dean and Chapter the power and duty of naming a Vicar Capitular, with jurisdiction over the diocese *sede vacante*." The Bishop of Malaga died. "We will not enter into particulars respecting the first intrusion by the Government of a Vicar Capitular, further than to say, that he was a Canon of the Cathedral, as the Canon Law requires, and had at least that qualification more than his successor, of whom principally we have to speak, but that he was a man of suspicious orthodoxy and lax principles. His name was Manual Ventura Gomez. He was educated in the suppressed University of Baeza, into which the works of Febronius and the doctrines of Pistoja had too fatally penetrated, and he clearly had brought away his share of them. He was afterwards obliged to leave the kingdom for his revolutionary doctrines, and came to England, where his name will be found figuring in the Reports of the Bible Society, of which he became an active member." In the spring of 1837 he vacated his office, having been nominated by the Government to the vacant see of Jaen. Upon his resignation, the Chapter elected their Dean as Vicar Capitular. "We believe we are not wrong in stating, that, owing to his having acted according to the laws of the Church relative to the Ordination of a young ecclesiastic, he was banished beyond the seas."

“To him succeeded the person whom the Government had thought proper to name as Bishop Elect of Malaga, Dr. Valentine Ortigosa, Archdeacon of Carmona, and, as such, Dignitary of the Cathedral of Seville. He seems in youth to have had his orthodoxy tried, and found wanting, for he was brought up for trial before the Inquisition. He was an active partisan of Government, and engaged under it when he was named Bishop Elect of Malaga by the Ministry, which he had served. Government, regardless of the canon law, which forbids a Bishop Elect to be Vicar Capitular, and enjoins that he should be one of the Chapter, acted upon the plan of recommending to Chapters (*sede vacante*) to choose for Vicars the very persons whom it had named for future Bishops over them. This was the case with regard to Ortigosa. By a Royal Order, dated October 7, 1836, the Chapter was *recommended*^c to appoint him its Vicar.” The Royal *recommendation* was obeyed, “the Chapter unfortunately yielding to the dictation of power,” and nominating him their Vicar. “Here is indeed a good specimen of the freedom left to the Church for the discharge of her most important functions by the pretended champions of that cause.”

Very soon after his arrival at Malaga, he put forth an address to the Chapter, characterised by

^c The italics are the writer's of the Review.

“the most extraordinary arrogance and the most startling Jansenism. Papal enactments are to him as so much waste paper; and he asserts the doctrine which pervades all his other writings, that Bishops receive their authority in its fulness from the Church, by mere election or presentation, without confirmation from the Holy See. So that presentation by a *lay sovereign* is enough to communicate the plenitude of Apostolic power and of ecclesiastical jurisdiction! The Bishop Elect immediately appealed” against a remonstrance of his Chapter “to the civil authorities: the Chapter were thus compelled to throw themselves under the protection of the Crown.” (This, I presume, means, that both parties alike appealed to the civil power.) “As usual, might triumphed over right.”

The next circumstance that brought out Ortigosa's character was the following. A Franciscan Monk of the name of Fernandez had applied to Ventura Gomez, when he was Vicar, for relief from his vows of chastity, on the grounds that he was not of sufficient age when he took the vows, the certificate of Baptism produced at his profession being not his, but that of a brother who had died, and that he had not acted from free choice, but under fear and compulsion of his brother already in the Order. He therefore prayed Gomez to interfere in his behalf, on the grounds, “that dispensation from vows

belonged essentially to the Episcopal jurisdiction, because it belonged originally to the Apostles, the fulness of whose authority every Bishop inherited, and that it was only through the false Decretals of Isidore, and the dark ignorance of the Middle Ages, that the power was reserved to the Apostolic See." Gomez decided in his favour, and declared his religious vows null. The Dean, who next succeeded as Vicar, reversed his predecessor's judgment. Then followed Ortigosa, and the Franciscan renewed his petition to him. "The result was a long decision from the Vicar, dated Jan. 22, 1838, in which in a bold and open tone of defiance he strips the Sovereign Pontiff of his acknowledged rights, and out-Herods Herod, going beyond even the worst disciples of the perfidious school of Jansenius. The Bull *Auctorem Fidei*, to whose censures he exposes himself in almost every paragraph, he seems to treat with perfect contempt: and riding over every barrier which General Councils, Popes, or the very constitution of Christ's Church, have placed against schismatical independence of particular Bishops; and acting further on the clearly false principle, that a Bishop Elect has all the power of the Apostles themselves, he pronounces the vows invalid, grants the required dispensation, and orders the curate of Casarabonda to marry the apostate. And not so content, he commands this insulting and heretical document to

be read at the Offertory of the Public Mass in that place."

His third offence, which "brought out the poison of Ortigosa's evil principles still more palpably," was an address to his Chapter, "as full of arrogance and heresy as such a document could well be," which arrogance and heresy seem to be contained in the following sentences: "'Penetrated with the thought of what the Episcopacy is, and of the degradation to which it has been brought down by the misfortune of our times, and having made a profound study of the authentic monuments of the Primitive Church, monuments quite forgotten and unknown by the majority of people, and possessed moreover by an ardent desire to labour for the restoration of its high privileges, now that important circumstances of great future interest to the poor Church of Spain, so critically situated, require it, I feel myself impelled to enter into this discussion, that so we may enlighten one another, not being swayed by the spirit of either the Ultramontane or the Cisalpine School, by impractical philosophical Jansenism, by abominable gross and hypocritical Jesuitism.'"

In the spring of 1838, "as Ortigosa in all these matters had not sought concealment, but had made his uncatholic notions ostentatiously public, the Chapter could no longer permit the *scandal* to continue. Recourse to Rome was impossible, and

therefore the canonical step of denouncing his writings to the Metropolitan, the Archbishop of Seville, as unorthodox, and putting him upon his trial, was adopted. . . The *Minister of Grace and Justice* directed him to proceed to Seville," which accordingly, but not till the following spring of 1839, he did, "having in the preceding autumn addressed a pastoral to the clergy and laity of the Diocese, in which he pathetically told them, that he was going in obedience to the order of Government, 'which is paramount.'" On his arrival at Seville, "he threw himself behind the shield of the State, and appealed to the civil power to rescue him from the ecclesiastical tribunal. The civil power, anxious at once to serve and save its own child and faithful partizan," interposed its authority, forbade all proceedings, and added a severe reprimand. "This order," continues the Dublin Review, "which was issued on the 24th of April 1839, excited the astonishment and indignation of all sensible persons in Spain, and led to the perplexing conclusion, that in Catholic constitutional Spain there was no longer any authority competent to examine into the orthodoxy of a public ecclesiastical teacher." . . . "By the aid of the civil power he rode triumphant over the necks of all."

On the first of March, 1841, Gregory XVI. "that sovereign Pontiff, whose energetic voice had made a Ferdinand and a Nicholas writhe on their royal

and imperial thrones," delivered an address to his Cardinals in a private consistory, upon the conduct of Ortigosa. "To this Ortigosa replied in a tone of insult, which we believe has never been equalled since the days of Luther. He affects to believe that it must be a forgery, pretends to distinguish what are the Pope's sentiments in it, from what has been put into his mouth by treacherous compilers, extorted, as he repeatedly says, from his venerable old age, abusing the venerable name of the Sovereign Pontiff: accuses him of oppression and injustice against the humblest of Priests, and cites him to answer for his allocution before the Judgment-seat of God. For this insolence he was *well chastised* in many *publications*, several of which we have had occasion to cite, as well as in *loose sheets* and *newspaper articles* now before us^g."

Ortigosa seems to have retained his position as Vicar Capitular and Bishop Elect till the overthrow of Espartero's Government. With the new Government there came in new principles of dealing with the Church, and Espartero's nominees were no longer supported. Ortigosa retired to Madrid, where in 1845 he was still living.

g A Climax. If such chastisement is sufficient, why do we find such fault with the *laissez faire* system of dealing with unorthodox statements acted upon by the English Bishops? If it is not, why should such shortcoming be a *sign* in England, and not in Spain?

“The course pursued by the present moderate party,” in 1845, says the Dublin Review, “presents a gratifying contrast with that of their predecessors. It has consisted in refraining from all actual interference, but advising, or at least freely permitting, the parties to follow the line of conduct which duty and conscience suggested.”

The case of Ortigosa is not singular. “In several instances,” continues the Review, “the Government has thrust into vacant sees persons wholly unfit by character, and has either extorted the consent of the Chapter so as to render the election doubtful, or forced upon them a choice *ipso facto* null by common law.” Thus Senor Valleja and Señor Gonfalguer were uncanonically elected by the Chapter at the instance of Government to the post of Vicar Capitulars in the Metropolitan See. “When the pressure of ‘the Regents’ Government was removed. . . . Gonfalguer resigned, and left the Chapter at liberty to make new and canonical arrangements,” after being eight years uncanonically in office. In the diocese of Guadix, “the civil Governor of the Province thought proper to order a protest or manifesto against the Pope’s Allocution of March 1, 1840, to be read in all the Churches on three successive festivals.” On the Vicar’s opposing it, he was banished for four years, and, I presume, the protest was read. In the diocese of Osma, Campuzano

had been illegally promoted. On the overthrow of Espartero, and a hint from the Minister of Grace and Justice, "that it would be gratifying to her Majesty the Queen," he resigned, "and thus the Chapter was left to the free and unbiassed exercise of its rights in a new election."

Now in this whole affair the conduct of the Government was clearly iniquitous, and Ortigosa may have been a heretic; certainly in a Romanist's acceptation of the term he was. I have no desire to defend one or the other. But there is one thing which forces itself very strongly on the mind on the consideration of these facts, namely, that there is a parallelism between them and some events which have happened among ourselves, which ought to have stopped the mouths of those who were most loud-voiced on the subject of the election to the See of Hereford, and the question of Confirmation of Bishops. An heretical Arch-deacon and Cathedral Dignitary is on the recommendation of the civil power invested by the due ecclesiastical instruments with Episcopal Jurisdiction, which Jurisdiction was to continue till the See (to which he was himself nominated) was filled up, and did last till his Patron the Prime Minister went out of office. On the other side, a Professor of Divinity who was not heretical, but who had in the opinion of most sound members of the Church put forth certain unorthodox state-

ments at one period of his life, is on the like recommendation elected by the like body as their Bishop, and consecrated by the Metropolitan. Again, England has been ringing (and may it continue to ring till the wrong is redressed) with the injustice and absurdity of there being, according to one interpretation put upon the law, no means of testing the orthodoxy and fitness of Priests recommended by the Crown to be elected and consecrated Bishops. Yet in Catholic Spain the tyrannous interference of the civil power led alike to "the conclusion, that there was no longer any authority competent to examine into the orthodoxy of a public ecclesiastical teacher." What should we think of Spaniards who, owing to these and like scandals, had taken to turning Greeks? If we refuse to discern in these circumstances any notes of uncatholicity in the Church of Spain, how can we, as logical thinkers, or honest-hearted men, make the shadow of their counterpart a note, much more, as some have done, a damning proof, against the Catholicity of the Church of England?

CHAP. VII.

Home Mission at Malaga. Archbishop of Santiago's Sermon in the Cathedral. Maria Santisima. Doctrine of Indulgences. Exhortation to Confession. Day of Judgment. Effect of the Mission. Supply of Clergy. Hymns to the Blessed Virgin. Novena to the Blessed Virgin. Legend of Sta. Rita. The Bible. Forged Miracles. Contempt of the Priesthood. Fray Feliz. The Divine Shepherdess. Masses for the Dead. Presentations. Murders. Gipsy-widow. Legend of S. Demas. Intercession of S. Mary. Rich convents in Malaga. Dominicans. Capuchins at Carthagená. Country-people.

*Letters of F. M. from Malaga during the Spring
of 1851.*

Malaga, Jan. 29, 1851.

I HAVE to give you an account of a Mission that has been carried on here lately, far the most satisfactory thing that I have yet seen in the Spanish Church. It has really been quite refreshing to see at last something of zeal and energy. It was announced in the newspapers, that on Sunday, the 12th of January, a Mission was to be held by four Ex-Capuchins, by order of the Bishop. The first day there would be a Sermon at half past four in

the Cathedral; for a fortnight after, two every day at the same hour at two of the parish-churches; and on Sunday the 26th, conclude with one at the Cathedral. The object was to be preaching repentance, and receiving confessions. The confessors were to be empowered to absolve in reserved cases, and there would be three Plenary Indulgences. There was great need of something. The outward appearance of Malaga is one of unbelief and indifference among the rich, and of immorality among the poor. Confession seemed to be becoming a dead letter, daily diminishing, and there was no check upon them. The murders, stabbings, and immoralities were frightful in number.

These Capuchins are of the strictest order. Two of the four who conducted the Mission are very-celebrated preachers. Fray Feliz Maria de Cadiz has a wonderful power over his audience. He can make them laugh or cry as he pleases, and he can preach for hours: another is breaking down from illness. His chest is affected, and it was a most touching thing to see him striving beyond his strength, and wearing himself out in his earnest exhortations to the people. It was necessary to arrange, that these two should preach on the same day and at the same hour, or the others would have been deserted for them. On the fifth day of the Mission, Padre Cadiz reproved his hearers bitterly. They thronged to hear, but nothing

more. Every morning he waited to receive confessions, but no more than four or five would come. That day there arrived by accident the Ilustrísimo and Escelentísimo Señor Don Antonio Claret and Clara, Archbishop of Santiago, in the isle of Cuba, accompanied by six Missionaries and twenty Sisters of Charity. He had been driven back by bad weather, and obliged to stop here on his way to take possession of his diocese. He is himself a very celebrated preacher, and undertook to preach the next day at the Cathedral. The Padres gave notice to their congregations, and all Malaga went mad on the spot. The religious people were wild with delight at the number of Indulgences and spiritual privileges he could give, and the others would as soon have missed seeing a wild-beast show as the Archbishop. He was to preach at half past four, and by one o'clock every spot where there was a reasonable hope of hearing was filled, and still people continued flocking in unceasingly. We went at three o'clock, and could hardly get in at the great south door. The floor was covered with sitting ladies, but I saw some ladies making their way through the throng, as none but a Spanish lady can do, and followed to a place in sight of the pulpit. I never saw such a scene. Every body was talking loud, a thing which they do not seem to think irreverent, and the noise echoing through the building was like the waves

of the sea. Some of my neighbours occupied themselves in guessing who I was. Having settled that I was English, they next debated whether or not I understood them, and applied to me to decide the question, and on my answering in the affirmative, they entered into conversation with me, and with Spanish courtesy several in succession gave up their places. After a time people began to make their appearance on the top of the Choir-wall above the stalls: some sat behind it, with a high wooden partition between them and the pulpit. At last the north door opened, and in came the procession struggling through the living mass. We all stood up to see, and sitting down again was impossible. Directly there was a talking through the Church, the tall people telling the short ones, "He's in the pulpit," "Now he's kneeling down," "Now he is standing up." "He is short, but they say he has a good voice." "Can you hear?" "Not a word." "Can you?" "It is a very pretty bird with fine feathers, but I have not heard its voice." "Come along to the other side." One man I heard behind me quote a passage from the last new farce in ridicule of the English. The Archbishop raised his voice in a shout which rang through the whole building, and produced a momentary silence; but no human voice could have been audible in such a throng for a continuance, and the noise rose up again like the waves of the sea. His

Archiepiscopal dress was beautiful; dark purple with silver lace, and a silver cross on the breast; his action was unceasing and most graceful, though too theatrical. He continued for one hour and a half without once stopping to take breath, or to wipe his face, as other preachers do; and when he chanted the Blessing at the conclusion, his voice was as clear, and sweet, and as fresh, as at the beginning. He has been known to go on for seven hours.

All that I could catch of the Sermon, amidst the noise, was a panegyric on 'Maria Santisima,' and an exhortation to apply to her as the Giver of Repentance, and all things. "All the gifts of God pass through her hands. We may see this in a simile in our own families. Through whom do children receive all things? Through their mothers. If God gives such honour to earthly mothers, is it likely that he would give less to His own?" "The Apostle said, that neither height, nor depth, nor any other creature, could separate him from the love of God; so we may say that neither height, nor depth, nor any thing else, can separate us from the love of Maria Santisima." When he had finished, he blessed all the rosaries and medals that had been brought, from the pulpit, and gave several Indulgences. A Bishop can give forty days, an Archbishop eighty days, an Apostolic Missionary one hundred days; so he gave one hundred and eighty, and we dispersed. I felt

very much as if I had been at the theatre. Next day the Archbishop preached five more Sermons, one of which was more than an hour long, visited all the convents, the Seminario and the Sisters of Charity, and by half past five on Sunday morning was on board again.

The following day the consumptive Capuchin preached, and such an effective Sermon I do not think I ever heard. They always begin with a sort of preface; then they desire the people to say the Ave Maria with them; then give instruction on some point of doctrine; and lastly, a vehement exhortation, concluding by displaying the Crucifix. The subject of instruction this time was Indulgences, which he professed to explain for the benefit of the ignorant^b. ‘The Sacrament of Penance, he said, takes away the punishment of deadly sin, which is hell, but it does not free us unconditionally: the eternal punishment is commuted for a temporal penalty, which must be paid either on earth by Penance, or in Purgatory by torments equal in all but duration to those of hell. Some people think, that forty days’ Indulgence only diminishes forty days of our time in Purgatory: but this is a mistake: it takes away the debt for forty days of neglected earthly penance, the pay-

^b On the subject of Indulgences, consult Jeremy Taylor’s Dissuasive, Part I. c. 1. §. 4. p. 138. and c. 2. §. 4, 5, 6. p. 235. ed. Eden.

ment of which in Purgatory may be many years or many thousands of years. Every body who confesses and communicates during this Mission obtains a Plenary Indulgence. Every body who attends the Sermon with sincere intention obtains another, that is, all the arrears of Penance are wiped off, so that a person dying immediately, being in a state of grace, would go straight to glory without Purgatory, but moreover at this Mission an additional Plenary Indulgence is obtained, which is reserved till the hour of death, so that if you make the Priest understand that you have it when you are dying, he will impart it in the regular form, and then you are safe from Purgatory. But you must remember, that no one in Spain can get any Indulgence, unless he is in possession of the '*Bula de la Cruzada*,' which is not only to allow you to eat meat on Friday; that is the least of his merits: the Holy See has been so gracious to Spain, that any man in this country who has the Bull can get no less than ninety Plenary Indulgences in the course of the year; every day in Lent, for instance, by only going to a Church and saying so many Aves or Salves, one may be got.'

After this explanation, he went on to the effective part of his Sermon, which consisted of an exhortation to repentance and confession, and a warning of the difficulty of a death-bed

repentance. He was extremely eloquent and earnest, and appeared to be suffering much from his exertions, and towards the end the people began to sob a great deal. He told the story of some Saint who saw in a vision a man trying to carry a heavy burthen of wood, and because it was too heavy, adding more and more. Next he told the story of the Rich Fool in the Gospels, to the great edification of my next neighbour, who had apparently never heard it before; and ended with a picture of the death-bed of Voltaire, how at last he would have repented and confessed, how he sent for a Priest, and his infidel friend, D'Alembert, refused him admission, though repeatedly sought; and how at last he died despairing, saying, 'I die abandoned by God and man.' 'Three things,' he said, 'are needful for confessions, the will, the time, and the grace. Voltaire had the will and the time, but the grace was denied him. I will not say that he is condemned: none can say what God will do at the last moment, but according to human appearance he was lost, and these were his last words, "I die abandoned by God and man." At the conclusion, he exhorted the people to confess while they had time, to come to him that very night, to let the Angels rejoice over them. 'Are you,' he said, 'ashamed to confess, because you are great sinners? How many of the Saints that are venerated on our altars were greater sinners

than you? Are you ashamed to tell your sins to the Priest? Are not we sinners? Have not we a corrupt and evil nature? If in any thing we have been kept from the same sins as some of you, is it not by grace only? We are men, and shall be surprised at nothing. I declare to you in the presence of God, that my greatest joy and happiness and glory is when one comes to me and says, 'I have not confessed for twenty, thirty, or forty years.' It is my greatest joy, because I am a shepherd of Christ's flock, and I must rejoice when I rescue a sheep which the wolf was carrying away.' Then as he took down the Crucifix, and held it out, the sobs which had been gradually increasing burst out through the Church into loud crying like that of children, while he poured out a fervent prayer, crying bitterly, for himself and for the people. I wish I could give you an idea of the effect of the scene presented by the Church, crowded with people crying violently, with their faces turned up towards the pulpit. There was something very striking in the words of the prayers with which he concluded, the depth of its self-abasement, and the entire confidence and even familiarity of some of his expressions. He even used diminutives of affection in addressing our Lord, while he covered the Crucifix with kisses. At last he stopped, and the choir sung a penitential hymn in Spanish, in which by degrees the people joined. Then he

desired them all to say three Salves after him, to gain some Indulgences, and we dispersed. The local paper says, that on the following day one thousand persons confessed, and communicated in one Church.

In another Sermon, the same preacher took for his subject of instruction Satisfaction, which is the fifth part of Penitence, and for his subject of exhortation, the Last Judgment. He called upon the Angels and the Spirits of the Righteous, upon the lost Spirits and the Devils, to hear him, for they were all concerned, and then described the Day of Judgment, promising that he would say nothing but what was stated in Holy Scripture, but making the following additions to the Scriptural account. The Angels will come forth from Heaven in procession, bearing the True Cross, of which all the parts will be miraculously gathered together, the sight of which will fill the righteous who have loved and embraced it with joy, and the wicked with terror. This he said came from the Fathers. A glorious throne will be set up, on which our Lord Jesus Christ (on the mention of the name he touched his cap) will sit, and on His right hand upon His Throne will be seated His Mother, Maria Santisima, our Lady, the Sovereign Queen of Angels. On the mention of her name he touched his cap again, and every head bowed, and a murmur ran through the Church, "Ave Maria." Thrones will be placed for the Apostles

after they have been judged, and the righteous will come from Heaven, and take their bodies with joy, and the wicked from hell, and take theirs with grief. The most remarkable thing in this Sermon was the constant mention of "Maria Santissima," with the titles above given each time repeated, the great reverence shewn by the people to her name, and their taking no notice of that of our Lord. The farewell of the condemned soul was striking: "Farewell Jesus Christ, whose blood I have wasted, whose mercies I have scorned: farewell Maria Santissima, whose love I have despised, whose kindness I have rejected: farewell Angels, with whom I might have dwelt for ever." Then followed the farewells to his own relations, to the son, the mother, the wife, who are going into everlasting happiness, while he is to be in torment for ever. By this time the nerves of the people were so worked up, that they were ready to cry about any thing or nothing, and at this point one woman by my side actually *howled* so as to make it difficult for me to hear. What I felt to be painful in this last Sermon was, that the affections of the people and their hopes were directed as largely to Mary as to Jesus. It was not so Mariolatrous as some that I have heard, but it grieved one to see the mixture of evil in so much good^b.

^b Mr. F. W. Faber, commenting on this sentence, speaks of "the howls which offend the traveller's propriety so much," and

For the present, there is an evident effect produced. In a Spanish house the servants take part in the conversation at dinner, and the other day José, who had refused to confess, volunteered the information that the maid Dolores had confessed that morning. Immediately there was a burst of laughter, and questions were put to her, 'Why she confessed? To whom she confessed? Why she went to another Padre when there was one in the house? What she had said?' She answered as well as she could for some time, though much abashed; but at last she pressed her hand upon her heart, and said to one of her tor-

again of "this snappish petulance of ill-tempered proprieties, because the adulterer's or the murderer's sigh has broken out into a vulgar sob, and his sob, spite of the reverence due, as we are specially reminded, to a consecrated building, into a *howl* of agony." Whether there is a greater amount of snappishness petulance, and ill temper displayed by my correspondent or the critic, I leave the reader to judge. As the possibility of misconception has been thus pointed out, I may say that it was not the howl that was painful, but the misdirection of the people's affections, which Mr. Faber passes over, while he continues to declaim against "this intolerant sentimentality, because foreign sinners will not mourn according to the tasteful moderation of Anglican æsthetics." Mr. Faber must have been hard put to it when he set up such a man of straw as this for the purpose of knocking it down again. Who ever dreamt of there being any vulgarity or impropriety, till Mr. Faber excogitated it for the sake of representing Anglicans as men who "worship the gentlemanly and canonize the respectable?" Does Mr. Faber or any one else believe those last words?

mentors, 'I wish your soul was as pure as mine to-day.' 'Quite right, Dolores,' said the Priest, who had hitherto sat silent, and she escaped from the room. Our Friday dinner has been changed to a vigil dinner, with meat for those who wish it, which has excited a little indignation among the laymen, and made the good Padre look happy^c.

Yesterday we had a most amusing scene. One of the laymen came to dinner in a very gloomy mood, and suddenly burst out in the course of the dinner, "What sin is there in a ball? Padre, what is the sin of dancing? There are balls all over the world, and at Rome; and Bishops, and Cardinals, and the Pope, approve of them, and what business have you to come here with your missions, and preach against them?" The Padre said, "Did you hear the Sermons?" "Not one, I never went near them." "Then if you go another time, you will know what they say." "O, I know very well." Then he turned to me, and said in an injured tone, "I went last night to a party, a nice friendly party that we have every Monday, where we just have a raffle and a little dancing, and four mammas had not let their daughters come because of the mission.' He continued, lamenting the effects of the Sermons on the balls, and I could not help

^c This only lasted three Fridays, after which, as was to be expected, the guests insisted on the usual meat dinner.

saying 'that I was glad of it.' He looked astonished, and sat silent for a few minutes, and then began solemnly. "Padre, are you a Christian? Are you a Priest? Do you hold the Articles of the Faith?" "Yes," said the Priest quietly, "I would rather die than renounce them." "Then why don't you go and convert the savages, and teach them to read and write. Then you would be doing some good, instead of coming here with your missions to spoil our balls. It is too bad, and the Government ought to be informed of it." I suggested that perhaps there might be a few still unconverted in Malaga, for whom the Padre might stay; but he said, "No, no, we are all good Christians, we do not want him. Now, Padre, there are plenty of Turks and Saracens, why won't you go and convert them?" In this style he went on all dinner time, and to-day did nothing but worry the Priest with what is a favourite topic, the character of some of the Priesthood. But after fifteen years of teasing, in addition to the training of a monastery, he has learnt to take every thing quietly. I used to think that he was stupid when he sat eating his dinner and saying nothing, but I see that he is very wise in having recourse to silence. He is very friendly to us when the laymen of his own Communion are away, and he can speak without having his words turned into ridicule. The *frailes*, of whom he was one, all come from peasant-families. They

were generally sent to the convents very young by their parents. Many of them had not a vocation for the life, and some have turned out badly, the worse of course, from being bound to a holy life. Since the destruction of the Monasteries, the parochial cures have been filled by them in great part, but now they are beginning to die out, as fifteen years have thinned their numbers, and it becomes a question, how are Priests to be supplied. In the south of Spain, the upper classes never take Holy Orders. The Bishop's seminary contains in all eighty-one boys and young men, and this is thought a great number, but the course of education occupies twelve years, and though it is clerical, all do not become Priests. So that this is nothing for the wants of the Diocese. If educated Priests cannot be had, they must have them uneducated; and the only plan that can be thought of is, to re-establish the Monasteries under certain regulations, such as, that they shall be few, have no property, live on alms, &c. What Government Monasteries will turn out, I do not know. The Government has schools for the poor; and the Paper that we see, the Spanish Church-Paper, is pleading very hard that the Schoolmasters ought to have enough to live upon, that they might be able to give their time to the schools, instead of working in the fields. It goes so far as to say, that their salary ought not to be under £20 a year.

There have been missions also at Denia in the province of Valencia, and in some towns of Catalonia, but Malaga is considered 'to have set an example not to Spain only, but to the whole world.'

Malaga, Feb. 6, 1851.

I must now complete the history of the Mission. Doña F. has got us the hymns and prayers that were used. The latter consist of the Rosary in Spanish, that is, of fifty Aves, five Paters, and five Gloria Patris, with the Blessing, 'Blessed be God, praised be God, exalted be God; Blessed be Maria Santisima, praised be Maria Santisima, exalted be Maria Santisima, &c.' applying the same epithets to her as to God throughout. The Hymns I have copied. *One* of them is addressed to our Lord, and is a beautiful penitential Hymn, reminding me of George Herbert. The others are all to the Blessed Virgin, under the title of the Divine Shepherdess. These hymns are not so outrageous as some that I have met with, but I send you a verse or two.

"A silly sheep wandering from Thy flock, I call Thee anxiously. Confirm to me Thy holy promises, and turn my steps from the path of wickedness. To Thee I commend my body and my soul, my senses, my powers, and all that I say or do. I hope, Lady, that in every storm Thy name

Mary shall be my hope^d. Remember, Mother, that if now I am evil, Thou didst once count me among Thy sheep." The Archbishop gave the Capuchins a short prayer, to which he had attached a hundred and eighty days of Indulgence, that is, as much remission of purgatory as would be obtained by a hundred and eighty days of the most rigorous penance. It is this, "O Virgin Mother of God, I give myself to Thee as Thy child; and in honour and glory of Thy purity, I offer to Thee my body, my powers, and my senses; and I beseech Thee to obtain for me the grace of never committing any sin^e."

How many confessions there have been cannot yet be told; for when once the people began to

^d Compare the following Italian Prayer, posted for popular use in the well-known and much-frequented Church of Sta. Maria Sopra Minerva in Rome. "In voi, O Madre nostra, noi abbiamo collocate tutte le nostre speranze. Siate voi la nostra via per andare à Gesù e il mezzo per cui riceviamo tutte le grazie necessarie per conseguire la nostra eterna salute." 'If,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'the practical view which people are taught to regard her is fairly represented by these terms, we may be less credulous of the threats that England shall once again substitute such a form of religion for that which she now enjoys.' Church Principles, p. 354.

^e Again, compare the following prayer with which an Office of the Virgin for the use of Schools, published in Palermo in 1828, ends: "O Mary, most Holy Mother, and my hope, do Thou grant to me this grace which I need, and obtain for me Thyself, that I may greatly love Thee, my Queen, and may always commend myself to Thee in all my needs."

confess, it was like an epidemic. The Bishop seeing this has very wisely prolonged the time of special Indulgences for another fortnight. One cannot but most truly rejoice at such a result as has been brought about; yet I doubt of its durable effects. I told you, that in one Church a thousand people confessed in one day. There were not above six or seven Priests in any Church. If there had been ten, it would have been a hundred confessions in a day to each, and many of them first confessions of middle-aged and elderly people, who had lived all their lives in the neglect of the ordinances of religion, and these first confessions made not deliberately and after careful preparation, but in the strong excitement produced by the great eloquence of the preachers, and the prospect of Plenary Indulgences. Surely they must require more attention, more individual attention, than could be given in such haste. The Capuchins however have done their duty, and done it well, but when they are gone, and the people are left to the despised ministrations of the ordinary confessors, there is much danger that the majority will fall back again. For the present, the improved behaviour in the Churches is striking. These are such a very excitable people, all feelings and no principles, and have a marvellous way of combining religious feeling with the practice of sin. The reason why Fray

Feliz was the most popular preacher was, that he was "so witty." "He made them all laugh or cry as he pleased."

Doña F. has lent us her books of devotion. She is a very good woman. People here must believe every thing or nothing^f. The majority take the latter alternative, she has chosen the former. The history of Sta. Rita^g of Cassia stands on the same ground to them with the history of our Lord Himself. If they disbelieve one, they disbelieve the other. She says, "I know that Napoleon lived, for he was in my time, and I have seen his brother; but how can my children know it, unless they believe what they are told? They believe that, and I believe in the histories of the Saints." I do not quote this to find fault with the principle, but with the application of it, which is recklessly enforced by the system of the Roman Church. One of her books is a Novena to the Blessed Virgin, under the title of the Most Holy Mary, Queen and Mother of Mercy. One Archbishop and eight Bishops have so highly approved of it, that they have attached to it all

^f "Wherever the Religion of Rome reigns absolute, there is but one step between it and complete infidelity." White's Evidence, Letter I. note A. For the infidelity existing among the Spanish Clergy, see Doblado's Letters from Spain, Letter III. p. 126.

^g For Sta. Rita's Legend, see below, p. 160.

the Indulgences that they can: that is, four hundred days for each prayer, so that to say one prayer from this book is better than to do a year of rigorous penance. I will give you some extracts.

“Of the Charity of Most Holy Mary.”

“As the eternal Father delivered His only-begotten Son to death in order to give life to men, so this admirable Mother of love delivered Her only Son Jesus to the rigours of death, that all might be saved. She did not content Herself with giving to the Divine Word flesh, wherein to suffer for men: She Herself sacrificed Him. Standing at the foot of the Cross, whilst Her Beloved immolated Himself for the salvation of mortals, She Herself offered the sacrifice of this unspotted Victim, beseeching of the Eternal Father that He would receive it as a payment and satisfaction for all the sins of the world. She gave to men all that She could give, and She loved them more. She gave Herself, and if She did not realize the sacrifice, it was because Her offering had all the merit of which it was capable.”

“Of the Righteousness of Most Holy Mary.”

“It is well known, that Most Holy Mary, instead of being a debtor, gave so abundantly, that all remained and are Her debtors: men for

redemption: angels for their special joy: even the most Holy Trinity are in a certain way a debtor to Her for the accidental glory which has resulted and does result to them from this their Beloved."

"Of the Patience of Most Holy Mary.

"She suffered in Jesus, and with Jesus, as much as Jesus suffered."

"Of the Obedience of Most Holy Mary.

"She obeyed more than all creatures united, and by Her obedience, supplied the want of obedience of all the evil angels in heaven, and of all the ungrateful men on earth."

"Of the Religion of Most Holy Mary.

"Blind and deceived should we all have been, if Most Holy Mary, in Her great mercy, had not given us in Jesus Christ the needful knowledge of the only, sole, and true religion. Though neither angels nor men had given, nor should give, to God, the worship and veneration which they ought; Most Holy Mary would have fulfilled all the duties laid on every creature by the necessity of the virtue of religion. . . . Instructress of the Church, by whom, and of whom, the Apostles learnt to celebrate the mysteries of our redemption, to frequent the Sacrament of

the Eucharist, to venerate the Holy Cross, to pray, and exercise themselves in all the acts of religion, I adore thee!"

"Of the Hope of Most Holy Mary.

"She Herself was the object of the hope of the righteous, and scarcely did she shew Herself in this world, when even as the shadows of the night begin to flee away before the coming of the dawn, so at the birth of Most Holy Mary, the Queen and Mother of Mercy, fled from many their doubts respecting the coming of the Messias. She Herself was persuaded that He was at hand."

In these extracts, you will see, that the acts and offices of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, in our Redemption are attributed to her. She sacrificed her Son for our salvation: we are redeemed by her sufferings: she was the teacher of the Apostles. When it is added, that she is always represented as more tender and pitying than our Lord, the consequence must be that hearts must be drawn to her more than to Him. Her altars are those before which we see people praying^b. It is

^b The following is Mr. Gladstone's evidence, drawn from experience of Italy and elsewhere: "The beautiful conception of the Virgin, as affording the tenderness and intensity of feminine sympathies to be our medium of communication with the transcendent glory of the Son, disguises a reality of infinite danger. Poison

universally understood here, and affirmed in sermons, that when our Lord went into Heaven, He

is carried to the lips under an exterior the most attractive. The practical upshot of the whole is a tendency infinitely various in degree, but sometimes direct and absolute to extrude our Saviour, in the view of the believer, from many or even all of His redeeming functions, and to leave Him only in the stern unapproachable character of a Judge. To her will, by some strange process, the effectuation of His coming is referred, as if it had been not an instrument merely, but a cause. The habitual communion with Him into whose Body we have been incorporated by Baptism, and who through the medium of that Body becomes the sustenance of our daily life, is made to pass through the intervention of her person. The constant application of His Blood and Merits, whereby alone we can for a moment stand in the place of sons, and realise the Spirit of adoption, is exhibited as dependent on her prayers, to which we are to resort for habitual aid. In short, she is practically exhibited as the Way, and He as the Truth and the Life, mainly or even alone approachable by that way. Hence it is that common devotion seems to revert naturally to her in a thousand secondary forms, where to us it would seem that the privileges of the covenant as well as the necessities of our condition carry us directly to our Redeemer. . . . Hence that extraordinary passage at the close of the Encyclical of the reigning Pontiff, (Gregory XVI.) *Sed ut omnia hæc prospere ac feliciter eveniant levemus oculos manusque ad sanctissimam Virginem Mariam quæ sola universas hæreses interemit, nostraque maxima fiducia, imo tota ratio est spei nostræ.* As though all human sympathy were not absolute deadness in comparison with the exquisite sensibility of Him whom in all things it behoved to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High-priest, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. . . . As though all human love were not shallowness itself in comparison with the unexplored profoundness of those yearnings of affection, which clothed the

gave his Mother to be the Guide and Ruler of the Church, and our Intercessor, and consequently, as the Archbishop said, all the gifts of God pass through her hands. The same book concludes with a hymn called "the Joys." The following verses occur in it.

"Life, salvation, and gladness, all was lost by man, but in Thee he found all, O sweet Virgin Mary! What would be our fate without so heavenly a Mother! Mother of Mercy, deliver us from all evil. God being angry would have punished man, who refused to respect his dominion, with hell; but Thou, Virgin Mary, didst faithfully succour him. Mother of Mercy, deliver us from all evil. All the world, buried in its wickedness, sighed and found no remedy, save in Thy pity. Thou wert the especial remedy of such great iniquities. Mother of Mercy, deliver us from all evil. Thy union with the immense God, infinite in power, alone could merit the pardon of such excesses. Hereby we were freed from such criminal acts, Mother of Mercy, deliver us from all evil. He denies Thee nothing who created Thee so beautiful, and so favoured and privileged with graces, and made Thee a Queen: for by Thee He gave all to

Very and Eternal Word with the form of a servant, with the likeness of men, so that He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross." Gladstone's Church Principles, vii. 34.

unfaithful man. Mother of Mercy, deliver us from all evil. He who is able made Thee arbiter of his immense stores, that none in the most fatal cases might fail to share the universal protection of Thy abundant wealth. Mother of Mercy, deliver us from all evilⁱ."

I remember, when I used to be pained at finding English children learning Watts's Hymns, which represent the Father as an angry Judge, appeased by the Intercession of his Son, and entirely forget that He so loved the world, that He sent Him to redeem us; but what is that to this bold assertion, that the angry Judge was appeased, not by the Son, but by the Virgin! The assertion too, that our redemption is due to the union of God with man, not in the Person of our Lord, but of the Virgin Mary, is startling! And all this comes *on the authority of the Church*. For saying one verse of this Hymn, Doña F. gets more Indulgence than she would for a year of rigorous penance.

The Novena is a series of prayers for nine days.

ⁱ Can we wonder at any amount of devotion to St. Mary, when we know that the Court of Rome 'has placed the Spanish dominions in Europe and America under the protecting influence of her Immaculate Conception;' and that under Charles III. a law was enacted, requiring a declaration upon oath of a firm belief in the Immaculate Conception from every body taking his degree at the University, or being admitted into any corporation, civil or religious, or even into a Mechanics' Guild? See Doblado's Letters from Spain.

Each day there is an act of contrition, a consideration on one of the virtues of the Virgin, two prayers or three Aves. If you have time, it is desirable to add also the Rosary and Litany of the Virgin every day, and on the last day the Hymn. I have calculated the Indulgences gained. Without the Litany, Rosary, and Hymn, in the nine days, you would gain 55 years and 125 days, the prayers occupying about half an hour daily. With the Rosary and Hymn there would be gained 667 years and 345 days. I do not know how many prayers there are in the Litany, and have omitted it from the calculation. The notice at the end does not sum up what it comes to altogether, but says, "it is an incalculable treasure." With Litany, Rosary, and all, it could not take much more than an hour a day. Doña F. is a very devout woman. Her morning exercise contains the words, "I resolve this day to gain all the Indulgences I can, and apply them to the souls in Purgatory." Would it not be absolutely absurd in her to spend an hour in prayer and meditation at home, when she has only to go into any Church, and in five minutes gain more than by two years of prayer and penance? The system confines people to the use of those prayers which have Indulgences attached to them.

People in England do not know these things. What they think to be Roman doctrine, and what

they are allowed to hold as such in England concerning the Blessed Virgin and Purgatory, would not be permitted in Spain^k. Converts in England do not know to what they have given their adhesion, and are gradually led on, while they serve at the same time as decoys for others.

..... I mentioned Sta. Rita above. I select her only because Doña F. reverences her greatly. She is the advocate of the 'Impossibles.' When she wished for figs or roses in the winter, the trees immediately brought forth both flowers and fruit. When she wished to be admitted into a convent and was refused, three Saints took her in by night. The sisters thought that the porteress had admitted her, but when she told them who had done it, they accepted her as a sister. When she prayed for suffering, she had a painful and loathsome wound on the face. When she wished to go on a pilgrimage, and the Abbess would not let her go

* The Oratorians exhibit a truer representation of their co-religionists, on one of these points, than the more moderate school. Their "Gaude Maria Virgo, cunctas hæreses sola interemisti in universo mundo, *Antiph. Ecclesiæ*," their Sigillum, their series written "to satisfy a humble desire which they feel to spread the honour and love of the ever-blessed Queen of Saints, by shewing how greatly an intense devotion to her, aided in forming prodigies of heroic virtue," speak unmistakeably and honestly. Mr. J. B. Morris still more so, who, on the subject of Mariolatry, "gaily dispenses with an uncongenial wariness," and translates Muzzarelli's *Month of Mary*. Theol. Crit. II.

because of the wound, it healed instantly. One thing in her history, which the writer does not consider a miracle at all, has a greater moral impossibility than the rest. She wished to go into a convent, and as her parents would not consent, she caused an oratory to be made in their house, and painted with religious subjects, and lived in it for a twelvemonth, without ever stirring from it. Afterwards, seeing that they were infirm, she came out, and served them as a dutiful child. *Some time after this*, she arrived at the age of twelve. Next she married a wicked and irreligious man of good fortune, to please her parents; but, as she did it on pure principles of obedience, she was continually in tears during the wedding festivities. Not many days had passed, when her husband's violence of temper began to shew itself to her. However, she converted him, and he died. Now I am quite ready to believe things supernatural and miraculous, if there are grounds; but here there are none. Nevertheless, it comes to Dona F. with as much evidence as any fact in Holy Scripture. She believes both one and the other. The same facts come before Don L. an intelligent man, on the same evidence, and he believes neither.

The Rector of the Seminary has lent us a very nice book, called the "Manual of the Seminarista." It is a book giving a general sketch of the office

and duties of Priests, and the studies necessary for fulfilling them¹. I like almost all of it, but in the chapter on the Scriptures, the author says, that people in general, boys, and in especial women, whose natural simpleness is often mixed with ignorance and presumption, and leads them into heresies, must not have the Scriptures. They are the meat of the strong, and must be given in portions well spiced and seasoned. He quotes in evidence, "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." Where, he asks triumphantly, will you find it written, that Faith cometh by reading, and reading by the Holy Books^m? Of

¹ Some of the chief authors recommended at the Seminary are S^{ts} Teresa, S. Juan de la Cruz, Alphonso Maria de Liguori, (author of the Glories of Mary,) Bellarmin, Bossuet, Maestre, Perrone, Cobbett, Wiseman, Balmes. "That most popular and talented writer, Cobbett," says Pugin, "was a fierce assailant of the Church of England, but his works are full of gross fallacies, and they were certainly not intended for the advancement of Catholic Truth: but inasmuch as they are calculated to exasperate men against the present system, they have been frequently circulated by Catholics, without considering that the abuses which he denounces are for the most part derived from the old ecclesiastical constitutions, and no reliance can possibly be placed in a writer who attributes the *origin* of the Church of England to Henry VIII.'s divorce!" Earnest Appeal.

^m The following extracts from the same book relate to this subject: "The famous P. Quesnell published a book of Moral Reflections on the New Testament, which was immediately prohibited, and being afterwards examined with extreme gravity and consideration, 101 propositions were extracted from it.

course, with Priests educated in these ideas, it will not be often that permission is given to read the Scriptures. And what a strange idea it gives one, to think that all the Scriptures of the Old Testament should have no existence to one's mind: that Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joshua, Samson, Ruth, all the pastoral scenes and all the scenes in the desert that have been pictured before one's

which were condemned, receiving respectively such epithets as the Church applies to those doctrines alone which are most pernicious to faith, to morals, and to civil society. Seven of them relate to this subject, which are as follows. . . . 2. *Lectio sacræ Scripturæ est pro omnibus. Est 80 inter 101 Quesnell. . . . 5. Est illusio sibi persuadere quod noticia mysteriorum Religionis non debeat communicari feminis lectione Sacrorum librorum. Non ex feminarum simplicitate, sed ex superba virorum scientia ortus est Scripturarum abusus, et natæ sunt hæreses. Est 83 inter 101 Quesnell.* . . . "The Apostles divided the deposit of the divine instructions, by means of the word of God which is not bound, nor can be destroyed, burned, or stolen, as books might have been destroyed, burned, stolen, or prohibited, if they had used them to teach the world." As if any sensible man ever doubted that the Apostles did use oral teaching and not books which then had no existence: and as if that fact had any thing to do with the question of the free use of Scripture in these days. But these quotations are made, not for the purpose of raising the question of the relative advantages of preaching and reading Holy Scripture; but of shewing that the latter is discouraged where Rome has full sway, a thing how consonant with vehement assertions made in England and Ireland, we know well. "Not only," says Gladstone on this subject, "is the doctrine of different times, but of different places, at utter variance upon cardinal principles of practice."

mind from one's very earliest childhood, should never have been presented to it; that the patriarchs and saints of former days should be mixed up with modern Spanish saints, without any clear distinction of times or manners. Doña F. thinks, that S. Paul the Apostle went sword in hand to convert the Chinese and Indians. Yet she is a person whose manners are as good as those of any person I know in Malaga, though she has not received a high education.

Good manners and ready conversation are almost universal here. The only education which the ladies of the upper classes receive more than the rest is a little French, music and dancing being learnt by labourers' daughters as well. I believe they know nothing of the history of their country; and as to modern Geography, they will ask, how far England is from London. The benefit would be incalculable if they had some past things to think of, instead of having their heads full of their "novios" or lovers. The standard that people have here of woman's character is miserably lowⁿ. They laugh and shake their

ⁿ Again, the same is sadly true of Italy. The sanctity of the married life and the purity of home, in the degree that they exist in England, are not known, or dreamt of, or believed in, elsewhere. Byron says, "that the *custom* of the *Cavalier Servente*" was introduced into Spain from Italy. Beppo, xxxvi. Why are not these things striven against, if the Roman Church

heads when I say, that in England a young lady goes out alone to visit the poor; that a young lady can travel, if necessary, alone; and that English girls in general do not listen to their lovers from their bed-room windows at night. They say, that every girl here must have her "novio," and that it may occasionally happen that she marries him, but not often. It is a way of passing the time; and carefully as they are watched with a mamma behind them, they will manage to exchange notes as they are walking on the Alameda. I think a good deal of this is the consequence of their not being allowed to talk to men, but walking in groups together every evening, gossiping and talking together, and perfectly aware that the young men of the place are engaged in the same occupation of walking on the Alameda, criticising and admiring them. Before I knew something of the morals of the country, I was rather surprised at finding, that in some of the best devotional books, young women are advised

has that Discipline by means of the Confessional to which she pretends? Have we ever heard of the mass of the upper classes in Naples, Venice, &c. being excommunicated for their evil lives? Is it not true, that her thunders have been reserved for her political rebels, not wielded, as Dr. Moberly says, 'with the single-minded zeal of those whose object is to win souls to God?' Will she ever lay herself open to the charge, (thereby bringing up an evil report against the whole Catholic Church,) that 'personal holiness is sacrificed to the maintenance of power?'

not to be very anxious about going to Church, but to content themselves with praying at home ; but I see now that a Spanish young lady cannot well go to Church without some responsible person to take charge of her.

The attempts to forge miracles are another great occasion of infidelity. I do not know whether the late attempt in France has reached the English papers. Blood was said to flow from a picture. It proved an entire forgery. Yet certainly the evidence at first was better than any given for Sta. Rita's miracles. It is well known, that in some of the disgraceful intrigues in the Royal Family of Spain, a very important part was played by a Nun, who pretended to have the Stigmata*. For a time she was venerated as a Saint, and some of her visions and revelations were used to separate the King and Queen. The Queen is bad enough, but if any thing could excuse her conduct, it would be the heartless

° “Look up at those sacred windows: they belong to the convent of the Perpetual Adoration. Where will you find such a realized heaven upon earth? Yet that very sight has acted otherwise on the mind of a weak sister, and the very keenness of her faith and wild desire of approaching the object of it, has led her to fancy or *to feign* that she has received that singular favour vouchsafed only to a few elect souls ; and she points to God's wounds as imprinted on her hands, and feet, and side, *though she herself has been instrumental in their formation.*” Newman in 1850. This is not a confession, but an apology.

cruelty with which she was treated, and the way in which the sanctions of Religion were used to mislead her. The fraud was discovered, the King and Queen reconciled, and the King's Confessor sent away. What part the Confessor had in it I do not know, for the newspapers were not allowed to say any thing on the subject. He was recalled some months ago. What effect must these things have on the minds of people, who are required to believe things as improbable as those which are proved false, and have no standard whereby to judge between the fundamental truths of the Gospel, and the wildest fancies!

The bitter hatred against the friars and monks is quite astonishing. None of them were murdered here, because when they were turned out, the Governor gave them warning, and allowed them two days to escape in disguise, before the people knew it. An Englishwoman saved one by dressing him in her son's clothes^p: but I have

^p Almost the same thing occurred at Naples, and in many places in Italy, during the year 1848. Indeed, the evils exhibited in these Letters *do not, for the most part, belong to Spain as Spain, but to Roman Catholic countries as such.* One who has been in Italy would think that he was reading the account of it.—The assertion contained in this note, when expressed more broadly, having been objected to in a quarter which I respect, I have illustrated it as largely as my purpose would allow, by reference to practices of Italy similar to those recounted. I will here add an

no doubt, that now, if one made his appearance in his monastic dress, he would be torn in pieces.

extract from a journal almost word for word as it was written on leaving Italy, after a nearly six months visit to it. It embodies the conclusion drawn by an Induction formed during that time. "The natural character of the children is joyous, single-heartedness, but this characteristic is fast perishing, and is giving way to suspicion, distrust, hatred, bitterness, and scepticism. And what of the spiritual system there prevalent? I have tried to judge as fairly as I can, without blindly accepting or rejecting any thing simply because it is Roman, and I have come to the conclusion, that the system now practically working in Italy and elsewhere, could alone be justified by a Revelation, new, distinct from, other than, and in parts contradictory to, that One Faith once for all delivered to the Saints, to be guarded as a sacred treasure and deposit. In very many cases the question is not, 'Could I believe this?' Were there sufficient testimony, there are many things that I could believe and accept, as not being contradictory to my moral instincts, and often not to my reason. But that is not the question. It is this. Is or is not this a part of God's Truth, as actually revealed, not as it might have been revealed, but as it actually and really is, and was once for all, revealed? as it was held by the Apostles? and the early Church? There is a whole class of doctrines which might or might not in themselves be true, like any other assertion in matters of which we are ignorant, such as that of Purgatory, but which do not rest on sufficient testimony, i. e. concerning which we have no adequate grounds for being persuaded that they are God's Truth, and no grounds at all, putting aside the modern theory of Innovation misnamed of Development, which has been worked up into a View in England. There is another class of doctrines which are not only other than, but I sincerely believe contradictory to, the One Faith: such are the doctrine of Indulgences and the Wor-

I fear that it was their vices which has led to this, but at the moment of retribution the rage of the people made no difference between good and bad. Not even the courtesy of Spaniards can make them behave decently to a Priest. The Priesthood in general seems to be thoroughly despised¹. I wonder every day more and more at the self-command of the good Priest who lives with us. The very man-servant who waits, joins in the laugh against him, and he is most inoffensive and obliging. When he is alone with us, he will talk about his hospital and the sufferings of the poor, and about the Church. Before his own countrymen, his best resource is silence.

I do not know whether I told you, that there is an image of the Blessed Virgin in the house, which has an Indulgence of forty days attached to it. Five Aves said before it five times a day would gain each day two hundred days Indulgence."

ship of S. Mary, whom I cannot but think in sober sadness to be now the chief object of adoration, in countries attached to the Roman See."

¹ Are you going to be a *Priest*? said a Roman Gentleman last year to the writer, in a tone which expressed, Can you, an honourable man, so degrade yourself? His words did not speak the 'lowly estimation' in which every follower of a crucified Lord must be content to be held by a scoffing world, but rather the bitter feeling engendered in a naturally generous breast by a sense of wrong.

Malaga, Feb. 27, 1851.

I have hopes that the Missions, which ended last Saturday, will do some permanent good: Padre Feliz the great preacher remains here. No monks are allowed to hold benefices unless they secularize themselves, which of course the best of them refuse to do, so the Bishops to provide for them keep the benefices vacant, and put them in temporarily. This suits all parties; the Bishop, because he has absolute power over them, putting them in and turning them out as he pleases; the Government, because they receive less than the regular curas; and the monks, because it is their only resource against starvation. Padre Feliz will not take a benefice. His pension as an expelled monk is one shilling a day, and even this is not paid him regularly, but of course his admirers take care that he does not starve, so he lives with his father near one of the Churches, and spends his time in receiving confessions and preaching. He is very eloquent. I believe he has not any great amount of learning, but great zeal, pathos, and humour. His jokes in the pulpit seem very poor, but they have the desired effect of making the whole congregation laugh, and he has great power of gaining the love of the poor. When he goes into the Church of San Felipe, all the little boys employed about it fly upon him, some

seizing his hand, others dragging at his cloak. He will make them play at some game, which amuses them very much, and then distribute religious pictures among them, with a few words of warning and instruction. The last day to which the Indulgences attached to the Missions were prolonged; at nine o'clock at night, a poor ragged man came into the Church without either cloak or jacket, and made his way into the Vestry. "Where is the Saint that receives confessions?" Somebody said, "There is Padre Feliz." The Padre went into the Church with him, and seeing that he was shivering with cold, he took off his own cloak, and put it on him during the time of his confession. Little acts of this kind make the people love him as much as all the real labour he undergoes for them. He preached on Sunday for three hours. Some people had brought pictures to be blessed, and they were stolen. Padre Feliz said in his Sermon, "Let the person who has taken those pictures account that he is not taking pictures home with him, but a thousand legions of devils." When the Sermon was ended, they were found laid in a corner.

During the Mission, he was going through a Novena to the Blessed Virgin under the title of the Divine Shepherdess. It has since been published, and we have got it. Every thing is of course attributed to *her*, guarding the fold, seek-

ing the lost sheep, laying it on *her* shoulders, healing the sick. The Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba left some little books of prayers and doctrine, which are striking. There is so much ardent zeal and love in them, with such entire devotion to the Virgin, some parts so beautiful, some so very painful. Even the Creed has two additions, the epithet of "holy" applied to the Virgin, and that of "Roman" to the Church. The daily devotions in one of them begin with offering ourselves entirely to the Virgin. If they were but addressed to our Lord instead of to her, they would be excellent. He directs that even the hearing Mass and receiving the Eucharist shall be done *in honour of her*. I had thought before, that in the act of Communion one might be free from her. I understand more now how utterly and entirely the whole system here is built on her^r. He gives as subjects of meditation, the five Mysteries of Sorrow, and the five Mysteries of Glory. These last are, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the Coming of the Holy Ghost, the Assumption,

^r Mr. Hallam goes so far as to say, that "those who have visited (Roman) Catholic temples, and attended to the current language of devotion, must have perceived, what the writings of Apologists or decrees of Councils will never enable them to discover, that the Saints, but more especially the Virgin, are almost exclusively the *popular* deities of that religion." Const. Hist. ch. 2. The expression I should not have used, but there is too much truth contained under it.

the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin as Queen and Lady of Heaven and Earth. *If*, as they assert, our Lord on the Cross gave her to us as our Mother, and us to her as her children, and *if* the Holy Trinity crowned her as Queen and Lady of Heaven and Earth, *then* it follows, that, as they say, "all the gifts of God pass through her hands," and "for every grace and mercy we can go to no other than her." In the Novena of the Divine Shepherdess, there are seven Mysteries instead of five. Her coronation by the Father, by the Son, and by the Holy Ghost, being regarded as three. In addition to this, the third Mystery is the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Blessed Virgin in the form of tongues of fire: the Apostles are not mentioned. These Novenas are all in Spanish, so that the people can understand them.

There was an attack made upon the Priest the other day, in which the laymen had got hold of one of the really weak points. When any one dies in the hospital, he is buried, as they say, like a dog. The body is put into a cart, and taken off to the Campo Santo, where it is thrown into a pit, without a word of prayer¹. The lay-

¹ The same thing takes place at Naples. In the midst of the private sepulchres of the rich there is a large square surface, having in it 120 sealed openings leading into separate pits. Each year, for three nights successively, these openings are unsealed, and the bodies of the poor are thrown down under the

men asked him, "Where are the souls of those who die in your hospital?" "Those who are not in hell, are all in Purgatory." One of them turned round to me, "These people tell us, that all are equal before God, rich and poor, but it is false. If a rich man dies, his friends will have one or two hundred Masses said for him, and he goes to heaven[†]; while these poor creatures are tormented in Purgatory." I tried to turn it off by saying, "As you feel so much for them, of course you have Masses said for them." He laughed at the suggestion, and said, "You do not believe all these things, though you believe a great deal more than we do." All that the good Padre was able to say was, that once a year a Mass is said for all who have died in the hospital. Conceive the outcry there would be in England, if the bodies of our poor were treated in such a way,

cover of the darkness, and without a prayer pronounced upon the spot, without coffins, "like dogs," and quick lime is poured in upon them, and then the opening is re-sealed till its turn comes round next year. And the gay voluptuous profligate capital is spared the pain of ever seeing the appearance of death. It is all huddled over in the night.

[†] Philip IV. of Spain left money for one hundred thousand Masses to be said for his royal soul; and thinking it well impossible that he could need so many himself, he willed that the surplus should go to the benefit of the most solitary soul in Purgatory. Ford, p. 170.

though we do not believe that their souls are suffering in consequence.

There are two advertisements of 'Funciones' for to-day, Friday. One is a masked ball for charity. The other, some Masses to be said for the soul of a Lady lately deceased. Her family have arranged for the *late* Masses, which are the most expensive, and they advertise that they will pay in addition the sum of fifteen pence to every Priest who will say one for her in a certain Church before ten o'clock. The price generally advertised in the Madrid Papers is two shillings before ten, and two shillings and sixpence after^u.

The town is full of Priests. There are now 76 benefices vacant in the Diocese, being for the most part filled temporarily by the ex-friars. All the Parishes in Malaga are in this case, except one^x. The Bishop is going to fill them up, and

^u The following is an advertisement taken from *La Esperanza*, Madrid paper, Thursday, Jan. 16, 1851. "Those priests who shall be pleased to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on the seventeenth day of the present month of January, in the parish Church of S. Andrew in this court, applying it in behalf of the soul of Señor Don Antonio Fernandez Pintado, who died on the corresponding day of the year 1850, will receive the payment of ten reals (2s. 1d.) from seven in the morning until ten, and from that hour afterwards the payment of twelve reals (2s. 6d.) It is requested at the same time that all friends of the said Señor will be pleased to attend and pray God for his soul."

^x The reason why they were not filled up was, that the Govern-

there are 130 Priests come to try for them. They have to go through an Examination, and dispute in Latin before the Bishop and eight Clergy, named by him and by the Chapter. The office of the eight Clergy is to assist and advise the Bishop. He selects those of whom he approves, and sends their names up to Madrid. The old rule is, that for a benefice he selects three, and the Queen chooses one of the three. How they manage with such an immense number of vacancies, I do not know. One of the candidates was here the other day. He told us, that he had no idea of continuing to bury his talents in the little village where he then lived, as he had preached before the Queen, and passed a brilliant career.

There have been some peculiarly atrocious murders here lately. Happily there is a new Governor, who is so strict, as to be known by the nick-name of the Executioner. The sympathies of the people are much more with the criminal than the murderer. That a man should be stabbed is so common a case, that they think nothing of it: that a murderer should be garotted, would fill them
ment did not allow it. As soon as permission was granted, the Bishop filled them up.

¶ Conceive the triumphant scorn with which the *Rambler* and *Tablet* would point the finger at 'Her Majesty's Rectors,' if such a system existed in England. And are there not many of ourselves who would look upon it as a *sign*? But why one measure for Spain and another for England?

with compassion. A band of robbers has been committing great depredations near Ronda. It is the business of the police to take them, and as they would not, the military Governor ordered out a troop of soldiers, who shot two of them. For interfering with the functions of the civil Governor, he has been dismissed; and yesterday came news of a most horrible case of murder and mutilation committed on a woman and some children by the same band. We heard a very striking story the other day of a poor gipsy woman, whose husband had been murdered by a man in a respectable class of life. The murderer thought to get off by money, he feed every Judge and person likely to help him, and obtained delay after delay; but the case was so clear, that they could not save him. He offered the widow money enough to make her rich. She came into the court, and knelt down with all her children round her, and asked for justice, "You tell me," she said, "to forgive that man, because forgiveness is a Christian duty. I do forgive him. I do not seek his blood for revenge, but as a duty to my husband. You offer me money: how can I touch it? Is not it stained with my husband's blood? And my children, how could they spend one dollar of it? Would it not be the price of their father's blood? I tell that man, I tell you, that I will have his life," She kept her word, and he was executed; but again and again she had

to leave her children, and walk to Granada, 54 miles off, to defeat some fresh attempt to save him.

I am not sure if I ever told you the story of S. Demas. I will give it you as Padre Feliz told it to his congregation, on the Archbishop's authority. When the Blessed Virgin fled into Egypt, she fell in with a band of robbers, whose captain was named Demas. He was a very wicked man, but something in her appearance struck him, and though he did not know that she was such "a great lady," he not only did her no harm, but escorted her on her way. After this he went on in his wickedness, and at last, 33 years afterwards, was taken, imprisoned, and condemned to death. When our Lord was crucified, to put Him to more shame, Demas was chosen to be his companion. On the Cross he prayed to our Lord to save him; the Virgin remembered his kindness to her in past years, and asked our Lord to have mercy upon him; and thereupon He said, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." From this the Padre drew the lesson, that there is one Advocate able to save even the most wicked, namely, the Blessed Virgin.

Doña F. fully believes the story of a man who died in mortal sin, but because he had formerly been a devotee of the Blessed Virgin, she interceded for him. In deadly sin he could not enter either Purgatory or Heaven; but our Lord could not reject His Mother's petition, so the man was

sent back again to the earth to work out his salvation, by earning some money to give to the person he had injured².

Some of the Clergy in Madrid are trying to put a stop to masks and diversions on Ash-Wednesday and the Sunday after. It seems to be thought very unreasonable, as, for a long time, such things have always been on those days.

Malaga, Feb. 1850.

We heard the other day the history of the rich convents in Malaga. There were three where the Nuns were called Ladies instead of Mothers, which

² And is it possible to say that she was not justified in this belief by the indirect teaching of her Church? Alphonso Liguri was beatified in 1816. In his work on the Glories of Mary, this writer, after having stated, "that it is a pious tradition that Purgatory was emptied of all its inmates on the day of the Virgin's glorious Assumption, exclaims, 'O how many would have continued in their obstinacy, and be infallibly damned, if Mary had not interposed her intercession with her Son! It is even the opinion of several theologians, and of St. Thomas in particular, that *the Blessed Virgin has obtained for several persons, who died in a state of mortal sin, the suspension of their sentence, and a gracious permission to return to the earth again to perform penance.* Grave authorities relate a multitude of such examples.' The author proceeds to give instances of such resuscitations. A chapter of the work is headed, "*Marie délivre ses serviteurs de l'enfer.*" It begins with a broad statement, that it is impossible that a true servant of Mary can be damned," which is afterwards limited by some clauses, the effect of which is destroyed by the nature of the examples given. Arnold's Theological Critic, Nos. I. and II.

is the title in other convents. They each entered with a dowry of from £120 to £400, which the Abbess spent on lands. Each had her own room, which she furnished at her own expense when she entered. Each had her own servant to wait on her, market for her, &c. and an allowance in money to buy her own dinner, which she had in her own apartment. In fact, they were societies of single ladies, living very comfortably on their own means. The Government took all, and told them to go home. Many of them had no home to go to. Their parents were dead, their brothers and sisters married and settled in the world, and they had received their portions when they entered. Some had relations who interceded for them, and they were allowed to keep two of the Convents, and promised a scanty allowance, which was never paid. A merchant gave them a little employment in sewing coarse sacks, but it was not enough to earn their living, and some, it is said, died of hunger. Amongst their miseries was great fear, for in the fury of the popular outbreak against monks and nuns, they expected daily to be murdered. In some places, where precautions were not taken by the Governor as they were at Malaga, the monks were murdered, Priests at the altar, and sick in their beds. The Dominicans were especially hated, and still are so, for the memory of the Inquisition. A little while ago, five Italian Capu-

chins, going on a mission somewhere, were obliged by stress of weather to stop at Carthagená. At first they dared not land, thinking that they should be murdered in the streets; but some of the chief people of the place promised them protection, and they came on shore. The feelings of the fickle excitable people took an unexpected turn, and they crowded round them, begging their blessing, and making great rejoicing. The triumph of the *Esperanza* is quite ludicrous, and shews how little it has to triumph in.

The country-people are so much nicer than those of the town. In walking last week, we passed a small Hacienda, where the people were just going to dinner. The master of the house immediately invited us to dine, and on our declining, his daughter came out, took us round to all her rose-bushes, which she stripped of every bud for me, and on our admiring a lemon-tree, and saying we had none in England, began stripping that too, talking all the time with as much ease and grace as any lady could do.

Yesterday was the coldest day that we have had. The thermometer went down to 58 in the sitting-room. Snow is lying thickly on the mountains.

CHAP. VIII.

Spanish Customs. Ball of Tinaja on the First Sunday in Lent. Burial of the Sardine or Anchovy on Ash-Wednesday.

THE reference in one of the letters of the last chapter to the diversions of Ash-Wednesday, and the first Sunday in Lent, seeming to require some illustration, I have devoted the present chapter to giving some account of the first of these customs. The last requires little or no explanation. It consists of a Ball given on the first Sunday in Lent, in addition to the regular series of Carnival Balls, and called the Ball of *Tinaja*, from a large earthen pot suspended in the middle of the room, which is broken at midnight, when the guests scramble for the contents, generally consisting of sugar-plums, bon-bons, and other things of the kind. It is only within the last few years that it has been introduced into Malaga. The other custom, which will presently be described, is still confined to Madrid. There, both one and the other are cherished fondly; and so great was the discontent raised among the population of Madrid at the prospect of their being deprived of their festivities, that the Prime Minister was induced to supersede

the orders, which the civil and military Governor had been prevailed upon by the more earnest of the clergy and laity to issue during the present year, for the purpose of putting a stop to such disorderly and offensive proceedings. It is said, that in consequence of this interference with their functions, the Governors resigned. The work from which the following account of the "Burial of the Sardine" is extracted, *Escenas Mutritenses, por el Curioso parlante*, is a series of papers giving a satirical but good-humoured account of the customs of Madrid. It is said by Spaniards themselves to be the best picture of their country, and is extremely popular. It will be remarked, that some things are spoken of in plainer language than we are accustomed to use in England, but not more so than was customary in the days when the *Spectator*, and other works of the kind, were our fashionable Literature.

"The Burial of the Sardine."

"In one of the southern quarters of this court^a is a street, whose scanty space contains within itself more adventures than a modern drama, and more law-suits than the archives of the Audiencia. This street, but too well known to the civil police, and but too much neglected by that of the city, numbers amongst its inhabitants an abundant

^a Madrid is called generally the *Court*.

proportion of light-fingered gentry. Modest paladins, guitar players, singers in falsetto, beneficent matrons, modest damsels, wandering Moors, wide-awake youths, drowsy husbands, and boys of the commonalty.

I cannot say to how many degrees of longitude the dominion and influence of this street extends; but we may well consider it as the centre and emporium of south Madrid, which extends (according to the most accredited geographers) from the Vistillas de San Francisco to the Church of San Lorenzo, comprehending within its extensive dominion a multitude of little states more or less independent and feudatory, wherein the laws, the customs, and the manners of the respective inhabitants vary also.

It is not, however, our present business to fix the statistics, or to mark out the boundaries, of this important group of territories; and it will suffice for our purpose to suppose ourselves to have arrived at the chief centre, the street already mentioned, in the morning of Ash-Wednesday, in the year of grace 1839.

We may very safely declare, that at the present hour, northern and central Madrid are sleeping, and resting from the labours of the past night; but south Madrid is awake, and twinkling with full activity; like the giant of whom Homer tells us, who whilst he slept with one eye, watched

with the other. To this agitated and restless Madrid, to this wakeful and animated eye of the giant, we direct our course this day, braving the tempests on board of a miserable and perilous calesa.

It is a terrible thing that those abominable politics, which rival every thing except my pen, are impoverishing our dictionary more continually, or, as Bartolo said, are sequestering our faculty of speaking. But for this, the word programme would not have left its modest limits of a simple announcement, or, as the Dictionary of the Academy defines it, "the theme given for a discourse or for a picture."

But for this I might freely use this word without risk of allusions of any sort; but seeing that the power of contemporary customs have brought us to such a pass, that these continual explanations are necessary in ordinary speech, I must unburden my conscience, by saying that I here speak only of an announcement, which the driver put into my hand as we set forth, and which on a scanty piece of paper, disgusting and dirty, contained these words.

'The programme of the solemn meeting and stupendous tumult that is to be celebrated on Ash-Wednesday in this court, as it is the use and devout custom throughout all Christendom of these quarters, the procession forming at the

house of Tio Chispas, the tavern-keeper, elder brother of the sardine, with the burial of this beast, and all besides that has here been said.'

I leave it to the reader's imagination, how pleasing it must have been for an attendant at the festival to find an exact formula of the spectacle itself, and without any further explanations, to have in his hand the key of that cipher. It would be satisfactory also to some of my readers, if I contented myself with printing the said programme with its original orthography, or rather without any, for it had none; but to fulfil my purpose and to edify my readers, I shall be compelled to translate it from the language of slang to ordinary Castilian, from the limits of a dead letter to the animated spectacle of a scene in action.

Taking this for granted, and taking it for granted also that the hearers are at the precise spot that is necessary to enjoy so pleasing a sight, we will proceed with the description in the following order.

At the head of the procession, dancing backwards, and opening the way with sundry lumps of wood and squibs aimed at the feet of old women, appeared a dozen dozens of rogues in the bud, and early and very hopeful fruit, on whom the eloquence of the bar founds its future cause of glory, and the roads and canals their immediate prosperity.

After these followed one or two hundred stout young men, with darker faces, and in different disguises, some with pieces of matting in imitation of choristers; some with fictitious sheep's heads, which they imagined to be disguises; some with caps like those condemned to the stake, or like penitents; some like Moors and Roman soldiers.

Some intoned an infernal canticle, whose words belonged to no dictionary, nor its music to any diapason; others wetted great brooms in caldrons of wine, with which they sprinkled the devout assemblage abundantly; others leapt about like animals striking in the air with cudgels, hands, and fists. This pleasant episode was improved by four or five great black cats tied by the tail or the paw to the end of poles, and lifted up like standards; five dozen of bells of all sizes, moved by robust hands and rivalled by as many collars of little bells supported indifferently by poles, and by the patient necks of the brethren of the confraternity of S. Mark, which in union with that of the Sardine celebrated this grand festival.

After these appeared a great company of unabashed virgins, with rosy cheeks, staring eyes, flat noses, curled up lips, high plaits of hair, mantillas thrown back, arms akimbo, and red petticoats. These directed significant salutations to the assemblage on both sides with huge fans of rushes;

they chewed figs, or peeled oranges, and threw the peel in the faces of their next neighbours; they danced, and pricked each other with pins, or clattered their castanets, and sang, "ay, ay, ay!"

Next followed the masters of the ceremonies; furrowed and monumental countenances; eloquent pages of human depravity: a series of pictures of "the life of the wicked man:" *fac similes* of the sketches of Alenza; originals, in short, of the farces of Cruz.

Here was the nucleus of the drama, the subject of the picture, the substance of the principal question. Here Tio Chispas, the director of the scene, displayed his great intelligence before the roguish eyes of la Chusca, a tall young woman daring and resolute, with more freedom of action than a windmill, and with more salt in her than the mountains of Cardona. There Juanillo, alias Vinegar, with a handkerchief on his head, and a manta hanging from his shoulder, looked on both with threatening eyes, and his ferocious expression and blackened face offered a faithful representation of Desdemona's jealous lover. Other groups more or less interesting pictured forth all the possible degrees of carnal love, from the first exciting glance to the last disdainful kick. There, in conclusion, the husbands of those deities, the background of the picture, formed a thick pha-

lanx, and hurriedly followed the quick steps of the foremost, all in confusion, meek and fierce, as in the road of Alronigal.

Borne on the shoulders of the most distinguished, in a grotesque bier, appeared a burlesque figure made of straw, and with a complete dress, which was in its garments and even in its features a *vera effigies* of Señor Marcos, the husband of la Chusca, at whose window it had been displayed all the three days of the carnival; an offering prepared by her own hands in honour of the presiding genius of the festival, her favourite and daring Chirlo, an emblem very plain to him and to all around, and silent only to the candid original of that ingenious mystification.

In the mouth of the figure, and almost unseen by all, was a wretched Sardine destined to the fatal grave; for in this festival, as in many of more importance, the multitude of accessaries concealed the chief object, and occasioned it to be forgotten.

This royal train was preceded, followed, or awaited at all points, by diverse Companies or *Stations*, generally in front of the drinking booths, or stables.

Company of Maidens.

Those who make cigars at the factory, by the Portillo de Embajadores.

Those who walk in the twilight from la Red de San Luis, to the Plazuela de Santa Ana, and dedicate themselves to traffic.

Those who personate Mother Spain, the Theological Virtues, and the Goddesses of Olympus in the representations at la Jura.

Those who sell radishes in the summer, or nuts at the fair, or oranges in the spring, or chestnuts in the winter.

Those who came from their village to serve one master, but have humbly ended by serving many, frail clay of Alcorcon, subject to blows and breakage.

Company of Youths.

All those who go to see the bulls brought in on Sunday, all who carry burthens in the plaza, all who exchange orange-water or coffee, for wine.

Those who made the walk of Recoletos, or who have done similar service to the State in bridges and causeways.

Those who form the different light-fingured commissions in this capital; the commission of pocket handkerchiefs, the commission of watches, the commission of Churches, the commission of inns and strangers.

Those who play at quoits on the walls of Chamberi, or sing of love to the nymphs of the

Marganares, or cheat at the Virgen del Puerto, or sell horses at the Portillo de Lavapies.

All those who lack eyes or feet, yet can find them to escape from San Bernardino^b, those who make a noise with guitars at the Church doors, or recover from epileptic attacks at the sight of an Alguacil.

Company of Innocents.

All who sell matches and books of cigar paper, in the Puerta del Sol and the adjacent regions.

Those who load sand on the heights of San Isidro, or play at allelujas, in the fields of los Guardias.

Those who throw squibs or lumps of pitch on the petticoats of women, or take the fruit from the posts, and run away.

Those who cry in the streets, "The paper that is just out," or accompany heroes in their triumphs, and criminals in their punishment: tuneless organs of the public opinion, bellows of the popular health.

^b San Bernardino is an asylum for the destitute poor of Madrid, established during the cholera in 1834. The system is in some respects opposite to that of our workhouse, for it is supported by *voluntary* contributions, and notorious beggars are *compelled* to enter it, and to remain. . . A poor old woman at Malaga complained grievously of her incarceration in a house of the same description on a smaller scale.

All these and many other classes, which it would take long to enumerate, were mixed confusedly with horses covered with trappings, calesas with bells, howling dogs, frightful masks, fire-arms, and petards exploded in the air.

In this pleasing disorder, and with such progress as might be expected from the continual transference of liquor from wine-skins to stomachs, the imposing train descended towards the gate of Toledo, following the leafy banks of the canal, and turning away both from the elegant capital that it left behind, and from the funeral cemetery that appeared before it.

The burlesque and profane parody was completed with all solemnity. Neither burlesque hymns nor religious ceremonies were spared: the miserable fish was buried near the third mill, in a deep grave, with a coffin of turrone^c; the scarecrow Tio Marcos burnt on a lofty figure; and as the tumult and intoxication increased with the deepening shades of night, spirits became more and more agitated, tongues more silent, cudgels spoke, and that nothing suitable to those profane obsequies might be lacking, diverse combatants met in the most furious fight by the light of the flames.

The next morning the people crowded to look at the grating under the steps of the hospital. . . . Two mutilated and unknown corpses, exposed

^c A sweetmeat composed of honey and almonds.

till some passer-by might declare their names, and the cause of their death. . . . Their names! . . . the cause of their death! . . . la Chusca knew them; and all the suburb, except Tio Marcos, guessed them."

Dr. Newman's pictures from Roman Catholic countries will be the best commentary upon the scene given above. "You go forward, and you find preparations for a great pageant. The plumbers and glaziers are to play the Creation: the barbers, the Call of Abraham; and at night is to be the grandest performance of all, the Resurrection and the Last Judgment, played by the carpenters, masons, and blacksmiths. Heaven and Hell are represented, saints, devils, and living men, and the chef-d'œuvre of the exhibition is the display of fireworks to be let off as the finale. 'How unutterably profane!' you cry. Yes, profane to you, profane to a population which only half believes, *not profane to those who believe wholly, who, one and all, have a vision within* which corresponds with what they see, which resolves itself into, or rather takes up into itself, the external pageant, whatever be the moral condition of each individual composing the mass. They gaze, and in drinking in the exhibition, with their eyes, *they are making one continuous and intense act of faith.*"

At least it will be seen, that a part of his general

description is true, when, among saints and penitent sinners, he places "others again, a mixture of pilgrim and beggar, or pilgrim and robber, or half-gipsey or three-quarters boon companion, or at least with nothing saintly and little religious about them."

CHAP. IX.

Excessive Power of the State. Disobedience to Church Laws. Credulity or Infidelity. The Scriptures. Sunday. Friday. Dispensations. Character of the Priesthood. Mission at Malaga. Adoration of the Blessed Virgin. Doctrine of Indulgences. Intermixture of Truth and Fable. Appointment of Clergy. Method of building a Church at Madrid. Stabbing. Pocket-picking. Murders. Spanish conceptions of England.

Letters of J. M. from Malaga, during the Spring of 1851.

Malaga, Jan. 28, 1851.

. . . . I CANNOT but be very grateful, since it has been so ordered that I must leave home, that I have come here, and learnt in daily life what the Roman Church is. I have just been reading an able letter in the Chronicle signed Gamaliel. ‘The miseries of our own house almost drive us forth, but we are deterred by finding that no perfect home awaits us.’ While you are fighting against evils at home, which seem intolerable and deadly, I am constantly witnessing evils here (mingled with good) which are so great, that I am appalled at them. The rashness with which men rush out of our Church into that which they do

not practically know, is like the state of mind of a suicide, who, overwhelmed with present evils, hurls himself out of life.

We are oppressed, enslaved, by the power of the State at home. Well, here every Bishop is nominated by the Government, subject only to the approval of the Pope; the Clergy are paid by the State, and as the *Esperanza*, the High-Church paper, complains, they dare not oppose Government, which would at once say, "Be silent, or I'll starve you." The Churches are kept in repair (such as it is) by the State: the education is in the hands of the State; the schools are paid for and the masters appointed by the State: the Clergy can only give a little instruction in the schools, and do not catechise in the Churches. Even the seminaries where the priests are educated are supported by the State, and the books to be used and the course of instruction regulated by the Minister of Instruction.

We complain that our people dishonour and despise the rules of their own Church. It is sadly, miserably true; but what do we see here? For more than three months we have been constantly associating with Spaniards. Well, I find not one but all of my companions openly neglecting and refusing confession, and professing to do so. I have said to them, "Why, the Church commands you to confess." "Yes," they answer,

“but we dont do it, that is, the men; many of the women do.” The most extreme Protestant opinions are upon their lips, such as that the care of their souls is a matter between themselves and their God, and they do not see what any one else has to do with it. The legends of the Roman Saints and stories of miracles are wholly repudiated. I got the Priest, with whom I am on very good terms, to tell me a legend of an Image in his Church, which, as the story ran, had reached out its arm, and given absolution to a penitent. As the story ended, one of the laymen came in, and began to make a mock of it. It is a most unhappy thing, that truth and falsehood have been mingled together in their miracles and legends, and many of them have been put before the minds of the people as of equal authority with Holy Scripture: *e. g.* devout persons here hold it quite as certain, that the thief on the Cross was called Demas, and that he was forgiven at the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, as that he was crucified at all. Now the result of this is, that while among the uneducated or little educated you may meet with much devotion and faith, you find also the strangest mixture of legend and holy truth intertwined inextricably together; while among the more educated there is a dangerous tendency to disbelieve all. They find, that they have been deceived and

imposed on in some things, and that throws a doubt on all. There are very many who believe nothing. Some of the merchants' sons would like to come to our Service, but it is not permitted by law. One of them said to — last week, "We could believe what your Church teaches, we cannot believe what we are taught here." I know one sad case myself. Don F. is a thoroughly educated and refined gentleman, but he has not faith in what is taught him in his own Church; he knows the Priests have taught him some falsehoods, and distrusts them wholly. I look upon him as a good, honourable, religious-minded man, but without religion^a. And the people have not the Bible here to fall back upon. Let people say what they will of the abuse of that Holy Book, and the wretched way men too often deal with it, yet think what it would be to be robbed of it, and to have such ashes as men have here given them instead. Practically, people here *are* without the Bible. I shall never forget the eagerness with which Don F. borrowed my Spanish Testament, when he found that it was what he called "puro." "We only get garbled scraps given us here," he said^b.

^a Whoever has spent any time in Florence, Rome, and Naples, can parallel this case with many instances.

^b See above, p. 162, the principles in which the Clergy are educated with regard to the use of Holy Scripture.

Sunday is a regular day of toil. The poor man has no day of rest. All the in-door trades are carried on till the evening, or late afternoon, such as those of shoemakers and tailors. Masons, carpenters, and labourers may be seen commonly engaged at work on Sunday. This is directly contrary to the rules and canons of the Church, but there is no public opinion against it. The amusements of Sunday are the most objectionable, and often shocking; such as the bull-fights. It is the great day for the Theatre. I used to think, that they made up for the laxity of the Sunday by observing the fast of Friday. In Spain, Friday is not a fast, in our acceptation of the term: all may eat meat who have the "Bula de la Cruzada^d," which costs two reals, equal to about five-pence, and now people take the dispensations without even that expense; and though no Indulgence can be of any avail without the "Bula," vast numbers never think of getting it.

Another great evil that we complain of and feel cruelly in England, is the secularity of some of our Clergy, but in truth that is a light evil to what has been and does still continue here. There are in Malaga numbers of families known to be the children of friars. The friars no longer exist, but there are still Priests, who notoriously have their

* For an account of the Bull of the Crusade, vide *infra*, Chap. XVI.

Amas. Nothing has given a greater blow to religion than this. It *is true* that religious parents have hardly dared to let their daughters confess. What shall be done, "when the salt has lost its savour?" I learn from the Chaplain to the Hospital, that the cases which come before him shew that the immorality which exhibits itself so sadly in the streets of our towns is here just the same, though more concealed.

There is a Mission going on, of which I will send you an account. I wish heartily it may prosper.

Malaga, Feb. 20, 1851.

We have just had the Mission for the conversion of Malaga. Four Capuchin friars (i. e. formerly Capuchins, for they are all expelled now, and it is unlawful to wear the dress) came with the permission of Government, (for that is necessary,) and under the direction of the Bishop, and announced a Mission to be held for fifteen days. Every day two of them preached simultaneously in two of the parish-churches at four o'clock, and every morning there was mass, and they and the other confessors were ready to receive confessions, extraordinary powers being given them during the time of the Mission to absolve in all reserved cases. The Service before the Sermon was the recitation of the Rosary, which was led by three

Priests kneeling before the altar, all in Spanish, and joined in by the whole people. The first Sermon I heard was on the danger of putting off repentance, and was very able and powerful. At the end the preacher took down the Crucifix that hung at the back of the pulpit, and addressed the latter part in the form of an impassioned prayer to it. This was the signal for all to be on their knees, and the women broke out throughout the Church into sobs and cries. Then followed a Hymn, the burden of which was known to the people, and consisted of "Woe is me. It is I that have sinned, and Thou that suffered, O my God." The next Sermon I heard was on the Great Judgment, but the subject was too great for the preacher, and he rather failed under it. However, the sobbing and crying followed as before. Indeed Spanish women, on these occasions, come to Church with the full determination to have a good cry, and would not be satisfied without it. The most moving part was when the preacher described the sinner's parting from *Maria Santisima*. This they all felt, for she is to them all in all. At her name they make reverence; when her name is mentioned, they all say 'Ave Maria.' I do not observe any reverence on the part of the people at the Name of Jesus^d. The

^d Compare the scene at the execution of the robber Veneno. "The criminal then exclaimed, *Viva la religion! Viva el rey!*

preacher declared that he should mention nothing but what Holy Scripture, and then told us, (on the authority of the Fathers!) how in that day the true wood of the Cross would be gathered from all parts of the world, and borne in procession by the Angels, and that *Maria Santissima* would sit on a Throne with Her Son*. At another time there was a striking scene in the Church. The Padre wished to impress upon the congregation that they must die, so he made them all slowly repeat after him ten times, *He de morir*, 'I have to die.' Many were brought to confession, a sober morning reality, which may hinder the effects of the exciting Sermons of the evening passing away in mere feeling.

Now I must go on to tell you some of the evils which I see attending on all that is good here. First comes the intense adoration of the Blessed

Viva el nombre de Jesus! All of which met no echo from those who heard him. His dying cry was, *Viva la Virgen Santissima!* At these words the devotion to the goddess of Spain burst forth in one general acclamation, *Viva la Santissima!* So strong is their feeling towards the Virgin, and so lukewarm their comparative indifference towards their King, their Faith, and their Saviour." Ford's Gatherings, p. 210.

* "Shall we long for the Day of Judgment, in which we must undergo that ever-living fire, and those heavy punishments, for cleansing the soul from its sins? Then will a sword pierce the soul of Blessed Mary. *If that Virgin which could compass God is to come into the severity of the Judgment*, who shall venture to desire to be judged of God?" S. Hilary, Tract. in Ps. 118.

Virgin. It exceeds all that I could have believed, and instead of speaking vaguely, I will give you some definite extracts which could be indefinitely multiplied^f. . . . They simply make her the great object of our affections and hopes, not her Son. In one place she is equalled with God the Father, in the next with God the Son, in the next does she not take the office of the Holy Ghost? The book from which these extracts are made is in popular use, and is authorized by an Archbishop and eight Bishops, with vast Indulgences attached to it. Now is this even asking her Intercession? Is it not, as plainly as words can speak, attributing to her the whole work of redemption? Is there one word of authority for it in Holy Scripture? or in the Fathers? And yet they all say here, 'The Faith cannot change: we hold and teach what the Apostles held and taught.' I can find no token of development here. They do not understand it. The theory here is, Vincentius' 'Quod semper quod ubique, &c.' I am just finishing St. Augustine's treatise *De Civitate*, and one cannot but be deeply struck with the totally different tone of his theology, from that current here. I have reached the nineteenth Book, and not once has the blessed Virgin been mentioned, except as the Mother of our Lord, as in the Creed.

^f These extracts are the same as those given at p. 153.

Another great difficulty to me is the doctrine of Indulgences. Bishops can give forty days, Archbishops eighty, and, if *misioneros apostolicos*, 100 in addition, the Pope giving Plenary Indulgence. I had once thought that this Indulgence of forty days, meant forty days taken off Purgatory: but it is not so. Suppose you have a Penance imposed upon you, say for forty days, and you neglect it or omit it, then the Indulgence obtained clears you from that penance, and consequently from all the indefinite consequences in Purgatory. And though a Bishop can give only forty days, yet by giving that length of time to each verse or prayer, he has a cumulative power which has been exercised to an extent quite ridiculous. Now mark what a wretched system of bargaining and calculating with God this system of Indulgence introduces, and how foolish a person must be who ever goes into Purgatory, or even spends a life in Penance, when such much more effectual means are at hand!

A third great difficulty is the manner in which Truth and Fable are inextricably mixed together in the teaching here. Thus people are divided into two classes, those who believe every thing, and those who believe nothing. Don L. a respectable and sensible man, doubts the possibility of the Flood: Doña F. believes, that in the winter Sta. Rita wished for a rose, and the leafless tree

shot forth, and gave her one immediately. She comes in and sits with us often in the evening, and tells us histories of the Saints, but there is not the slightest distinction in her mind between the miracles of Holy Scripture, and the most unfounded fabulous legends of modern days. I think she has a high opinion of us, because we spend our time in reading, and 'eat vigil' on Fridays, which is not the rule of the Spanish Church, except on the Fridays in Lent. People in general do not really fast here. On the few fast days that there are, they 'eat vigil,' as they call it, i. e. they have a very good dinner of fish, vegetables, and fruit, but no meat. In this climate I quite prefer it for a change, and think it healthy, which I am bound to consider first now.

Our Chapel goes on quietly and well: Holy Communion once a month, and nearly sixty communicants. I am occupying myself with S. Bernard and S. Augustine, and have found, from the fifteenth Book onward of the *De Civitate*, a most instructive comment on the Old Testament; at the same time I am reading a Spanish book, which is thought very highly of here, by Dr. Balmes, called 'Protestantism compared with Catholicism,' but, like all people here, he is totally ignorant of what the English Church is, and combats what we combat as well.

The Clergy are oppressed, and miserably used.

Only last week I read a letter of a 'Cura' in the *Esperanza*, shewing that the Government had promised him at the rate of £44 per annum, but there was such a constant deficit, that in six years he had received only four year's stipend. Government had collected the tax *por el culto y clero*, and spent it on other purposes. The Churches are falling into ruin, and the Altars and Images kept in a decent state by the devotions of private individuals. A great want of Priests is likely to be felt in a few years, as the old friars are dying out, and in the present deplorable state of the Church few parents like to dedicate their sons to poverty, and perhaps contempt.

Malaga, March 1, 1851.

There is an amusing account of the method in which a new Church at Madrid has been built. A committee was formed for the purpose, consisting of an Archbishop, several Bishops, several noblemen and others. The land was given, and they began, but soon money failed, so they had a *bull-fight*, the proceeds of which helped them on. Then they had a *funcion* at the theatre, which gave

§ It is possible that the late Concordat, made between the Pope and the Spanish Government, may be of some use on this point. As some misrepresentation has been made, I may say, that any remarks upon the poverty and ill-treatment of the Clergy are made not in a spirit of hostility, but of sympathy.

another help: besides which, they obtained from the *ayuntamiento* the assistance of several convicts. But all failed, and the Church was not half finished. What was to be done? They tried *another bull-fight*, but this time the owner of the bull-ring was not agreeable. Then they tried *another funcion*, but that failed also. Fortunately at this juncture one of the Bishops on the committee was made Archbishop of Toledo, and some funds came into his hands, which he was able to apply to the Church, and then they got up to the roof. But they could get no farther, and at last the Government took it in hand, and it is now roofed in, and they say it will be finished. All this is reported in the *Esperanza* with the greatest simplicity, as if greatly redounding to the honour of the committee, who have continued thus patiently at work since 1839.

Whether the Ministry will stand here, seems a great question; there is now no one with a strong hand, whom people fear as they did Narvaez, but they are all sick of revolutions, and will bear any thing rather than another. No one seems to have the slightest trust in the honour or probity of any public man; a strange state, where all the religion and virtue of the country is found in the lower class. They call the whole system of Government ‘*mentira*,’ i. e. a lie. . . . There has been a man stabbed on the sea shore. Two oilmen

quarrelled, and went out to fight, with knives of course, but while one was drawing his knife, the other stabbed him to the heart, and left him dead. This was at two o'clock in the day. If they had any thing like justice here, these things would not take place; but justice is so uncertain, and punishment so tardy, that they take it into their own hands. Generally they fight fairly, but this was an assassination. . . . The more I know the people, the less I esteem them, I mean as a moral and religious people, but the lower class have excellent qualities. An Englishman who knows them well, and has had the direction of mining works, &c. in different parts, tells me, that he would rather have Spanish than English labourers. Many times he has had Englishmen sent out, but they prove generally dissatisfied, whilst the Spaniards, with good treatment and fair words, will work cheerfully. We had a proof of what an excitable people they are on Saturday night. Dolores, feeling ill, went to bed, leaving something undone, and her mistress went up and scolded her. Dolores had a *sofocation* almost immediately; she fainted, and lay as if dead for some time. It was simply the result of the scolding. She is a merry good girl, and does not require scolding generally, nor is our landlady given to it. Pick-pockets abound here. It is said, that the little boys who are employed to assist at Mass, and to help clean the Church, are the

most adroit. It may be so, for constant familiarity with holy things, if it does not do good, must do harm, and the idea of reverence never seems to enter their heads; they would just as soon stand on the top of the altar as any where.

Whether the soul could exist separate from the body, was the last theological question that we have had raised. . . . Whatever argument from *reason* may be alleged for some sort of purification between earth and the glories of Heaven, the doctrine of Indulgences cuts away the whole force of it. I read yesterday in the *Esperanza* a relation of how the Bishop of Jaen went to the public prison, and invited the prisoners to confess, and receive the Indulgences granted by the Pope. They all assented, and he told them that if they died that minute, they would go straight to glory, without being delayed in Purgatory. Had then these persons no evil dispositions unsubdued? Had they nothing in them to unfit them for the society of Angels and the presence of God"?....One thing one does find here among religious persons, a reverence for the Holy Sacrament, but there is something odd in people's ideas about that. When Doña F. goes to Church, if it happens on some great Festival that there are three Masses

^h Vide Newman on Romanism, p. 212. for the origin and growth of the dogma of Purgatory.

said at the same time, she comes home quite happy, and thinks that she has had a threefold benefit. . . There is a long letter in the *Tablet*, which is sent me now and then, from the Priest of San Lucar—you may remember the town, it lies between Cadiz and Seville—who has enlisted, he says, six thousand persons to pray for the conversion of England. It may sound very well at home, but to me it appears simply ludicrous, when I know the state of religion and of the Church in Andalusia.

I am persuaded that there never was a much worse governed nation than Spain. The country is in a miserable state. The streets of Malaga are not safe for a single person late at night. Only last night a watchman was murdered. Last week Mr. — was riding towards Ronda, and as he passed a house in the hills, his guide told him that there had been for a length of time four robbers concealed there, who had plundered the country, and shot one of the *Guardias civiles*. The country people all knew it, but none would give information. However, they have been now caught, and two of them attempting to escape were shot. This is what they say. The fact is, that justice is uncertain and tardy, so they shoot them, and say they tried to escape.

There has been another case of murder; a

poor Italian harper stabbed in the street, just after darkⁱ. The man who stabbed the watchman is caught. The governor forbade any one to embark without license from him, and declared that he would suspend the police, if in eight days the man was not found; and accordingly he is taken. They say that the same people who beg by day, very often rob by night. There is to be an execution before long, which will be a good thing. The new governor, is known by the nickname of "El sargento del garrote," because when he was a governor before, he used to execute murderers. Mrs. S. told us, that some years ago, a governor of very determined character was sent to Cadiz, where there had been many murders. He had a notice posted at the corner of the streets, that he would spare none. The first should have so many hours for repentance, the next an hour less, the next a few minutes. All afterwards should be executed instantly. He executed one, and there was not another case of murder while he remained at Cadiz.

Being in this country, gives one a very high opinion of the greatness and power of England;

ⁱ "Crime produces crime, bloodshed familiarizes men to murder, until man's life becomes of no more value than the reptile's which is crushed beneath the feet. Such was Spain, and is it better now? The reality is in many cases worse than fiction." Milman's Wayside Cross.

“that Colossus,” as they call it, in speeches and newspapers. The irreligious party attribute the greatness of England to its freedom from *prejudice*, by which they mean freedom from religion, for what ours is they do not know. They think that by destroying the Church, they shall make Spain great like England. That its greatness is owing to its industry, honesty, and manliness, they by no means comprehend. The religious party, which is much smaller, answers by heaping together all that it can get out of Lord Ashley’s speeches, about factory children, and colliers, and says, “This is England! a country where the poor are oppressed, ground down, and neglected;” little dreaming how much more our most neglected poor are cared for than theirs. They have no Lord Ashley to search out these things. . . . A vast number of persons among the educated classes are thoroughly dissatisfied with their own religion, and, did the law allow it, would attach themselves to our Communion, or to any other.

CHAP. X.

Danger of chess-playing. The Inquisition. Balmes on Catholicism compared with Protestantism in its effects on Civilization. Popular Theory about the Blessed Virgin. Seven Points. Anglican and Roman Branches of the Catholic Church. Standard entertained of women. Holy Week in Seville. Irreverence. Rending of the White Veil. Thursday in Holy Week. Processions on Good Friday. Fracas. Illusions about Seville dispelled. Revolution in Portugal. The Cortes. Sermon on Viernes de Dolores. Mariolatry. Casa de Espositos. The Concordat.

*Letters of F. M. from Malaga, Seville, and Cadiz,
during the Spring of 1851.*

Malaga, March 24, 1851.

.... A Spanish Lady has been trying to persuade Mrs. P. that the reason her daughter has the small pox is her going to the English Chapel, and that if she persists in going there, some other evil will befall her. Mrs. P. who is a sensible person and never disputes, answered, that she did not think the Chapel had any thing to do with it, but if it had, she should go exactly the same. Mrs. P. remembers the days of the Inquisition: she knew a man at Seville, who got into it for playing at chess. He used to play with his daughter every evening.

Unluckily for him, he took a new maid servant, who had never seen chess played, and she thought he was conjuring. She laid an accusation against him, that there never were prayers in the house, but that they spent their evenings in making mysterious movements with a great many strange images, some like devils, and some like horses. She said something about it to another maid, who suspected what she had done, and told the eldest daughter, who was foolish enough to throw the chessmen away. That day the inquisitors' coach came, a black coach, with the wheels and the horses feet muffled, driven by a masked coachman, and containing two masked inquisitors. They shut up all the members of the household in separate rooms, and questioned them. The chess-board was produced and the box, but the box was empty. The girl said she had thrown the chessmen away in a fright, but they would not believe her, and the father was taken to the prisons of the Inquisition, where he was tortured once, and afterwards kept a prisoner for five months, at the end of which time he and fourteen other prisoners were set free in a popular tumult. One cannot wonder that the people hate the very name of the Inquisition, and many of them the name of a *fraile* for its sake^a.

^a That this story should seem to an Englishman too ludicrous and wicked to be seriously worthy of credit, is natural. But

We are reading a very interesting book, "Catholicism compared with Protestantism, in its effects on civilization," by Don Jaime Balmes. It is an answer to Guizot, and is very clever. Balmes was a great friend of the Pope, and was looked upon as the man likely to make a reform in the Spanish Church, but he died five years ago, not without suspicions that his death was by unfair means. If he addressed himself only to continental Protestantism, he would be unanswerable; but unhappily for himself, he is obliged to include England and Russia among Protestant countries, and of the English Church he knows absolutely nothing. Many of his arguments tell strongly in favour of England, and against Spain. Two of his great tokens of Catholicism, of the works worked by it, are the value for human life, and the exaltation of women. Here, where people are daily stabbed, and buried like dogs, without punishment to the murderer, and where it is taken for granted that as a general rule a girl tries to deceive her father and mother, and that the way of making her do right is to watch

Mr. Gladstone's Revelations of Naples have opened our eyes to what goes on inside prisons, and to the causes which are deemed sufficient to throw a man into them in a country which breathes the same spirit as Spain. Nor would any one who is acquainted with the intellectual stature of the ordinary Spanish mind be surprised at the maid-servant's pious horror.

her constantly, it is strange to read such things, and to find them followed by the assertion that Spain is the most Catholic of all countries. He has a strong suspicion that England is plotting to protestantize Spain, hoping thereby to denationalize it, and then make it "one of her colonies^b."

Malaga, March 26, 1851.

Spanish *franqueza* is very pleasant to a stranger. People who have dined with you for a few days, do not hesitate to give you the history of their lives. It is striking to see what they think of England. I had no idea of her greatness till I saw how she is looked up to here, any more than I had of her morality and domestic virtues, till I saw the comparative want of them here. Spain seems to be divided into two parties; the liberals, who look up to England as their pattern, and the *devotos*, who abhor us as Protestants and unbelievers^c; the former party is in the ascendant, and comprises all the intelligent laymen I have met with; and indeed it is no wonder. The things that are set before them to believe are some of them so

^b It is this "distinguished author" whom Newman uses as his witness for proving, "that the religion which forbids private judgment (Romanism) is *historically more tolerant* than the religions which uphold it."

^c Answering to the English party and Russian party of Greece.

utterly incredible, and so entirely without evidence, and they have no rule by which to distinguish between what is necessary to believe and what is unnecessary. The Bible *practically is not* allowed. This year there has been a considerable religious movement here: last year every thing seemed dead and asleep. From what I heard in the Missionaries' Sermons, and from some little books of devotion left by the preachers who were all Apostolic Missionaries, that is, persons invested with an especial authority from the Pope, and by the Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba, another Apostolic Missionary, I have collected the popular theory about the Blessed Virgin; and when I call it popular, I do not mean that it is formed of individual fancies like popular Protestantism, but that it is what the Church teaches in Sermons and authorized books of devotion, so that people must receive that or nothing. They believe,

1. That the Blessed Virgin was conceived without sin, and continued so.

2. That she suffered as much as our Lord, and that she would have died for us, but her sufferings already were as great as if she had died.

3. That her sufferings were meritorious, and enough to make amends for all the sins of men and Angels.

4. That standing at the foot of the Cross, she offered her Son for the redemption of the world.

5. That when our Lord said, Behold thy Son, He gave not St. John only, but the whole human race, to her for sons, and her to us for a Mother; so that henceforth we can receive nothing good but through her hands.

6. That when He went into heaven, He left her to be the guide and director of His Church, and the teacher of the Apostles.

7. That when He took her up into heaven, He crowned her Queen and Lady of heaven and earth.

In addition to this, they dwell very much on her gentleness and kindness as our Mediator, and say that sinners may well fear to approach our Lord, but none can fear to come to so kind, so tender, and so loving a Mother^d. Almost all the prayers

^d "I seem indeed to myself to see Christ Jesus, the Son of the Living God, provoked by so many injuries, already seizing with his hand, and brandishing weapons with which to strike, destroy, and exterminate this race, so dire and pestiferous. But, on the other side, his most divine Mother, the Mother of mercies, moved by a Mother's affections, by her beseeching supplication restrains Him as He threatens punishment: and the Parent full of grace throws herself upon her knees before her Son, prays, supplicates, beseeches Him to suspend vengeance, delay revenge, and wait for penitence. 'See,' she says, 'my most beloved Son, the hands stretched out which handled Thee as a little infant, recognise the breasts which Thou hast sucked.' Interrupted with these words, He holds back the blow now ready and aimed; and looking upon his most pure Mother, He counts nothing too serious, or difficult for Him most freely to

and at the Mission were addressed to her. You will see that the fourth, the second, the third, and the sixth of the things that I have mentioned, attribute to her what we are accustomed to consider as the especial work of the Holy Trinity in our redemption. In theory they seem to put her more in the place of the Third Person; in practice in that of the Second.

I am very glad to have seen and heard all these things, for the state of England at present must be a great trial, and though it is poor comfort to think that others are worse, yet being sure of the promise that the gates of Hell shall not prevail against the Church, it is a comfort and encouragement to be persuaded that our own branch is the best. I remember the time when I had a secret feeling, that the Roman Catholics were better off than we: now I rejoice daily that my lot has been appointed in the Anglican branch.

It would be trying too to live here in other respects. No unmarried woman in this part of Spain is allowed to go out either to Church or elsewhere by herself, or even with her sisters.

forgive, most lovingly to remit, most mercifully to pardon, at her intercession. For what can be conceived in that most lofty majesty of God, which the sight of this Virgin will not bend and move? What can be imagined in that most Holy Trinity, which her prayers and intervention will not persuade?" E. Campian's *Oratio de tutelâ et defensione* B. V. M.

There must be some responsible person to watch her; and when she walks with her father and mother, she goes first, that they may see that she does not exchange notes or make signs. To try to baffle their parents' watchfulness is the great amusement of some of them. One of the standard religious writers, Luis de Leon, not contented with exhorting women to keep in-doors, exhorts their husbands to keep them there, and not to let them have even female friends, because they will carry messages, and "at best," he says, "if women get together they will talk, they can have nothing to say that is worth talking of, and therefore they will talk of what is bad." No doubt climate and national character have a great deal to do with this; but when a country has been Catholic for so many centuries—and Spain really was so—when for generation after generation there has been the constant use of the Sacraments, and of confession, the national character ought to be sufficiently changed and ameliorated for all this to cease to be necessary.

Seville, Wednesday in Easter-Week, 1851.

At Gibraltar I heard something which I did not know about the state of the Spanish Church. Though that place is far from presenting a favourable specimen of our own, very frequent applications are received from Priests for Bibles and Prayer-books

in Spanish and for counsel. Quite lately, one wrote in distress of mind, willing to receive instruction from any English Clergyman, or even from a Dissenting Minister. It is my belief, that if our principles allowed it, and we chose to retaliate, we might make more conversions in Spain than they in England. We came here in company with some good Scotch Presbyterians. Two years ago I should have felt towards them very differently from the way I did now: one could not help sympathizing with them, and feeling that it was a comfort to meet with people who were in earnest. In Spain there are but two alternatives, Mariolatry, opposed equally to Scripture and to the Fathers, or Infidelity. I have heard things said in Sermons as from the Scriptures, which I knew not to be in them, and J. told me, that it was the same with some quotations from the Fathers.

As we arrived here a little before Holy Week, I wished to see it, but it is a grievous thing to spend such a holy season in such a way. I never saw any thing like the behaviour of the people in the Cathedral. On Palm Sunday, the Service was much as it is at Malaga, beautiful in itself, but utterly without reverence, people crowding and pushing to get the best places that they could. I had a very talkative neighbour at first, but all the worst-behaved people went out to follow the procession, and as it returned on the other side of

the Cathedral, they followed it, and established themselves there. The Passion from S. Matthew was beautifully sung, but through the most solemn parts, the people talked continually, apparently quite unaware of the meaning of the words. Few had books. In the afternoon, there was the displaying of the banner of the Cross, and in the evening, a procession with three *pasos*, of our Lord on the Ass, the Crucifixion, and the Blessed Virgin.

On Tuesday there were very few people in the Cathedral, and the Services were very solemn and touching. The slow chanting gives so much time to dwell upon the meaning of the words. On Wednesday, unfortunately the white veil was to be rent "with a great noise of thunder," as it was advertised in the newspapers. The white veil is a curtain drawn in front of the Altar, which hides both it and the Priest on Monday and Tuesday, except at the time of the Consecration and Elevation, and final Benediction. The Cathedral was crowded, a continual talking going on through "the Passion," which increased more and more. At last came the words, "He cried with a loud voice." The curtain was pulled down, and a few crackers were fired off near the roof. The Rubric says, that at the words, "He gave up the Ghost," there shall be a silence, and all shall kneel. There was instead a general titter, and

every body began to talk loud, giving their opinion of the effect; the remainder of the chapter was inaudible, in the noise of voices and feet, as the people crowded out.

The Miserere is one of the great Services of the week; it occurs in the Lauds of Thursday, Good Friday, and Saturday, and is sung by anticipation the evening before, at nine on Wednesday, ten on Thursday, and about four on Good Friday. This year the Canon, who has authority in the Church, gave orders, that at the two first the men and women should be separated. I went on Thursday evening. The singing was good, but not at all solemn; the choir sitting within the altar rails, with violins and other instruments; The female side of the Church full of ladies, some sitting on the floor, some walking about in groups, talking. It would have been very pleasant to see people of all classes meeting to enjoy themselves, if it had been in another place, and in an unconsecrated building. The Monumento, or Sepulchre, was at the west end, and contained the Consecrated Host. Every body who passed it knelt, or at least made a reverence, and two or three ladies (one an Englishwoman, and a member of the English Church) sat at a table near the door, to receive alms for the foundlings. In the morning the Services had been very long, the oil and the chrism being blessed, and the

Consecrated Host carried to the Monument. The procession was very good, but it seemed strange to me to see a man who walked in it shaking hands with people whom he passed, and talking to them. The pressure of the crowd was so great, that it would have been quite dangerous to continue kneeling after the Sacrament had passed. The royal party all walked in it, except the Infanta, to the great disappointment of an honest countryman, who was holding up his little boy to see; and who at first mistook her sister in law for her. At all times the Infanta, who seems to be highly and deservedly esteemed, appeared to be one of the chief subjects of interest.

Good Friday presented the most festival appearance of all. There were processions all day long. The whole population was out in the streets to see them, boys clambering every where that they ought not, and being driven down by the police, men and boys selling nuts, and gingerbread, and water. There was no ill-temper and quarrelling, and no drinking, except water: the people seemed to have met to enjoy themselves, and they did it. There was one unfortunate occurrence. One procession bearing the images of our Lord falling with the Cross, and of our Lady of Hope, fell in with another bearing those of the Conversion of the Penitent Thief, and of our Lady of Monserrat, and they fought for the precedence. The former gained it, but the

fight occasioned a panic in the great square, where there were, it is supposed, 20,000 persons. The brotherhood of the Conversion and of our Lady of Monserrat, wearing high caps with flaps over the face that blinded them, and long trains that entangled their feet, were quite helpless in the confusion, and went down, I was told by an American, "like nine-pins." When order was restored, the Infanta and all the royal party took candles, and walked with them, to console them*. Our Lady of Monserrat had a splendid new robe of blue velvet, and a great display of plate around her. We had come down from the steps to try to go home, when suddenly there rose up a tremendous clatter of voices round us, chiefly caused by the ecstatic delight of one old woman. "It is the best procession of all, and it has not been out these 118 years." J. asked, "How many years did you say, Señora?" "118 years. My father lived to be seventy-six, and I am (how much I did not hear), and he could remember it when he was a boy, and it comes all the way from Santa Paula, and it wont be back till eleven o'clock at night.

* At Alhaurin, there are usually two processions, commonly called "JESUS arriba," (JESUS above,) and "JESUS abajo," (JESUS below,) one for the upper and the other for the lower part of the town. When they meet they generally fight, and if any unfortunate woman, wearing the ribbons which are the badge of one party, falls into the hands of the other party, they are torn off by force.

It's the best of all, it's the best of all!" So she went on, till the image came near, when she absolutely shrieked with delight, squeezing herself and the man next to her one step higher, to make room for us to take their places. "Look! look! the princess! the princess! and that's the duke! and that's the mayordomo! and that's the general! and all the great people of Seville!" And there, as she said, were the Infanta, the duke of Montpensier, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, and their two little boys, with several others. A long train of soldiers with music followed; and when all had passed, our old friend shook hands with me affectionately, and the last words that I heard from her were, "There never was such a procession." The images of our Lord's sufferings were strangely out of place, in such a merry tumultuous scene. One thing that struck me was the quantity of eating. In our way home we met one of the defeated brethren, consoling himself with a cigar.

On Easter Eve there was, of course, the blessing of the new light, from which all the lamps in the Church were to be kindled; the blessing of the water for Baptism, and High Mass. The Gloria was at about half-past ten, and at that hour the black veil was rent; the bells rang, the cannons were fired, and the fair began. The black veil is extended behind the high Altar, and

covers the beautiful retablo. It could not be pulled down with a crash like the white veil, without doing mischief, so a man in a surplice stood upon the high Altar, and put it aside carefully before the time came, and at the right instant, it was drawn quite back, and the crackers exploded.

Seville fair is on 19th, 20th, and 21st, (Easter Eve, Easter Day, and Easter Monday.) Of course it never entered any body's head to dream of putting it off for Easter Day; on the contrary, it is a very fit day for it. The annual bull-fights were put off for the fair, and were on Easter Monday, Easter Tuesday, and the Sunday after. Some Englishmen went on Monday: the poor bulls were bad ones, that is, quiet, peaceful beasts, that would not hurt any one unless in self-defence. It was necessary to stick crackers into one, and fire them, to make him do any thing, but they contrived to get sixteen horses killed. Easter-day was most un-Sunday-like, all crowd and bustle, with shops open. On Palm Sunday it was the same and people were at work. Good Friday was the only day that they were closed. I am quite sorry to have seen Seville at such a time. My illusions of it as a comparatively quiet and religious place are dispersed; but I should think that the really religious people would keep away from these scenes, and go quietly to their own Churches. The place is full of Spanish strangers, who come

to see, and perhaps the worst of the ill-behaviour is theirs.

There is a revolution going on in Portugal. There has been a little disturbance too in Madrid in the Cortes. The present Ministry came in on the ground of economy, and found it to be impossible; every useless placeman displaced would be an enemy, and so would every follower who did not get a place, so they proposed to "regulate the debt," that is, as there are numbers of people with money owing to them, to confiscate a little from some, and a great deal from others. In the debates as to the amount, one of the Ministers voted against the rest. The Prime Minister left the house, the opposition shouted for joy, the Deputies clenched their fists, and brandished their sticks, and the President sent them home without taking the votes. Next day the Cortes were dissolved. The Government is taking every possible means to get favourable elections. Deputies of the opposition who are in the army are put in arrest, that they may not canvass, governors of provinces turned out, and more active ones sent to control the elections, &c. The great security of Spain against a revolution is, that there is no party which is trusted, or deserves to be so. Narvaez is the only *man*. If he had character, as well as talent and energy, he might do something, and I suppose sooner or later he will come back again.

Seville, April 11, 1851.

The following are extracts from a Sermon preached this morning in Seville Cathedral, on *Viernes de los Dolores*.

“She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks.” Lam. i. 2.

“Sad and greatly to be wept was the desolation of Jerusalem, the queen of cities, &c. . . . But how far more worthy of tears was that of which the desolation of Jerusalem was but a faint type, that to which the whole book of the Lamentations refers, the sorrows of Mary, the Queen of Angels and of the blessed spirits! . . .

Ave Maria!

The sorrows of Mary were the greatest in the world. S. Jerome says, that in proportion to the greatness of the love is the greatness of the sorrow. Her love to her Son was the greatest that ever was, therefore her sorrow was the greatest. Great was the sorrow of Reuben for Joseph, and that of David for Jonathan, but their love and their sorrow were small compared with hers, &c. . . . She was not like Deborah sitting under the palm-tree, and sending Barak to the fight, but like the same Deborah going down with him to the battle: not like Hagar, going apart from her son that she might not see him die: She looked with a stedfast eye on all the sufferings of her Beloved. From the time that He was born she knew all that

would befall Him, all of His sufferings were ever present to her mind. What must she have felt when she looked upon those innocent Hands and Feet, and knew that they were to be pierced upon the Cross, when she beheld his fair hair which was to be full of blood, &c. . . . And yet from her free love and charity for the human race, she willed to offer Him up. The sufferings of Mary were so great, that if they were divided among all the creatures in the world, they would suffice to destroy the existence of all. God, Who sent an Angel to comfort His Son in His agony, sustained her with His Arm, that she might not perish through her sufferings. Her sufferings differed from those of the Martyrs not only in being more intense, but because they suffered for the salvation of their own souls. She, who was without spot or stain, purely through Charity, that she might be the redeemer of the human race. The Martyrs, in their torments, were often supported by consolations from God, which sometimes made their bodily pains appear light to them. She was utterly without it. . . . Under the Law there were two altars near together, that of burnt-offering and that of incense. From the one were heard the groans of slaughtered victims, from the other the voice of praise. The first symbolized the Cross whereon JESUS was offered; the second, the heart of Mary. . . . I will say with

S. Bonaventure, that all that JESUS suffered in all the various parts of His Body, all these sufferings were gathered together in one in the heart of Mary^f."...

Cadiz, May 20, 1851.

The last thing which we went to see at Seville, was the "*Espositos*." Mrs. — is one of the ladies who manage it. Do you remember the terrible account which Ford gives of the way in

^f Again, compare a Sermon preached in San Ferdinando in Naples, where Mr. Gladstone 'listened to sounds, accepted with intense admiration, so appalling, that he does not dare to give them the names which they seemed to him to deserve.' "The preacher, a man of ability and popularity, chose for his subject the Divine Maternity of the Virgin. He described it as being morally of a highly mysterious character, and appeared obliquely to assimilate it to the Divine Paternity. This wonderful creature, he said, triumphed over the general laws of human nature as an exception from the taint of original sin. She is *regina dei cieli*, and *imperatrice del mondo*: her virtue and glory differ in this essential respect from those of the Angels and Archangels, that their gifts are restrained within the bounds of what is finite, while hers *toccano ai cancelli del infinito*, so that there can properly be no relation or comparison between them. In her are exhibited the several distinctive virtues of apostles, martyrs, doctors, virgins: in her are also represented those which belong to the heavenly circles of Cherubim and Seraphim, of Angels and Archangels; nay, more and most of all, she is invested with the extrinsic attributes of the Blessed Trinity, namely, Infinite Power, Infinite Wisdom, and Infinite Love, &c." Church Principles, p. 353.

which the unhappy babies used formerly to die of starvation? Mrs. — says, that when she first went there, it was so distressing, that she could neither eat nor sleep. She was one of the first ladies who took it in hand, and now it is the perfection of order, and cleanliness, and such fine children you would not easily find in Spain. We saw only the junior department. At six years old, they go to another house and other Sisters, and the parting is heart-breaking.

The great subjects of conversation here are the elections and the Concordat. The latter treats the clergy with tolerable fairness, and allows communities of the Orders of S. Vincent de Paul, S. Philip Neri (the Oratorians), and one other, also Sisterhoods of Charity, and any Sisterhoods which dedicate themselves to teaching. It fixes the incomes of the Clergy. The Archbishop of Toledo to have £1600 a year, and the lowest payment of a country priest to be £22. The Bishopric of Malaga to be raised from £700 a year to £1000. It abolishes some Bishoprics, and creates others. Instead of eight Archbishops and fifty-two Bishops, there will be nine Archbishops, forty-six Bishops, and two auxiliary Bishops, a diminution of only three. The progressives are very angry; they say that it is a return to bigotry. Instead of the money passing through the hands of Government, it is to be paid direct

to the clergy, and the Bishops will have the management of all the Church lands that remain unsold, and all the funds raised by the Bula de la Cruzada, which they are to apply to this purpose, what is wanting being made up by a tax. It remains to be seen how it will work. I do not think that the people who refused to pay tithe, which had been paid immemorially, will long continue to pay even a much smaller tax, which has not the same sanctions^g.

^g According to the Morning Chronicle of Oct. 30, the discontent seems to be beginning to shew itself strongly, owing in a great degree to the prospect held out in the Allocution of September, of the restoration of the Regular Orders to their pristine dignity and splendour, a thing by no means acceptable to Catholic Spain.

CHAP. XI.

Malaga to Seville. Ceremonies. Ill-behaviour. Processions at Seville. La Feria. Maja dress. The Infanta. Burial of Christ's Poor in Catholic Spain. Outrage on the dead body of a child. Exhumation of the dead. Intolerance.

Letters of J. M. from Seville, during the Spring of 1851.

Seville, April 10, 1851.

WE had a very wearisome voyage from Malaga to Gibraltar, owing to the miserable custom-house regulations. We went on board at night, and might have landed at Gibraltar at day-break, but it was necessary to go on shore at Algeciras, in order to give the custom-house people a few *pesetas*. I do not believe that one box of the whole party was opened, but as the landing is bad, we had to be carried ashore by a multitude of half-clad men, who fought for us and for our boxes, and then to be carried out again to a miserable little steamer, which professed to start at eight, and make half an hour's voyage to

Gibraltar. She wasted a considerable time in waiting: there was a little wind, and she would not face it; and after being in some risk of being taken back to Algeciras, we were landed at half past eleven. The Iberia took us to Cadiz, and on Monday morning we started for Seville.

When we landed, no cart would come out, and I had to engage a host of porters, as I happened to have twelve packages. The decks and ground were soaked with wet. It was dark, and the officers were examining the luggage on the wet steps beneath some dripping trees. I wrapped myself up, and waited patiently, until at last I thought I could get through, and struggled up to the steps; there I had to wait again, and trust to good fortune and the honesty of the porters, that the packages would come right. Before me were portmanteaus opened, and the things pulled out in the wet to the light of two dismal lanterns. What would have become of me with all my packages, I do not know, had it not been for half a dollar, which I put into the hand of the carabinero, whereupon he made a great fuss in unbuckling my portmanteau, and an equally great fuss in buckling it up again, and passed the whole of the luggage ^a.

^a Receiving money for not doing their duty is a method of making up their salary, practised almost universally throughout Spain and Italy, and recognised under the rose by Govern-

April 16, Seville.

We have been to the *Museo* and to the *Fabrica de Tabacos*; the rest of our time has been spent in the Cathedral, and we have had one or two very pretty walks in the neighbourhood of Seville. This morning we had the Passion sung, and the rending of the white veil, accompanied with thunders, represented by some crackers, which were let off in the triforium galleries. There were thousands assembled, and it appeared to be a scene of great amusement. The Cathedral is divided in the evening, and the men have one side, and the women the other; a new rule, and from what I hear a *most* necessary one. We see the Infanta and the Duke of Montpensier in the Cathedral almost daily; they have a grand seat placed for them within the altar rails, below the steps on the north side^b.

[Easter Monday.] The Holy Week is now

ment. An official at Naples applied for an increase of salary, and sent in an account of the length of his service and other claims. His petition was listened to, till he was asked where he had been on duty. 'At Naples.' 'Indeed! Naples!' There were so many travellers who came to *Naples*, that there were other means of raising his salary besides applying to the Government,—and his petition was dismissed. Under such a system, all scruples about giving money necessarily vanish.

^b Why is there nothing wrong in this in Spain, if it would be Erastianism in England? Why would it be Erastianism in England, if there is nothing wrong in it in Spain?

past, and we are come to the fair and the bull-fights. The whole week has been a most instructive lesson on the evil of making religion a spectacle of this kind. I have been heartily disappointed. The Cathedral has been crowded, but not with worshippers. The inns and private houses have been full to overflowing, and Holy Week has been the week of the greatest amusement to one class, and of the hardest work to another class, of the whole year. Worse behaviour in Church I never saw, and we have quite unlearned any former opinion that we may have formed on the superiority of Seville to Malaga. The Processions are very splendidly arranged, much better than those in Malaga, but they are mere shows, and the cloak of the Blessed Virgin and the dress of the Nazarenes are discussed, just as a gentleman's or lady's dress at a ball. The Nazarene dress in which they walk in procession is a long cap about a yard high, like the old Sanbenito caps, a dress with a train about three yards in length, and a veiled face. They carry not mere single images, but *pasos*, which are generally groups, or a figure under a superb canopy. Each fraternity has commonly two *pasos*, representing perhaps the Last Supper or our Lord upon the Cross between the two thieves, the last and most splendid being invariably the Blessed Virgin. They come from their several parish-churches, pass through the chief square, where the Infantas

are placed under a canopy, and then proceed to the Cathedral. On Thursday we saw four processions with nine *pasos*. On Good Friday there were four more. The crowd was tremendous, but there was no pushing; the chief amusement was buying and selling nuts, cakes, and *agua-á-á*, as at a fair at home. The *Miserere*, on Wednesday and Thursday nights, was to me most distasteful: a host of fiddlers are placed within the altar rails, where they perform, while the Cathedral is filled with people walking up and down, talking, laughing, listening, in short, doing every thing except worshipping.

On Saturday, immediately after the *Gloria in Excelsis*, at eleven o'clock began the fair, and I walked down to see it. It is held just outside the walls in a large meadow, and promised to be a gay sight—cattle, horses, sheep, toys, eatables and drinkables, and booths of all sorts. However, it began to rain on Saturday afternoon, and rained heavily through Sunday, in consequence of which the time of the fair has been prolonged two days more. In itself it is nothing, but the people are very amusing. They come out in the national costume; the men in their *majo* jackets, with a profusion of silver buttons, and better made and handsomer men I never saw. This year the Infanta has revived the *maja* dress, which has not been worn for thirty years. It consists of a short mantle of bright

velvet, fastened at the comb of the hair, on the head, and barely reaching the waist, crossing in two narrow points before. The dress has tight sleeves, and is a trifle shorter than that usually worn, and of course, the hair, gloves, and fan, &c. most elaborate. When worn with a proper air, it is very pretty.

The Infanta seems to be very popular in Seville; and, as far as one can judge, to deserve her popularity. She encourages and patronises the district visiting society, (a thing which I believe does not exist any where else in Spain,) and the religious fraternities, and lives quietly and respectably, although she does belong to the Royal Family of Spain.

The whole of the party in the hotel, except ourselves, are going to the bull-fight. Though I have been glad to see it once, I hope I may never again be at Seville for the Holy Week.

Seville, May 1, 1851.

We have before given you some account of the funerals of the rich, I will now describe to you a burial that I witnessed of one of the poor. We had not been many days at Seville, and I was wandering out in the evening towards the old Alameda, when I heard the sound of a voice in one of the Churches, and went in; it was a funeral service; below the altar steps upon the

ground was placed an ordinary looking coffin, and in the *coro* at the west end, a Priest with two attendants was reciting the Psalms, there were about eight persons present besides myself, and I sat myself down on a bench, and tried to follow the Service. Presently the Priest left the *coro*, and advanced to the coffin, which was opened by one of the attendants, for it did not nail down as ours do, but opened like a box with a hinge; and taking the aspersorium, sprinkled the corpse within with holy water; it was the body of a woman of middle age, of the lower class, and laid out, not as our dead are, but in her ordinary daily dress; the coffin was then closed, the Service ceased, and the Priest and his attendants retired.

Two of the men then advanced, and lifted the coffin on their shoulders, and carried it quickly out of the Church, followed by five others and by myself. They walked at a quick pace, without any order or regularity, through the numerous streets, sometimes on the pavement, and sometimes in the middle of the street; no one paying any attention to them, or moving out of the way: once the attendants stopped, it was to light their cigarrets, and then they proceeded as before. At last we reached the gate of the city, outside of which is a large flat meadow, and at the further end the *Campo Santo*. There was a review of cavalry going on in the meadow, and while the

bearers of the corpse walked round by the road, the followers made a short cut across the meadow, and stopped awhile to see the review; at length, seeing the corpse nearly arrived, they hurried on, and joined it at the gate.

The Campo Santo here is rather more untidy than that at Malaga, but in all material respects much the same; a large square space surrounded with four high walls, in the width of which are the niches for the dead, rising in tiers one above another; the centre space all coarse broken ground, and over-grown with nettles^f. We passed through the first court into a second, and there I expected to see the coffin placed in one of the niches, and walled in: but no—there was a wide shallow trench running all across this interior square, which seemed to be filled up about half way: a couple of men were beckoned to the spot, who came with their hoes, and hooked out a little place about a foot deep in the loose ground: the coffin was then opened, and the body taken out, and laid in the hole. The sexton took the pillow

^f The custom of burial in Spain is, to place the coffin in a long niche or hole in the wall, and then to wall up the entrance, and put up the inscription on it. The bodies remain for three years, and then the bones are removed, and thrown into a common receptacle, except the relations choose to pay an annual rent to retain the niche. Advertisements appear from time to time in the papers, notifying that such and such parts of the wall of the Campo Santo are to be cleared.

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that had laid under its head, and tore it into rags, and spread it over the face of the corpse, while his companion threw a few baskets-full of earth, and then he jumped down himself, and trod it in. I had stood close by, and watched the whole proceeding up to this point with a kind of creeping horror; but now I could bear it no more, it was literally treading on the corpse's face. I turned away and left, and the others followed me. I had been present the whole time; I heard no voice of prayer, and saw no sign of it, except that for a moment, as the corpse was laid in the ground, the attendants took off their hats. And this, I said to myself, as I walked slowly home, and watched the evening shadows coming over the meadow, this is the burial of Christ's Poor in Catholic Spain. Again and again in the night I woke with the thought of the man ruthlessly trampling upon that pale still face.

While I am speaking of funerals, I can give you a singular instance of the intolerance which did prevail some time since. The story runs back into the last generation, but I had it from a lady of sixty, who remembered it herself when she was young. . . . Mr. and Mrs. B. came out to Seville, lately married, in order to establish a factory. A little girl, their first child, was born, and bled to death, in consequence of a bandage badly tied by the Spanish barber. The mother was in despair,

and chiefly at the thought that the child could not have Christian burial. Mr. B. pacified her, saying, 'I am known to the Bishop, and do not fear, I will arrange it.' He saw the Archbishop, who kindly felt for the mother, and said, that as it was an infant, though he could not formally appear in the matter, yet it might be permitted. At that time all the burials took place in the vaults of the Churches, and accordingly the child was taken, and duly buried in the vaults of the Cathedral; but exorbitant fees were charged for the favour, they ran to as much as £60 in English money. The next morning the servant got up early to open the outer gates of the factory as usual, and as he opened them he heard steps, and saw a man run quickly round by the *fabrica de tabacos*. He wondered what it could be, when on looking down he saw laid at the door, without its coffin, the body of the little child in its funeral dress. Who it was that did it was never discovered, nor was it possible to make any public complaint; but it is clear that it could not have been done without the consent of the Sacristans, the senior of whom is in the Sacred Order. The poor child was laid in a peaceful grave in the garden. The mother went into fits, on discovering what had occurred, which was concealed from her for some time, and never to her dying day forgave the Spaniards for their outrage on her dead child.

Another occurrence, exemplifying the same spirit, occurred about the same time. A German protestant died at Seville of small pox, and his brother, by paying heavy fees, arranged with the Cura of S. Bartolomeo, that he should be buried in the vaults of the Church. Accordingly he was buried there by night; but the next morning, the corpse, all loathsome with virulent small pox, was found cast outside the gate of the city, called *la puerta de la carne*, and there the brother dug a grave, and buried it seven feet deep, and laid a stone on the top to commemorate the intolerance and bad faith of the Sevillaños.

CHAP. XII.

Arrival at Gibraltar. Gibraltar Cathedral. Alameda.
Cobbler's Garden. Galleries and Batteries. S. Michael's Cave.
Jews of Gibraltar.

It is a most disappointing thing to one who has been accustomed to associate shadowy notions of grandeur and majesty, with the names of the Columns of Hercules, Calpe, and Gibraltar, to arrive in the bay during the prevalence of an east wind. The east wind is the great enemy of the inhabitants of the south of Spain, from the many noxious effects produced by it; and on the day of my arrival, it had wreathed the mighty Rock before me with a blanket of vapour, shewing only here and there a frowning piece of granite, while the whole of the distant view, the hills of Spain to the north, and the hills of Africa to the south, with the blue Mediterranean flowing between me and them, were totally obscured from view. Under these conditions the rock of Gibraltar was of no more imposing appearance than the cliffs of Fresh-

water enveloped in a sea-fog; for in either case the imagination, it is true, had full range, but the testimony of sight was wanting.

After a time, however, the envious fog cleared away, and there stood the impregnable citadel, the key of the Mediterranean, bursting boldly up from the sea, except on the north side, where it is joined to Spain by a little flat neck of land, across which the English and Spanish lines stretch with a small space of neutral ground lying between them. Gibraltar runs due southwards in the direction of Africa, dividing the Mediterranean proper to the east from the bay of Algeciras to the west. On a little hill to the north beyond the neutral ground lies the white town of San Roque, and in the distance in the same direction appear the hills of Gaucin and Ronda. The town of Gibraltar nestles on the shore of the harbour underneath the cliff, flanked on the right by the green Alameda, and on the left by an old Moorish castle, now used as a prison. It is difficult to say which look most threatening, the treacherous holes with which the side of the rock is bored, or the vicious guns which are seen peeping and peering over the summits and open points.

A Sunday occurring a few days after our arrival, I offered my services to the Archdeacon, with whom I was, through a third person, already in a manner acquainted, and at his request preached

in the morning at the Cathedral. A strange building is this same Cathedral. The only style to which it can be referred is Church-wardens-Moorish style. Its arches are horse-shoed, but without ornament, and the roof is a plain smooth white plaistered ceiling. The sums spent upon this hideous erection were I believe very large, so that it cannot be excused on grounds of economy; and one is reduced to the conclusion, that in the year 1830, there were people who thought that such doors and windows as these had something in common with the magnificent arches of the Mosque of Cordova, or the Gate of Justice at Granada. The echo is so bad, that the preacher feels that he is, with but little metaphor, almost eating his words; they come back upon him with such violence from all parts of the Church. On returning to the Vestry at the conclusion of the Communion Service, we found an Italian waiting, who was desirous of instruction, and of being admitted into the Reformed Branch of the Church. Such communications from Spaniards, and even from Spanish Priests, as has been before mentioned, are not unfrequent, so great a distrust of the doctrines of their own Church has its reckless mixture of unfounded legend and God's Truth produced. Proselytism is not the vocation or the desire of the authorities of the English Church at Gibraltar,

but of course when souls crave instruction in her doctrines, such instruction is not refused.

On Sunday afternoon, the bank of the Alameda is the favourite walk for the towns-people. This is a spot which did not at all square with my preconceived ideas of stern grey threatening Gibraltar. In the Alameda itself there are some very fine trees, and above it rises the steep bank ending at the summit in precipitous grey crags, which the monkeys inhabit in an east wind. The lower part of this bank is dressed with all sorts of tropical plants, in a profusion of differently shaped leaves and bright coloured blossoms. Masses of geranium blossoms, with the prickly pear, the cork tree, the aloe, and numberless other shrubs, among which almost labyrinthine paths wind their way gradually up the hill, make one of the most delightful gardens, where but twenty-five years ago there was nothing but barren grey rock and broken ground and desert sand.

Through these green and shady delights we made our way along the side of the Rock, mistaking each prominent stone and every goat that made its appearance at the summit, for one of the far-famed monkeys, (which however refused in propriâ personâ to appear,) till we reached the Cobbler's Garden, and looked with no little interest on the curious ways in which the old man's idiosyncrasy

had developed itself^a. We met him on his own domain, and entered into conversation with him, from which it appeared, that ever since the year 1827, this had been his chief abode. Twenty-four years ago he retired from the town, which was at the time afflicted with a contagious disease, and, as he said, pitched his camp on this deserted spot. With great labour he cleared himself a small space, and made a little hut, where he lived undiscovered, and that in Gibraltar, for a number of years. When he was discovered, the maxim of possession being nine points of the law, was acted upon, and he was granted possession of the spot for his lifetime; and here the half-crazed old man sets up broken pots, kettles, and figure heads, as ornaments to his territories. And for twenty-four active, busy, scheming years he has been thus employed.

No one leaves Gibraltar without having paid a visit to the Galleries and Batteries. In spite of the east wind, which had again rolled its wreath of fog over the summits of the Rock, I procured an order, and under the guidance of an intelligent English soldier, visited the wonderful excavations. The side toward the mainland is fully commanded, but they must be but plunging balls from such a height. More real work I should suppose would be done by the less showy batteries below, which rake the whole surface. The eastern side of

^a Vide *supra*, Chap. V.

the Rock towards the Mediterranean is wholly inaccessible, and no amount of prize-money which has been offered has induced any, even of the sappers and miners, to mount the precipice, although supplied with ropes and ladders, and not expecting the welcome of musket, pike, and cutlass above. The attempt has more than once been made, but never with success. One man there was, so at least the soldiers delight to report, who could in some unknown manner find his way into the impregnable fortress, without leave of governor or guards. He had some secret ingress and egress which he would reveal to no one, and tales are told how at gun-fire he was left outside the fortifications by a sentinel, and how the latter proceeded to his quarters, and presently there appeared among his comrades the very man whom he had left without, and the sentinel on guard vowed that none had entered since gun-fire, and cajolement and threats were in vain made use of; he kept his mysterious knowledge to himself. "And I believe, sir," said the corporal, "he was drowned in the Liffy, and so his secret perished with him." As long as England is mistress of the seas, it is impossible that she can lose Gibraltar, except by gross carelessness, by treachery, or by mutiny; three things which look little likely at present, however much the pride of the Spaniard, and the ambition of the Frenchman, may desire them.

From the Galleries, a path leads across the heights to S. Michael's Cave, a yawning arched opening into the honeycombed interior of the great Rock, wide enough to enter and walk about in at the mouth, but sinking down very soon into well-like abysses. It is of the same nature as the famous grotto of Adelsberg, between Trieste and Laybach, but unequal to it in the majestic and imposing magnificence for which the latter is renowned. Again and again, adventurers are let down to find some resting-place for the sole of their feet, but they never yet have found more than a ledge, beyond which the abyss sinks away perhaps to the level of the sea, or indeed, if legends are to be believed, still lower. For, according to tradition, this is the entrance to a secret passage, which running through "the Domdaniel Caverns under the roots of the Ocean," emerges again to daylight amongst the hills of Ceuta, under the sky of Africa: and it is by this passage that the monkeys make their way backwards and forwards between Europe and Africa: and this is why they are found no where else in Spain, and often are not to be seen here, for at any moment they have the power of retiring to their kinsmen on the opposite coast: and each monkey when he dies is carried in procession by his mourning relatives by this means to Apes' Hill; and that

is the reason why no dead bodies or skeletons of monkeys are found in Gibraltar. And the Moors add, that some day, when the time fixed by Allah shall have arrived, the African believers are to discover the submarine pathway, and suddenly they are to burst forth from the Cave of S. Michael, and in the might and name of Allah and the Prophet, fall upon the infidel dogs who have deprived them of their terrestrial Paradise, the Island of Andaluz, revenge all the wrongs and indignities of their religion and their race, again take possession of the sacred Cordova, the ravishing Granada, and the sumptuous Seville, while Mosque, Palace, and Giralda echo forth once more the symbol of their faith, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet." But this is not to be till the submarine passage is found, and we may rest secure that it will not be *till* then. Meantime, however, the Moors of Tetuan still keep the keys of their houses in Granada, and hand them down as precious heirlooms to their descendants, waiting with Oriental patience till the fated time come.

On my way back, I noticed that my guide stopped, and looked wistfully at a spot of ground; and I asked him what it was that interested him. "This is where the Jews were formerly buried, Señor," he said. I had previously marked the way in

which the Israelites are fain to point out to strangers the resting-place of their ancestors. In Constantinople the same thing had occurred; and at Smyrna my Jew guide had very naturally, but much to my indignation when I discovered it, taken me to see the sepulchres of his people, as an object of greater interest than the remains of the old Amphitheatre in which S. Polycarp's martyrdom took place. So I at once concluded that my companion was a Jew, and a glance at his physiognomy confirmed my conjecture. He was, he said, of the family of Cohen, of the Tribe of Levi, and his grandfather had been the Chief Priest at Gibraltar. 'What other Tribes,' I asked, 'were represented by the present Jews?' 'Judah, Benjamin, and half the Tribe of Levi, still existed.' 'And the other nine and a half Tribes?' 'They were in existence somewhere, but no one knew where, and on the appointed day they would be revealed, and all would gather together again at Jerusalem, and none would be allowed to remain in the Holy City except Jews only.' 'And when that occurs,' I said, 'we believe that you will be no longer Jews, but Christians.' He shook his head, and muttered, No, no. They read the Law, he told me, in the synagogue on the Sabbath twice, and on Mondays and Thursdays once, the Prophets only once a week. I tried to see if he would acknowledge the typical nature of his religion; 'why, for example, was the Paschal lamb commanded to

be sacrificed ?' 'Only as a sacrifice.' 'But was it not typical and foreshadowing of something else ?' 'No; the lamb was ordered to be killed, in order to mark the difference between Jews and Egyptians: the latter worshipped creatures, and consequently the former were ordered to kill them, to shew how little respect they had for them. Since their great persecution, the Jew had almost wholly disappeared from Spain.'

CHAP. XIII.

Gibraltar to Granada. Spanish non-washing. Children in Salamis. The Manta. San Roque. The Guadiaro. Similarity between Greece and Spain. Unsophisticated character of some of the poor. Burial of Protestants in Spain: Question of Tolerance. Ronda. José Maria. His method of ingratiating himself with the poor. Of bribing the soldiers. Terms made by him with Government. His death. His amulets. Balberan and present Banditti. Juéves de Dolores. Funeral. Posada de Jesu Nazareno. Loja. Vega of Granada. Sierra Nevada. Granada.

As long as a traveller is still at Gibraltar, he feels but on the threshold of his journey, and this feeling alone is enough to produce a desire to get off. Accordingly it was with feelings in which pleasure predominated that we set off for Granada, in spite of rain, wind, and dismal prognostications, that the river between San Roque and Gaucin would be too much swoln to cross. We numbered five in party, S. and myself, H., Nicola our guide, and Roque, whose business it was to look after the baggage-horse. This same Roque continued with us for the space of three weeks, and towards the end of that time, as we were drawing

near to Seville, having marked the same spots or rather encrustments of mud upon his stockingless legs and sallow face, day after day we asked Nicola when it was that his companion had last washed. "A day or two before we set off with your worships," answered he, in a most grave tone. "And not once since?" "No, Señor." "And when will he apply water to himself again?" "Perhaps when he gets home." The Spanish abhorrence of baths, may possibly be referred to their traditional abomination of the Moslems, whose frequent ablutions are a part of their religion. The same cause may have had the same effect in Greece. Certainly in both countries the phenomenon is the same, nor shall I easily forget the amazement produced in the minds of a dozen children in Colouri, the chief town of Salamis, when I promised them a certain fraction of a drachma each on condition of their washing their faces. At first the proposal was met with mute astonishment; but by and by a little coaxing made a merry saucy-looking little girl run off to the water, and come back with a smiling and clean countenance. Her example and consequent reward soon made the rest think it great fun to do likewise, and I went away congratulating myself, that I had been the cause of their learning the detergent qualities of water as applied to the human skin. On Roque, however, neither argu-

ment, precept, nor ridicule could have any effect. Never once were his clothes taken off, never once was water applied to his person, unless possibly at Granada, from this morning to the day when he left us after our arrival in three weeks' time at Seville. Nicola was dressed in the *manta*, a rude but not unserviceable covering, in shape like a blanket or rug, made of a rough cloth-like material, in party-coloured stripes, having in the centre a round hole, through which the head is passed, while the two long ends stretch out towards the horse's ears and tail. It will only serve for horse-back-travelling, and often have we seen poor Nicola struggling vainly with it, when he has unwarily let himself down thus dressed to the ground in a high wind. First one end, then the other, was banged over his face, and the appearance presented was that of a pair of arms struggling desperately in the coils of a living and furious rug, from within the folds of which proceeded volleys of good round mouth-filling oaths, such as only Spaniards or Italians could emit.

Gibraltar has of course only one side on which it can be left, and through the gate on this side we passed, and crossed the English and Spanish lines. Englishmen often dwell on the extreme contrast observable between the English and Spanish sentinels, in their equipment and soldier-like appearance. This however was not at present the

case, whether accidentally, or owing to an improvement in the Spanish lines, I know not.

The first part of our journey lay along the sands of the bay of Algeciras, from which we presently turned off and made for San Roque, a favourite summer residence of Englishmen connected with the Rock, but still retaining for the most part its Spanish slipshod character. Its position on a low hill is very good.

Now it so happened that Nicola was a native of San Roque, and that Nicola's house and wife and children were at San Roque. Consequently it very naturally occurred to Nicola, that if he could retain us for a day at San Roque, and receive his hire for his services and horses just the same as though he were travelling, it would be a most desirable arrangement on his part. With a view to this end, he had, previously to our starting from Gibraltar, suggested, that there was a river between San Roque and Gaucin, which the late rains might have made impassable. Now that we were arrived at San Roque, he opened his second battery, declaring that from the state of the little brooks that we had passed, he had little doubt that it was quite useless to go on, and we should only have to return. However, the lion in our way would, we thought, disappear on our facing him, so *vamos!* let us at least try: at all events, we should not become better off by waiting there for it to swell still

higher, and *por la calle de despues se va a la casa de nunca*. "The street of By-and-by leads to the house of Never." Accordingly we jogged on, but Nicola had not yet given up his purpose. It was so much in accordance with the Spanish do-nothing, *no se puede*, character, that one more device must be tried. When we had travelled about half the distance between this bug-bear of a river and San Roque, we met a man on foot, with whom Nicola pulled up, and had a long jabber in Andalusian. Presently he overtook me again; "Señor, the gentleman with whom I have been talking says, that it is impossible to pass the river." "Has he come from it?" "Yes, Señor." "Where did he start from this morning?" "From Gaucin, Señor." "Why he must have crossed it himself then." "Yes, Señor, but it was swelling then, and will have grown much larger now." "*Vamos!*" "*Bueno;*" and then and there Nicola found out, that if he was to succeed, his little private ends must be covered somewhat more speciously, and his appeal must be to difficulties less easy to grapple with, than the apprehension of a swollen river. To do him justice, he profited by the lesson. His private ends were not given up, but his plan of operations was henceforth more clever.

This same stream is a branch of the Guadiaro, a river which rises not far from Ronda, and empties itself into the Mediterranean some miles above

Gibraltar. As was to be expected, we found no difficulty whatever in crossing it by a large ferry-boat, which transported both us and our beasts; according to the custom of countries where engineering has not been employed, the path for the greater part of the day was along the banks of the river, in the valley through which the waters flow down from the hills.

We were now fairly off for Granada, and our two first days' ride was perhaps the most beautiful of any that we enjoyed in Spain. The hills of Gaucin and Ronda will compete with most ranges, and Sierras for outline, if not height; and the lights and shades gave them a new complexion each moment, thus more than making up for the frequent bursts of rain which came sweeping down upon us. The similarity of the scenery, the country, the ways of the country, and the method of travelling, to what existed and was practised in Greece, was most striking. Indeed, the two countries seem on almost all points to be about on a level of cultivation, physical and moral. There were the same hills as those of Arcadia, the same trees, the same rivers along which we ambled on the same kind of horses: there were the same paths, with the very same paving stones, which ought to be laid flat, tossed up here into heaps, there leaving holes in which an English horse would infallibly break his leg before he had gone twenty yards:

there was Roque singing the same songs at the top of his voice, without a vestige of a tune in them, which Athanasi' sang between Megalopolis and Sparta: there was Nicola jogging on in front, at the same excruciating half-trot pace, with which Andréa Prindisi tortured us in the Peloponnesus: before arriving at Gaucin, which we did just after dark, we had to climb up a thoroughly Grecian stair-case-like road, to which Astley's flights of steps are a mere nothing, and then we came to the very counterpart of a Grecian Khan, called in these parts a *Posada*. Had it not been for the *manta* and unmistakeable *sombrero* in place of the red *fez* and white kilt-like *fustianella* of the Albanian costume, I could have believed myself in Greece again.

In the evening, our host of the *Posada de la Paz* came in, lit his cigar, and made himself agreeable; a fine unsophisticated honest-hearted man, one of nature's gentlemen, such as one still finds lingering in the corners of Spain and Italy. The species is dying out, and necessarily both on account of the spread of the spirit of questioning, and on account of the increased demands constantly made by the Roman Church on the faith of its members. Simple-hearted trust and belief is a necessary element in such a character, and consequently each dogma added to the Faith, each "new invention decreed by our Father" the Pope, as Mr. Faber terms it, di-

minishes the numbers of these believing ones. In the morning our friend took us to the Moorish tower, which here, as in many parts of Andalusia, overhangs the town. It is now occupied by a few Spanish soldiers, who have desecrated the Chapel by using it for their barrack-room. In one part of the grounds inclosed by the wall was a small monument, erected to a Mr. Smith in 1849. "He was not buried with us," said mine host as he pointed it out, "because he was not a Christian." "Cristiano si, Romano Catolico no," I answered. He did not see any difference: "Si Señor, Romano Catolico no, Cristiano no." As has been shewn above, in the letters from Seville, it has been only a very few years since any but a Roman Catholic corpse has been allowed to rest in Spain, in any ground, whether consecrated or unconsecrated. At Malaga, the dead were only allowed to be placed upright in the sand below low water mark. "In 1662," says Ford, "Mr. Hole, secretary of the Ambassador Lord Digby, having died at Santander, the body was not allowed to be buried at all: it was put into a shell, and sunk in the sea: but no sooner was his lordship gone, than 'the fishermen,' we quote from Somers' Tracts, 'fearing that they should catch no fish as long as the coffin of a heretic lay in their waters,' fished it up, 'and the corpse of our countryman and brother was thrown above ground, to be devoured by the fowls of the air.'"

It was not till 1831 that permission was graciously conceded by Ferdinand VII, for the setting apart of "Protestant Burial Grounds*."

The path from Gaucin led us through fine mountain scenery, winding round hill after hill,

* Whether tolerance is right or wrong, is an open question. M. Veuillot, the Editor of the *Univers*, the avowed organ and representative of the politico-religious views of the Ultramontane party, thinks it wrong; and in the month of August, 1851, thus expresses himself on this subject. "Pour-moi ce que je regrette, je l'avoue franchement, c'est qu'on n'ait pas brûlé Jean Hus plus tôt et qu'on n'ait pas également brûlé Luther, c'est qu'il ne soit pas trouvé quelque prince assez pieux et assez politique pour mouvoir me croisade contre les Protestants." Nor on representations being made to him, can he find any fault with the above sentence, except on philological grounds. This spirit legitimately developed itself in Spain in the measures of the Inquisition, and naturally pursued its foes even beyond the grave. A defence of the principles of persecution is intelligible; but when Dr. Newman argues, that England is as intolerant as Spain, Italy, and Sicily, nay more, that "the religion which forbids private judgment in matters of Revelation, (a curious and adroit periphrasis for Romanism,) is *historically more tolerant* than the religion which upholds it," one is at a loss to know why he should assert what all history, down to the Allocution of Pope Pius on Spain, in September last, emphatically denies. "The Roman Church," says an Article in the *Guardian* of Aug. 1851, "in the most authoritative way she can, by the voice of Canonists, by the bulls of Popes, by uniform practice, does stand at this moment, fairly, positively, directly, committed to the theory of persecution. It would be the phrenzy of lying to deny it. It is the system of Roman Catholic countries. Talk of the theory of toleration! it is not understood there. They think it infidelity."

between which violent bursts of rain from time to time descended upon our heads. In the afternoon we reached the more than picturesque, the magnificently situated Ronda. Not a word of superfluous praise or admiration has been bestowed upon the mighty chasm through which the Guadalvin makes its way, after it has encircled the town with its girdle of waters, and the bridge which spans its 300 feet of width, and the arch hanging 600 feet above the Moorish hills beneath, and the cascade, and the glorious view from the extremity of the Alameda, over the valley and hills far away. Ronda is the scene of Captain Milman's Tale of the Wayside Cross; and has ever been the head quarters of bandits and smugglers. It was here that José Maria betook himself after he had shot an officer who attempted to arrest him, and with the money found in the officer's saddle, formed his invincible band of associates. From hence to Loja, which is at the entrance of the Vega of Granada, we were travelling through the heart of José's old dominions, and many stories did we hear of him from his loving and admiring subjects. He is still the hero of the peasantry, and there is a charm about his name like that of our own Robin Hood or Rob Roy. During his lifetime José always took care to make the poor his friends, and after his death they have not forgotten him. The following is an instance of the

means he took of ingratiating himself with them. He met a man trudging sadly along the road, who had once been an *arriero*, and known for cheerfulness and merriment. José presented himself before him in a threatening manner, and desired him to stand and deliver. The *arriero*—*cantabit vacuus*—replied, that he had nothing but his life, and he was welcome to that. ‘What was he so downcast about?’ ‘He had lost his beast, which was to him his livelihood.’ ‘Well,’ said José, ‘do you know such and such a farm?’ ‘Si Señor.’ ‘Go there, and buy a mule which is there for sale.’ ‘But, Señor, I have no money.’ ‘Here is the amount: only bring me back the receipt. Quick! Begone!’ By-and-by the man returned with his mule, gave José the receipt, and threw himself on his knees before him in gratitude. ‘*Vaya vmd. con Dios*,’ said José, motioning him off on his journey. The man departed, and our hero quietly took his way to the farm house, and sent in a message, that José Maria de Hinojosa required so many dollars. The farmer protested that he had scarcely a dollar in the house, upon which José politely handed him the receipt, and the farmer was glad silently to refund the price of his mule, and give José a little over for his trouble.

José never harmed the poor, and consequently as they had no notion of law, they were always on his side, and gave him warning when danger

threatened. He bribed the police and soldiers freely, and so there remained few who were very eager for his capture. His method of persuading the military was as follows. On learning that a company was at a neighbouring village in search of him, he would stay quietly where he was for the night, and in the morning make up a parcel of doubloons, and leave them in his room with his *rubrica*, lock the door, and tell the master of the house, that if any one went into that room before the commander of the soldiers, he, José Maria, would blow his, the master's, brains out. He then rode off, and sent a confederate to give information, that, last night, José Maria was in such and such a house. No efforts of the Government at capturing him succeeded, and at last, as Lord of Andalusia, he made a treaty with the King his brother. José bound himself to give up his marauding habits, refuse assistance to all rebels, and root out the brigands of Andalusia: the King granted him full pardon of past offences, a pension, and a command over his old associates, now recognised as pillars of the Throne. One of these companions, however, after a while bethought him, that the old freebooting life was best, and again took to the mountains and woods. José, who had already begun most vigorous measures for extirpating marauders, turned his arms against him, pursued him to a lone house where he had

taken refuge, and in the moment of his success was shot dead by a bullet from his old companion's musket. The Priests were an object of José's great abomination. "One thing he did," said my informant with a demure face, but eyes twinkling with enjoyment, "which was very bad. He one day stopped the Diligence, and there were inside it four Priests rather stout in person: José made them get out, unharnessed the horses, and put the Priests in their place, mounted the box, and pretended to be about to use the whip:" then followed a description of the four fat Priests attempting to move the Diligence, the graphic nature of which an ungesticulating Englishman can scarcely conceive. Yet José was not without a certain kind of religion. He never went abroad without an Image of La Virgen de Dolores de Cordova on his breast, and to it, according to the testimony of Ford, who knew him personally, he attributed his constant escapes; just as the Italian Banditti, if Mr. Mc Farlane is to be believed, wear ordinarily a silver heart of the Madonna.

José's associates numbered from twelve to twenty in force. There is at present upon the same line of road another party, headed by two daring chiefs, who follow the great hero's steps on a smaller scale. Their names are Balberan and Samarro, so at least their names sounded, for I have no written documents to verify my ortho-

graphy. They are well mounted, and will admit only three comrades; the peasantry are their friends; some of the Guardias Civiles are bribed, and the others cannot capture them; and so they rule as they will, seldom or never molesting foreigners, and having some very fine points of character about them—which in a country in the condition of Spain is easily compatible with their profession—but nevertheless stained with the commission of some frightfully cruel deeds. The cause of their leader's taking to the road was, that in his native town he, like many another Spaniard, had stabbed a man in a passionate brawl; he had not money enough to buy off justice, which is the approved way of doing things in Spain, and in consequence fled, and entered upon a José Maria-like career.

It happened that it was *Juèves de Dolores*, i. e. Thursday of the Grievs of our Lady, which is the Thursday previous to Holy Week, and the Church of Campillos, which was our resting-place for the night, being open, I went into it. There was no Service going on, but owing to the day, there was placed in the nave a large Image of S. Mary, dressed in gaudy attire, and standing upon a half moon. Before it a number of women were kneeling in adoration. The Church was quiet and darkened. Presently afterwards, as I was walking through the town, I saw a funeral procession approach the

Church, and returned in order to witness the Service. The women were all gone; the only persons present were a Priest, a Sub-Deacon, and two Singing Boys, besides one or two other boys, who, in the intervals of a game at hide-and-seek behind the columns, came and joined in a Kyrie Eleison, and then ran off again. No friends were present, and not even the bearers remained in the Church during the Service. We slept during the night at the *Posada de Jesu Nazareno*, a name similar to the *Caf  au P re Eternel* in Rouen, and numberless others.

The next day brought us to Loja, situated at the western opening of the Vega of Granada, where the plain country is narrowed to a strip by the Sierra Susana on the north, and an advancing spur of the long range of hills which runs parallel to the sea above Malaga to the south.

Through this pass the Genil, which is fed by the snows of Sierra Nevada, makes its way out of the Vega, and flows on to the Guadalquivir, which it joins about half way between Cordova and Seville. From Loja we found a broad macadamized road, along which carriages could pass with ease, and some did pass us, lumbering noisy vehicles, whose novel appearance drove our horses almost wild. Every time that they came near we had a battle to fight, which generally ended in a bolt past the dreaded object in one steed, and a violent kicking

in the other. About twelve o'clock, travelling in an easterly direction, we came in sight of the Sierra Nevada, "crowned long ago" the Queen of Sierras, by her dazzling "diadem of snow," the virgin beauty of which was as yet unmarred by the summer's heat, and was glistening under the bright sun and the deep blue sky. Four hours' ride from this point brought us, after passing through Santa Fé, which, poor and wretched as it is, still seems to speak of Ferdinand and Isabel, and the Triumph of the Cross, to Granada, the city of the Alhambra, the last stronghold of the Moorish kings in Andalusia.

CHAP. XIV.

Murder of a Smuggler. Escape of his son. Spanish nonchalance. Concealment of scandals. Cathedral of Granada. Arrangement of Spanish Churches. Procession on Palm Sunday. The Miserere. Thursday night. Morning of Good Friday. Value of compulsory Conformity. Scepticism. State of Spain. Sabado Santo. Scene in the Cathedral. General Dog persecution. Anticipation of Easter.

THE first piece of news that greeted us at Granada was not encouraging in its nature. "Señor, a man was killed yesterday." I knew enough of Spanish ways of speaking to be aware, that a man being killed did not mean by accidental death, as it probably would in an Englishman's mouth, but that a murder or homicide had been committed. The latter phrase would be too unpolite, where such little occurrences take place so commonly. "How did it happen?" I asked. "Why, Señor, there was a smuggler who came with his son to Granada, and put up at one of the Posadas. In the evening he drank rather too freely, and presently began to brag that smuggling was a good

trade, that no smugglers need be poor; and being urged on by his companions, at last he avowed that he had 200 dollars with him at that moment: his suspicions, with which a Spaniard when travelling is generally well armed, being lulled to sleep by the potent influence of wine. The following day he set off with his son, on his journey to Jaen, forgetting the revelations of the previous evening. The keeper of the Posada and his brother-in-law, however, had not forgotten them, and took care to set off in the same direction some hours before, and station themselves at a convenient post, in an unfrequented part of the road. The smuggler arrived, they had disguised themselves, and attempted to rob without 'killing;' however, resistance was made, a scuffle ensued, and the smuggler was shot. The boy in the confusion made his escape. The two men then began to rifle the body of their victim, and found to their dismay that he had no money whatever upon him, and that their crime had been committed to no end, for the boy had gone off with all the money. The poor boy did not know the country, and being left desolate by his father's death, he fled back to Granada, returned to the same Posada, and told his tale to the woman who was alone there. The woman commiserated his misfortune, bid him now feel secure, and desired him to remain in the room into which she shewed

him, taking care to bolt it outside, while she represented the case to the Police. After a while the two men came back, and began to lament their ill-luck in having missed the 200 dollars. The woman bid them not distress themselves, for they had the means in their own hands of remedying their mistake; and they then took counsel together how they should put the boy out of the way as soon as it should be night, and conceal his body by means of an oven that they had in the house, and appropriate the coveted gold. The boy overheard the plot as he sat trembling in his room. Terror sharpened his intellects, and on trial he found, that by taking off almost all his clothes he could squeeze himself through the window. Quickly and silently he took off his jacket, in the lining of which the precious gold was concealed, and laid it upon the floor, raised himself up to the window, as it was already growing dark, and by some efforts wormed himself through the aperture. Quietly he dropped to the ground, and then at full speed darted off along the street. In a short time he fell in with some guardias, who demanded his tale. He told his story, described the house, conducted them to it, and there they captured the two men and the woman sitting at the fire, and in the little room found the jacket and the gold." "And are they to be hung?" "*Quien sabe, Señor?* If they have money enough to bribe the Judge, they will come out of prison almost when they like."

I should add, that having heard the story from one quarter only, I had serious doubts as to its authenticity, thinking that its very atrocity must have made all Granada ring with it. Accordingly I made enquiries about it of one or two persons, and the answer that I received was, that "it was very likely, that it was not a thing at all out of the way, no one thought much of such occurrences in Spain, it was *na-a*, Spaniards did not talk of such things much." In short, it was thought no more of than an ordinary burglary in London. So true is the remark of Ford, that a murder is an "occurrence scarcely noticed in the newspapers, so much is it a matter of course; but crimes which call forth a second edition, and double sheet in our papers, are slurred over on the continent, for foreigners conceal what we most display." It should never be forgotten, that this is true with regard to ecclesiastical scandals, as well as political and social crimes^a.

The morning after our arrival was Palm Sunday, and I therefore got up early in the morning, and went to the Cathedral in order to see the procession of Palms. The Cathedral of Granada, dedicated to S. Mary, is very large, and has some

^a See what persecutions the reforming Bishop Scipio de Ricci was made to undergo at the hands of Pius VI. and the Dominicans, for taking measures which necessarily published to the world the iniquities of the Tuscan Convents.

fine features about it, such as height and massiveness, which produce a majestic appearance; but beyond this there is nothing. It is in a sort of Renaissance style. All Spanish Churches present one great peculiarity to the eye of an Ecclesiologist, to which allusion has been already made. This is the position of the Choir. In large Cathedrals, the Choir is as it were dropped down into the centre of the nave: its shape is oblong, its sides consist of high heavy wooden walls. Inside this huge enclosure sit the Priest, the Choristers, and ecclesiastical persons, while performing the ordinary services. Between the eastern wall of the Choir (which is generally low) and the Sacrarium intervenes a large space, which is allotted to the laity for their position. But it is of course necessary that the Priests should have the power of passing from the Choir to the Altar, and for this purpose there is a passage guarded by low rails leading from one to the other. Either side of this passage is laid with matting, and is occupied by women, who sit closely packed together on the floor, in a sort of female-Turkish fashion: outside of the women stand the men. The Sacrarium is generally guarded by altar rails. In smaller Churches the Choir is quite at the west end; then the place for the laity, and then the Sacrarium, the first and last being as usual united by the passage. This seems to shew, that the

position of the Clergy nearest to the Altar was never universal, and that it is but a positive not a moral law that stations them there. *Valeat quantum* in favour of the Oratorians *versus* Pugin, and in favour of our admission of the laity into our Choirs.

The Benediction of the Palm Branches had taken place when I drew near the Altar, and their distribution was about to take place. The See being vacant, there was no Bishop present, but the Dean officiated in his stead. He took the Branches in his hand, and presented them one by one to such as came up the passage for them. First came the Clergy and Ecclesiastical Personages, and then some representatives of the laity. Each as he received the palm kissed it and the hand of the dispenser. The procession then formed, the ecclesiastics preceding the Dean; and the laymen following, and marched down the nave, and made its exit by one of the west doors. The doors were then closed, the head of the procession made a circuit, and reached the outside of the other west door. Here they stopped, and those within and those without responded to each other with several chanted versicles, after which the Subdeacon struck the doors with the bottom of his cross, on which they were immediately thrown open, and the procession returned to the Altar.

On Wednesday night I returned to the Cathe-

dral at the time of the singing of the Miserere. It was not sweetly or solemnly sung, not nearly so pleasantly as at Malta, where I listened to it last year. The recollection of last year's plaintive strains remained in my mind, and the present performance was disappointing. I have no great love for fiddles and violoncellos in Churches, and if there must be fiddles and violoncellos, I still less like to see the fiddlers and violoncello-players fiddling and playing inside the Altar rails, with a man standing in a very conspicuous position, with his back to the Altar, beating time with violent gesticulations. The performance was more noisy than touching, and loud without being majestic. The audience behaved as people ordinarily do behave at a concert. Some were sitting down and listening, some sitting down and talking, the majority were walking about in parties of twos and threes and fours, conversing in a repressed but not low-tone. The appearance was very like that displayed by the Volksgarthen at Vienna, when Straus's band plays. Meantime a number of boards fixed along the walls announced, that whoever thus walked about and conversed incurred thereby excommunication.

Perhaps the most striking appearance was presented on Thursday night. Cathedral, Chapel Royal, and Sagrario were lighted magnificently from top to bottom. At the conclusion of the

Miserere no general ceremony took place, but still the Church continued crowded with people. Some were occupied in prayer and meditation, some in walking and talking, most in visiting Altars and Chapels, thereby laying up for themselves a store of Indulgences. In Spain it is not unusual for a person in authority to send invitations to his friends to join him in a round of such visits. Thus, as we were in the Cathedral in the afternoon, we saw the Captain-General of Granada, accompanied by a number of his officers, to whom he had sent invitations, enter on one side, pay visits to several Altars, and then go out on the other in his way to more Churches.

On the next morning, which was Good Friday, I went out by myself between seven and eight, and falling in with A. made my way to the Chapel of a convent, where a few nuns still linger on. Before going into the Church, A. said to me, "Señor, you will not object to go through the superstitious ceremony of crossing yourself? Do as I do." He went in, he knelt down, he crossed himself, he appeared sunk in devotion, he rose, he seated himself. We waited three quarters of an hour, and then as there was no service, owing to one of the three required Priests being not forthcoming, we went out. As A. passed the Altar, he made a low genuflexion, again went down on his knees, crossed himself devoutly, and retired. Im-

mediately that we were outside, "Did you go through the foolish superstitious ceremony, Señor?" he asked with a bitter Mephistophiles-like look upon his face, which shewed that his heart had been nearer cursing than praying. I indignantly told him, that the most ignorant believer there was in a better frame of mind than he was, and asked him how he could dare go through such a mockery? "Ah Señor," he answered, shrugging his shoulders, "what would you have? every body in Spain must be a *puro Cristiano*, i. e. *Catolico Romano*, so many keep their thoughts to themselves, and lay their fingers on their lips. Spaniards dare not express themselves freely. Formerly, had they done so, they would have been thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition. I myself was brought up before the Bishop, because two Englishmen with me did not kneel at the Elevation; but the Bishop was a good man, and did nothing but rebuke me. And now," dropping his voice, "no one knows for what he may find himself in the prisons of the State. Only let Espartero come into power once more, and then we shall see a change, and we shall have him, Señor, in time^b." He then burst into a torrent of

^b "On the Continent, the State prohibits the very choice of a religion altogether. At this moment it is the law of Spain, that he who shall publicly apostatize from the Catholic Religion, shall be perpetually banished. Throughout Italy it is a matter

abuse against the Spanish Clergy, narrated several shocking facts, for the correctness of which he declared he could vouch on personal knowledge; 'that very priest to whom I had yesterday given a peseta was leading an immoral life, &c.' 'Had not,' I asked him, 'spoliation and consequent poverty had a good effect on the morals of the Priesthood?' 'Yes, they did not make such a show now, but the evil still remained.'

As I walked home pondering over the scene above described, three or four propositions formed themselves into shape in my mind. The first was, that if A. was a specimen of the effects of compulsory conformity, the value of compulsory conformity was not great^c. The second, that there might be greater abuses connected with a celibate clergy than I had desired to believe^d.

of imprisonment, and penalties of all sorts, for a man to leave the Roman Church. Do they not prop up their established system by force, and the arm of law? And what folly to suppose that they can conceal facts one way, by words another." Guard. Aug. 51.

^c "The Catholic Religion is so singly to flourish and be dominant in that kingdom, that every other worship is altogether removed and interdicted." Allocution of Sept. 5.

^d "I am very sceptical of the perfect correctness of Protestant Ministers, whether in the Establishment or in Dissent . . . But if matrimony does not prevent cases of immorality among Protestant Ministers, it is not celibacy which *causes* them among Catholic Priests Till then you can prove that celibacy *causes* what matrimony certainly does not prevent, you do nothing at all. It is the world, the flesh, and the Devil, not celibacy, which is the

The third was, that A, sceptical as he now had clearly become on many points, was more sinned against than sinning. He was not a scoffer by nature, for he had a warm heart, and he might have been a religious man. What was it that had driven him into being a sceptic, and a bitter enemy of the Church, of which he calls himself a member, but demands made upon his belief which Scripture has not sanctioned, and immoral life in the professors of Religion? The fourth was not a proposition but a perplexity; with what party is one to sympathize in this unhappy country? One extreme has produced the other. There is credulity and unbelief, but not Faith^e. Must it be that the ruin of those who fall." Lectures on Catholicism. Newman's readers know the difference between *cause* and *occasion*.

* "Where we find the peculiar influences of the Roman Church on the wane, we do not, I fear, discover others of a less objectionable character ready to replace them. It seems as though the evils in their unchecked operations eat away the moral vigour of humanity, and left it exhausted, and incapable of giving birth to any reorganizing principle. When the system loses hold on the educated and the noble, and on the active and influential portion of the population, it throws them into that alienation from Christianity, whose truths they have only seen in inseparable mixture with fiction and with servitude, and abandons them to licentiousness and unbelief, perhaps under the miserable compromise, rarely even under this, of an occasional conformity with the exterior observances of religion." Gladstone's *Church Principles*, p. 358. "Thus it seems to be the tendency of the Roman system, where it has unchecked dominion, to exclude and suppress reformation, until neither the evils nor their remedies can be endured." *Id.* p. 388.

whole land must be baptized with blood like France, before any thing healthy can spring up? And yet in France the blood has been poured forth freely enough, but there are few signs that it has served as a baptism. Perhaps there is a party, who will be referred to presently, which may yet save their country and their Church.

On Easter Eve, I again went out at half past eight a. m. and took my way by myself to the Cathedral. By nine o'clock, the whole of the immense building was crammed, so that to pass from one end of it to the other appeared a work of impossibility. A few minutes after nine o'clock a Priest began to read, and then followed the rending or rather sudden drawing aside of the curtain. Immediately there arose a deafening uproar through the Church. It seemed as though half the children of Granada had been brought there, and numbers of them armed with little bells or rattles, which were at once set going wildly, squibs were let off in every direction among people's legs, guns were fired off at the doors, bells were clattered, doors were slammed, shouts were raised, and in the midst of this din and tumult the doors were thrown open, and the people, having had their amusement, poured out in crowds.

Meantime outside the Cathedral for half an hour after the bells struck up, there was going on a general dog-persecution. This last *funcion* may

be, for aught I know, peculiar to Granada. It seems that worrying Jews is no longer either possible or allowable. Accordingly, for this half hour the unfortunate dogs have to stand in the place of and suffer for the Jews. The dogs are very numerous, being often, as in the east, homeless creatures, who serve as scavengers. Before the expected hour arrives, the boys of the city prepare heaps of enormous stones, and station themselves at corners where the sport is likely to be good; and the more knowing ones among them stretch cords across the lanes, one end of which they make fast, and the other they hold in their hands. Having thus made their preparations, they await the expected moment. Presently the bells ring out lustily. Immediately the poor dogs, who are probably lying asleep and all unconscious of what is going to happen to them, are saluted by volleys of stones from all quarters. They jump up in consternation, and begin to yelp, but finding no cessation of the storm of stones, they soon take to their legs, and run off where they can. Then is the height of the fun, then the stones and sticks fly thickest, then the crafty ones hold their cords ready, and when the dog, flying from the shower of missiles, runs across them, they suddenly pull up their ends, catch the dog between his fore and hind legs under the belly, and throw him up cleverly into the air, from which he probably descends upon his

back^f. On reaching the hotel I found S. boiling with indignation. "Have you seen the way in which they have been treating the dogs? Have you seen the stones they have been throwing at them? Have you seen them tossing them up into the air with cords?" There was something so quaint and ludicrous mixed up with the iniquity of this dog-persecution, that I could not help being half-amused, but it is a cruel and hard-hearted practice. Several dogs were killed, and when we left Granada the following Monday, we found a wretched creature limping along the road with a broken leg.

It is curious, that in the countries of both the Roman and Grecian Obedience, Easter should be anticipated by a day. They have no day of rest and peace when "now the worst is o'er." They immediately go from Good Friday to uproarious excitement, though in both countries the bodily fasting is supposed to continue till the Sunday. Every one to whom I happened to speak at Granada supposed the Saturday to be the Day of the Resurrection. If I asked, for example, why the bells were ringing between nine and ten on the morning of Easter-Eve, I was answered, Because JESUS CHRIST has come out of the Tomb. It was vain to suggest that it might have been Sunday morning on which the Resurrection took place: "*No, Señor, hoy,*" was the reply.

^f That these cords are always thus used on Easter Eve, I cannot be sure. The scene described took place in the present year.

CHAP. XV.

The Alhambra. The Moors and the Christians. Kingdom of Granada. District of the Alhambra. Horse-shoe arch. The Palace. Its Legends. The Generalife. The Torre de las Infantas. La Cartuja. Archbishop's Palace. Way-side murder Cross. Murder by two Guardias. Robber-dangers. Ride between Salona and Thermopylæ. Method of growing fat. Blue, Red, White, and Black Blood. Alamedas and Cafés. Whirlwind.

THE Alhambra—all honour to the magnificent old Moslem kings who raised it, and to Owen Jones and Murphy who have delineated it, and above all to Washington Irving who has saved from an untimely death its wondrous legends and stories in his inimitable *Tales of the Alhambra*. There is a charm about the name that few have not felt. And what thoughts is it not capable of awakening, of the mighty power of civilization of the Royal Dynasty that raised it. It is better to visit it now in the days of its decay, when ruin has laid its hand upon it, than when it shone in all its barbaric beauty; better to wander about its old

forsaken halls and patios, and call up scenes once enacted in them, than actually to have witnessed the splendours of the Mohammeds and the Yusefs, and the pride of the haughty Muley Aben Hasan and the lion-hearted El Zagal. Now we can afford to feel compassion and sympathy for the once glorious rulers of this enchanted palace, but when they were flaunting it in the pride of power, there would have been something else to do. Then every feeling, every thought, would have been on the side of the Cross struggling against the aggressive Crescent. In spite of the Moslem grandeur, does not all the poetry as well as the Christianity of the land go and dwell with Pelayo in his stern Asturian Mountains, where he and his made their stand against the insolent African in the hour of his triumph? Does it not follow his successors and the Christian Princes, as they wrested back their patrimony from the unbeliever? And who would not have added the weight of his right arm to drive back the infidels from a land, which so long had formed so goodly a heritage of the Cross? Very differently must the fortress of the Alhambra, inside which the Palace is situated, have shewn, when it was "capable of containing 40,000 within its walls and towers," and when "the city was surrounded by high walls three leagues in circuit, with twelve gates, and

fortified by a thousand and thirty towers^a." Now there remain here and there a few of the towers, to shew what it once was. *Fuit Ilium et ingens gloria.*

There is something in a vanquished cause which always enlists our sympathies. Who has not taken part with Hector and the Trojans against the Greeks, with Turnus against Æneas, with the Persians against Alexander, with Pompey against Cæsar? But in the case of the kingdom of Granada, there is something more than this general creative of sympathy. Granada was the last stronghold of the Moors, and owing to the length of time that they had been established in Spain, it becomes natural to overlook their true character, and put them rather in the place of the injured than the aggressors. It was not till 782 years after Taric's invasion that Granada fell before Ferdinand. But nevertheless, although the Moors thus kept their hold on Spain as long a time, within a few years, as has elapsed since the Norman Conquest of England, still throughout that time they kept up the character of foreigners and assailants. The Normans and the Saxons could coalesce, and absorb themselves one into the other. Religion, manners, race, pride, every thing, prevented this in the case of the Moors, and therefore they fell, and fell justly.

The district of the Alhambra is very much

^a Irving's Conquest of Granada.

larger than the Palace which stands in it. It is entered by an arch which leads into a very beautiful Alameda, where three walks run off divergently like the three streets from the Piazza del Popolo in Rome. The left hand walk soon brought us up to the Gate of Justice, *La torre de Justicia*, built by Yusuf I. in 1308. It is a fine double gate-way, with the horse-shoe arch, a shape, which, however critics at home may cry out against it for transgressing constructive principles, is most beautiful in brick and stone. Take a certain figure upon paper, and analyze it, and you may perhaps come to the same conclusions with regard to it as Mr. Freeman has published in his History of Architecture. Stand in the fairy courts of Alhambra, or before the Gate of Justice, and the appeal is at once carried to a higher court. You cannot help embracing the beauties that are before your eyes, and if your preconceived notions of what ought and ought not to be beautiful do not square with what you see, you will have little regard for the notions; nor will you have inclination to enter into the question, whether it is a fault of taste in yourself, or whether it is that the laws of Æsthetic refuse to be bound by a Mezentian union to the laws of Mechanic.

Going through the Gate of Justice, and passing the Torre del Vino, now belonging to an Englishman, we found ourselves in the Plaza de los Algibes,

under which lie the great cisterns, which hold the water of the Alhambra, sold throughout Granada by the busy water-carriers for its excellence. The Alcazaba, the Torre del Homenage, the Torre de la Vela, and the unfinished heavy Palace of Charles V. were now all around us, but where was *the* Palace? An insignificant looking mud wall was pointed out to me, almost swallowed up by Charles Vth's massy structure. It required a great act of faith to believe my guide's word that *that* was the Palace, but when once inside, there was no longer room for complaint. There it stands, gorgeous and elegant as the Arabs left it, when the Crescent fell back before the Cross. It surpassed all my dreams, which the magical name had ever called up. The *patio de la Alberca*—the *Sala de los Embajadores*—the *Court of Lions*—the *Sala de las dos Hermanas*—the *Sala de los Abencerrages*—the *Baths*—the *Mosque*—the *Tocador de la Reina*—there is nothing like the Alhambra. Its gracefulness, richness, and elegance are unrivalled. There it stands, with its geometrical patterns and Arabic texts stamped upon the plaister, with its arches, and fountains, and white marble pillars, the most gorgeous and dreamily enchanting edifice that the hands of man ever raised. True, grace, richness, elegance, and gorgeousness are not all that is required to make up Architectural perfection: the qualities of majesty, solemnity, and grandeur

were what the sunny children of the south were ever unable to express, and the want of them is not made up for by all their luxuriant and exuberant fancy, all their gorgeous luscious sensuality, all their fairy-like persuasive elegance. But their beauties, such as they are, are not to be despised. Because we admire the excellence of the sword, and the coat of mail, we need not deny the merits of the scymetar and the flowing robe. Seville Cathedral is the production of a mightier and more manly race than the Mosque of Cordova, and the Palace of the Alhambra. They embody respectively the spirit of strength and sweetness of the north and south, of man and woman^b.

“Alhambram! proh Dii Immortales! qualem Regiam, unicam in orbe terrarum crede,” cried Peter Martyr. No description will give a notion of it in its dreamy beauties. It is necessary to wander day by day and during the moonlit nights throughout its noiseless walls, to call up the old

^b No one who has been to the Alhambra, but will enter an indignant protest against Ruskin's reckless judgment of what he has not seen, when he speaks of the Alhambra as “the work of the Spanish Dynasty in its decline,” and denounces its “detestable ornamentation as fit for nothing but to be transferred to patterns of carpets, or binding of books, together with their marbling and mottling, and other mechanical recommendations.” Mr. Ruskin's writings seem to be of two classes. Sometimes he deals with what he does know, and then he is often beyond praise, sometimes with what he does not know. He has never seen the Alhambra.

legends of the Moorish Court, its tales of blood and tales of love—the murder of the Abencerrages, and the flight of Zaida and Zoraida, and the lingering footsteps of the timid Zorahaida, and the mournful ghostlike damsel who waits wearily year after year for some charitable Christian, whose hands are all clean and breast all pure from guile, to pour the waters of cleansing upon her Moslem brow—to be shewn the door from which Boabdil took his last departure, and trace him along his mournful path till he crossed the Hill of Tears, and looked back heart-broken upon all that he was losing, from the rising mound which still bears the poetical name of the “Last sigh of the Moor,” while his mother’s words of indignation rang bitterly in his ears. These and a hundred more tales it is necessary to call up, before you fully feel that you are straying in the enchanted ground of the wondrous Palace of the Alhambra.

Besides the Palace itself, the Generalife and the Torre de las Infantas contain some beautiful specimens of Moorish work. The first of these is a Villa, to which the Lord of the Alhambra could retire from pomp and ceremony when in an ὦ πλοῦτε καὶ τῶραννι vein, or inclined to moralize like Shakspeare’s Henry Vth before the day of Agincourt^c. The portraits of Boabdil, Ferdinand and Isabel, and the Great Captain, which are there

^c “And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?” &c.

preserved, are interesting. The Torre de las Infantas, is now mouldering away piece by piece, but still is an exquisite specimen of taste and art. Washington Irving too has added a never-dying charm to it by his story of Zaida, Zoraida, and Zorahaida, who though here closely immured by the precaution of their Sire, did yet by help of the discreet Kadiga find means of falling in love with the Christian captive Princes. It is at this fountain that traditions generally relate, that the gentle Zorahaida still wanders round and round, vainly seeking for the gift of Christian Baptism, the opportunity of which she lost by not flying with her sister, rather than at the fountain of the Court of Lions, which Trench has made the scene in his touching poem^d.

Christian works of Art in Granada are few. Pictures there are none, and Churches only one or two with any pretensions to beauty. It is

^d It surely is a fearful doom,
That one so beautiful should have
No present quiet in the tomb,
No hope beyond the grave.
But so it is, that till this hour,
That mournful child beneath the moon,
Still rises from her watery bower,
To urge this simple boon :
To beg, as all have need of grace,
That they would speak the words divine,
And sprinkling water in her face,
Would make the sacred sign.

true that a learned Judge did point out to us several Raffaelles, Peruginos, Titians, Spagnolettos, and Guidos, in his drawing-room, and offered them to us for sale, but there was a strange difference between the productions of these painters here, and those which are to be found in Italy and elsewhere. The only Church much worth visiting is the Cartuja, which bears witness by its costly materials to the once palmy days of the Carthusians. The doors and the drawers in the Sacristy are beautifully inlaid with tortoiseshell and ivory. The rest was rich, but the idea that it gave was, that masses of plaister ornament had been thrown on the walls, and there become fastened, without being of the least use to the building. The once abundant staff Clergy is now reduced to one individual, a man of a coarse uninviting appearance, who was glad to receive a peseta for opening the doors, and shewing us the robes. Round the Cloisters of the now unfrequented Monastery are paintings, exhibiting the tortures of the Carthusians in England during the reign of Henry VIII. Here a meek-looking Monk is having his head hacked off; another is being tied to a tree, while a ferocious-looking monster is deliberately and calmly carving out part of his entrails; another, if I recollect right, is being flayed; and another burnt*.

* They may be quite as true as Mr. Newman's pathetic exhibition of the bloody tortures of poor suffering Catholics, with

The Vega or Plain is one of the great glories of Granada, and a ride in one direction to the gold mines, as a few fields, in which the soil is impregnated with grains of gold in small proportions, are called, and to the Palace of the Archbishop on the other, serves to impress it upon the eye. The Archbishop's Palace is about six miles from his Cathedral City, a good house, in no way remarkable more than other gentlemen's houses. Two prints in one of the rooms struck me as curious: they represented *Nuestro Señor*, and *Nuestra Señora*, according to their "true likeness," with a "true"

the hands of Protestant torturers in their bowels. The untruth is nearly as great, whether the actual circumstance took place or no, if they are put forth as the specimens and exponents of a system, when they are not specimens of it, but exceptions. "The catalogue," we are told, "reaches to some 100 names. One was killed in this manner in 1577, two in 1578, four in 1581, eleven in 1582, thirteen in 1583 and 1584, nineteen in 1585 and 1586, thirty-nine in 1587 and 1588, and so on at intervals to the end of the 17th century, besides the imprisonments and transportations which can hardly be numbered. What will Protestants bring against the Holy See, comparable to atrocities such as these?" The Spanish Inquisition burnt 34,612 persons alive, 18,048 in effigy, and imprisoned 288,109 with confiscation of goods. This however was of course "a political not an ecclesiastical institution." It is an easy rule. Was any thing good done or suffered? It was the Pope and the Church. Any thing bad? It was the State, in spite of the Pope and the Church. Thus "the burnings in Queen Mary's reign were the acts of an English party opposed by the Pope's Legate, as well as the ecclesiastics of Spain." But will so simple a rule satisfy those who are really looking for the truth?

description (so they affirmed) of their eyes, nose, hair, faces, &c. It is to this Archbishopric that the present Bishop of Malaga is advanced. All the neighbouring territory once belonged to the See. This has now been appropriated by Government, and a fixed payment is made to the Archbishop by the State^f.

After a detour of a few miles for the purpose of visiting a most beautiful spring, whose waters well out of the white ground, and bubble up like the clearest soda-water, we rode back from the Palace to Granada. The road was for the most part of the way very open. There was not a tree near it, and every thing that occurred upon the greater part of it could be seen far and near. But there was one spot where a little engineering had been employed, and a cutting had been made through a hillock, in consequence of which there were high banks on either side, and the road was more or less unseen. As we passed between these banks on our way home, I marked a little black

^f Owing to this act of plunder, and half-recompense on the part of the State, I presume no one would think the worse of the Church, but rather the better, because suffering under persecution. But supposing that the same thing had taken place in England, God forbid that it ever should! would not many have made the State-payment of our Bishops and Clergy another sign of our being a state-creation, without applying the same reasoning to the Spanish Church? "A false balance is abomination to the Lord, but a just weight is His delight." Prov. xi. 1.

Cross on one of them, which appeared to have been lately erected. "Is that a Murder-Cross?" I said. "Yes, Señor, some one has been killed here," was the quiet answer. I got off my horse, climbed up the bank, and read the rude inscription, which announced, that on the 24th of March, 1851, such an one was robbed and murdered on that spot. *Proximus ardet*; this was the 19th of April, 1851, and on this very spot on the 24th of March, 1851, the man had been murdered. I thought that his name must have been *Ucalegon*. Many another such memento did we meet with, and every Spaniard with whom we spoke of it answered, *Nada, nada! Es una cosa de España*.

"But why are not the *guardias civiles* more on the alert?" I asked. "They have done a great deal, Señor," was the answer. "Foreigners are seldom molested, and a Diligence being attacked is a very rare occurrence now." "Are the *guardias* always to be trusted themselves?" "Generally, Señor, but not always, for a man was killed near Alcaudete by two of them." "How was that?" "A man had come to market at Granada, and sold a number of skins full of wine, and was returning with his empty skins in his cart, when a deserter ran up to him, and begged him to allow him to conceal himself in his cart, for he was being pursued by two *guardias*. The driver gave permission, and covered him over so as not to be seen. By-

and-by up came the two *guardias*, and having missed their object of pursuit, and learning that the man was coming from market, they thought it a good opportunity for them to enrich themselves, so (*cosa de España*) they 'killed' the driver, and divided his dollars between themselves." "And were they discovered?" "Yes, Señor, the deserter laid information, and they were seized." It should be said, that these two men are far from being a specimen of their class. As a rule, the *guardias* are trustworthy men, and it is not to be expected that in a country where all officials from the Queen Mother downwards are corrupt, the whole of the class should without exception escape so universal a malady.

If foreigners are robbed, it is generally their own fault for making too much ostentation, and for using their tongues in an English manner, i. e. to *declare* what they are going to do, instead of a Spanish and Oriental manner to *conceal* it. No thorough-bred Spaniard ever tells where he is going when on a journey, or when he is about to start from his halting place. My two attendants were the only Spaniards, to whom I had yet announced my intention of leaving Granada on Easter Monday, and they hinted that it was as well to keep the fact to ourselves as long as possible, silence being according to the proverb to speech as gold to silver. Robber-dangers gene-

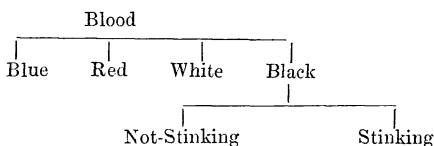
rally sink into nothing before our countrymen. Each Englishman seems to be persuaded, that a gang of bandits will not choose him out of all the world to molest. And this feeling of confidence, whether fatalist, philosophical, physical, or religious, carries the mad *Inglesi* in the east safely through dangers, which no native will face without interminable precautions. Well do we recollect the worthy Andr  a Prindisi, as we were wending our way between Delphi and Thermopyl  e in the spring of 1850, coming to us and telling us with a long face, that the *ladri* had the day before plundered a little village on our road, and were probably hanging about the hills that run out from Parnassus. "I suppose, Signori, we are to proceed?" "*Si si*," "*Andiamo dunque*," "but if we get safely to Kravia," a little place on the edge of the beautiful plain of Doris, "I and my muleteers will have such a good dinner." We wound on over the magnificent spurs of Father Parnassus, amidst the pines which sometimes overshadowed our way, keenly enjoying the glorious scenery. Presently Andrea said in rather a low voice, "*Signori questo    un posto molto cattivo*:" if you have any valuables, give them to me." We handed him a couple of pencil cases, preserving our purses and watches for a *complimento* to the bandits if necessary. Andrea received them, and gravely took out his knife, and proceeded to cut a crafty hole in his

pack-saddle, into which he stowed them. Meantime the muleteer's never ceasing tuneless songs, had been gradually sinking into silence, and even the oaths, and shouts, and grunts directed at the baggage horses ceased. Just in the *posto cattivissimo*, as we were leading our horses down a very steep declivity, we looked up, and saw on an overhanging bank a party of six or seven men, dressed in very dirty Albanian *fustianelle*; and with long formidable guns. "Are these the *ladri*, Andrea?" "Where, Signor? No! thanks to heaven! they are the road-police, and now we shall soon reach the place where we will have the good dinner." It is strange how at every turn Spain calls up the recollections of Greece.

As we were drawing nigh to Granada, we met an unwieldy carriage jolting along over the road, in which there was a very fat man. "Look at that man," cried our guide. "Is he not fat? I recollect when he was thin and poor, thinner than I am." "But does becoming rich make men grow fat?" "Si Señor! they eat, they drink, they do not work—*se come, se bibe, y no se trabaja*." This necessary connexion between corpulency and wealth is a common notion seriously entertained; and hence when Ford surprised his friend the official laying up in a drawer the ounces which he had received as a bribe, his naive remark was, "*no quiero comer mas patatas*,

I do not intend to dine any more on potatoes." To return to our fat friend in the carriage. "How did he get the means to become so *muy grueso*?" "Why, Señor, he was a friend of one of the Monks before their dissolution, who had a great deal of property of his own, which he kept concealed. When the dissolution was expected, he was afraid that all his private wealth would be seized as well as all that belonged to the corporation, so he went to his friend, who was then thin and lean, and asked him to take charge of it, and to return it to him when the hour of danger was past, on condition of receiving a certain per centage. The man promised to do as he wished, swore faithfully to restore all that was committed to him, and received the valuables. The blow fell upon the Monastery; the Monk had nothing—he was a poor religious, and how should he have more than his dress? To avoid the universal hatred felt towards the Monks, he fled from Granada, but after a time returned, and required his friend to fulfil their bargain. His friend had already grown fatter, and had "given up his potatoes" for something better, and had no notion of going back to them; accordingly he ignored the whole proceeding, denied the deposit, and bid the other go about his business; how should he a poor religious have so much money? And so, Señor, he has grown fat, and travels in a carriage."

The caste-like distinctions of classes is still, though in a far less degree than formerly, to a great extent kept up at Granada. A disquisition of great interest to the physical philosopher might be written upon the different nature of the blood which flows in the veins of the several classes of natives of the Peninsula, and visitors to it. I believe the following will be a correct and exhaustive metaphysical division of it.



Blue Blood, or *Sangre azul*, is that of the old families who can trace up their pedigrees beyond the time of the Moorish conquest, and can prove, on paper, that their ancestors during the whole time have never married out of the order of their Peers, and have never departed from *la fé Católica*. Red Blood, *Sangre colorado*, is that of the enriched but unpedigreed families, bankers, merchants, and such like, who have raised themselves to importance like the leading Plebeians at Rome, who yet could not be incorporated into the Houses, or of those which, however old, have had a flaw introduced into them by 'heretical' tenets, held by any of their forefathers. White Blood is that of the poor who have to work with their

hands for their daily livelihood. The accession of wealth will raise them to the class of the Red Blood, but nothing can lift them to the level of the Blue. Black blood is that of all who are not Christians, i. e. Roman Catholics, such as Englishmen, Lutherans, Calvinists, Turks, Infidels, and Jews, and that species of Black Blood which flows in the veins of the Jews is also stinking.

The Black-Blooded are of course ignored, and have no accommodations made peculiarly for them. The other three have each at Granada their walk and their Café. Thus there is an Alameda of the Blue Blood, an Alameda of the Red Blood, and an Alameda of the White Blood. The Blues do not walk on the Alameda of the Reds, nor the Reds on the Alameda of the Whites. There are three Cafés all in a row; one is the Café of the Blue Blood, another the Café of the Red Blood, the other the Café of the White Blood. The Blue do not go to the Café of the Reds, nor the Reds to the Café of the Whites. The Alameda and the Café together fill up a very large portion of a Spaniard's day. The Alameda of the Blues is most beautiful, and a stroll in its moonlit walks when all the noises of the city were hushed, and a southern moon was lighting up the partial gloom produced by the long rows of tall silent trees, is a thing not to be forgotten. No sound broke upon the ear, save the ripple of the

fountains, and the melodious cry of the watchmen as they sang the hour of the night and the character of the weather, prefaced each time by a chanted *Ave Maria Purissima*. The pleasure had a little piquancy added to it, by the possibility of a cloaked figure gliding noiselessly from behind one of the large trunks, with knife in hand, and a polite request *por la bolsa* in the mouth. A year or two ago an Englishman was despoiled at the extreme end of the Alameda in open day. The Alameda of the Reds is within the district of the Alhambra. The Whites have two Alamedas, one outside the gates, the other along the valley of the Darro, both very poor.

The costume of those within, at once tells the stranger which of the three Cafés he has entered. The Blues have given up the national costume, except when on a journey, and always appear in towns in the French and English dress. The Reds wear cloaks, those everlasting cloaks in which Spaniards and Italians delight to wrap themselves, while an Englishman is ready to take off his coat for the heat. For a long time they were to me a source of great marvel, but I suppose the natives have judged right. The cutting winds which now and then come rushing down a street, and the bitter cold of the late evening, may require such protection. The Whites also aim at the cloak, and however shabby, are proud to

exhibit it when they can get it; but, as in the days of Juvenal, there is *pars magna* not only *Italiæ in quâ nemo togam sumit nisi mortuus*, or indeed dead or alive for want of means of purchasing it. Their ordinary dress in Andalusia is the majo jacket and sombrero. These caste-like distinctions have not been felt painful till lately. There was a spirit of content abroad among the poor, and of Patriarchal kindness among the rich. As long as the Blues were really an aristocracy, the Reds were satisfied with being *proximi longo intervallo*, and the Whites had no aspirations beyond rising to the status of the Reds. But now times are changed. The Blues are poor, proud, corrupt, and hastening to decay, and the "when Adam delved and Eve span" principle is beginning to work even in old Spain as elsewhere, and there are not a few who meet together to talk over their "rights" in the spirit of "A man's a man for a' that."

About sunset on Easter Eve, a strange little whirlwind occurred, which came tearing through the streets of Granada, knocking down children and fat women, breaking windows, slamming doors, frightening horses, carrying about dust and little stones, and making people wonder what was happening, and about to happen. Such a thing had not been known before, and it called up in the minds of the Granadinos anticipations of a coming earthquake. I left Granada on Easter Monday,

and did not hear if any such result followed, but it is not likely that it should in any violence, as no shocks have now been felt for a length of time, though they were once frequent and violent enough to prevent Charles V. from finishing the massive edifice which he has built in the Alhambra, to make room for which, *proh pudor!* he destroyed much of the work of the Moorish Kings. No grandeur of form and material, in which it is not deficient, would make up for the incongruity of its position, and the loss that it has entailed.

CHAP. XVI.

Easter Sunday at Granada. Banking. Monuments of the Catholic Kings. Irreverence. Indulgences. Our Lady de las Angustias. Bula de la Cruzada. Adieu to the Alhambra. Heavy tidings. Granada to Cordova. Soto de Roma. Bridge of Pinos. Alcalá. Cordova.

EASTER Sunday to an Englishman at Granada, is very different from Easter Sunday in England. My Easter Sunday began with a piece of business natural enough here, but strange to one of "Anglican prejudices." I had on Sabado Santo called at Messrs. Rodriguez the bankers, for the sake of changing the necessary number of circular notes into Spanish gold before leaving Granada. For some reason, whether owing to its being Easter Eve, or to the absence of a clerk, they could not then transact the business that I required, 'but I might come on Sunday morning between eight and nine;' and accordingly my Easter Day began with an enquiry into the rate of exchange, and getting money from the bankers.

In the middle of the day we paid a final visit to the Cathedral. Among other things, we wished to see the monuments of *Los Reyes Catolicos*, Ferdinand and Isabel, which lie within a railed space of the Capilla Real, together with those of their daughter Juana la Loca, and her husband Philip I. The monuments are richly carved and highly ornamented, but the plain stone coffins which lie in the vault underneath serve as a mocking contrast to the Sepulchres which show so bravely to the eye above, and vividly call back the remembrance of Juvenal's sneer at the restless Alexander being satisfied with a sarcophagus, for whom a world had been too narrow. Ferdinand's little son lies by his father's side. A crown, sceptre, and sword, said once to have been worn and grasped by the hand of the Catholic King, and a handsomely illuminated Missal of Queen Isabel's, are also exhibited. A chasuble too is shewn, which is of the date of Isabel, and was perhaps in part enriched by the work of her hands. The irreverence of the Sacristan, who with a grinning face put on the chasuble in order at once to display it, and himself to the best advantage, while he talked at the top of his voice in a coarse and harsh manner, made us glad to leave the Cathedral, in order to get away from him.

While waiting for this Sacristan, I had occupied myself by observing what was the character of the notices fixed upon the walls of the Cathedral and

Capilla Real. They were most of them grants of Indulgences for such a number of days for certain acts and observances. Thus there was one which gave eighty days' Indulgence for reciting an Ave Maria before the glorious Image of Our Lady *de las Angustias*. Another which granted eighty days, for attendance in the morning at the *funcion* which annually takes place *a nuestra Señora de las Angustias*; eighty days for attendance at the exercises of the afternoon; eighty days for each Salve; eighty days for each Ave Maria; eighty days for each verse of the Litany; eighty days each for visit; eighty days for invoking her sweet name; eighty days for imploring the propagation of the Faith^a. Each notice ended with a warning, that

^a The following inscription is taken from a little Chapel near San Roque.

El Emmo sr Cardinal D. Cienenegos
 Arzobispo de Sevilla
 Benedixo en su oratorio esta effigie de
 San Roque
 Concediendo 100 dias de Indulgencias
 a todas las personas que devotamente
 se rezaren un Padre Nuestro y Ave Maria
 y el yllmo sr Dⁿ Vicente Roman y Lenares
 Obispo de Danzara
 Auxiliar de dicho sr Emmo
 Concedo 40 dias a las personas que
 Dixeren la misma oracion ante la effigie
 y otras 40 a
 Los Sacerdotes que dicán misa
 Al altar en que se venera.

no Indulgences were of avail to any one in Spain, unless they were in possession of the Bula de la Cruzada. The Image of our Lady de las Angustias, mentioned in the above notices, is one that is much revered, kept in a Church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under the same title. "Can you not stay till after Easter Tuesday, Señor?" "No, I can not; but what reason is there for my staying?" "Oh, it is a great pity, Señor. It is the day, this year, on which Nuestra Señora de las Angustias is to go in procession from her own Church to visit the Cathedral." "Is this Image of our Lady thought very highly of?" "Si, Señor. I was told by — and — that some years ago, when the Carlists were in the ascendant, as it was being carried to the Cathedral, some of the more extreme cried out frequently, *Viva la Santisima Maria y muerte á todos los Dios!*" "Did you hear that yourself?" "No, Señor, I was not present, but many repeated it, and I have no doubt of it." "And what did the exclamation really mean? It could not bear the signification that at first sight it seems to bear." "Ah! not so much *muerte* death, as, Give us the most Holy Mary de las Angustias, and we want neither thing nor person more." There is a fine Pietá at the west end of the Choir, which appeared to attract a considerable amount of devotion.

And what is this Bula de la Cruzada, the pos-

session of which is a necessary antecedent to receiving any advantage from the numberless Indulgences which are granted with so lavish a hand^b? Its nature is as follows.

It was the custom, as is well known, of several of the Popes to grant certain privileges to the soldiers, who took the Cross in order to give them an additional inducement for undertaking the Holy Wars, besides that of religious enthusiasm, and very often to protect their interests at home, while they were fighting for the faith abroad. Innocent III. extended these privileges at the beginning of the thirteenth century, to all who fought against the Spanish Saracens, and by his spiritual authority contributed to a certain degree to the victory of Las Navas de Tolosa, 110,000 foreign crusaders having come from England, France, and elsewhere, to the assistance of the Spanish Christians. By degrees these privileges became different in nature from what they had originally been, and came to be a sort of compact, so much remission of bodily self-denial for so much money. The Saracens were driven from the

^b According to Ford, "It was calculated that a man might obtain in an hour, by visiting different privileged Altars during the Holy Week, upwards of 29,639 years diminution of purgatorial punishment. For a single Mass at the San Francisco in Mexico, the Pope and Prelates granted 32,310 years, ten days, and six hours Indulgence." It is the same system in Italy; witness the Scala Santa in Rome.

country, but still the Indulgence of the Bull of the Crusade continued, though all notion of a Crusade was at an end. Spain had become as it were the darling of the Roman Pontiff, and the fasts which were required of all other nations obedient to the Roman See were, in the case of Spain, dispensed with, not according to the needs of the individual, but for all alike, at the charge of $5d.\frac{1}{2}$ a year. Bulls bearing on the subject may be found put forth by Innocent III., Pius V., Urban VIII., Innocent X., and others, the two last of whom extended to ecclesiastics the privileges which Pius granted only to the laity. At the present time the Church doors are constantly decorated with a long printed notice, that the Pope has been pleased to extend for a certain time the Indulgence granted by the Holy See to Spain and Spanish America. The following is taken from the beginning of the Almanac for 1851.

“By Apostolic concession given at Rome on the 13th of September, 1848, by our Most Holy Father Pius IX, who at this time rules the Church; His Holiness has designed to extend for the term of two years, which shall be counted from the publication of that of 1851, the privilege formerly granted, that all the faithful dwelling and abiding in the Spanish territories, including the American dominions, may eat *carnes saluda-*

bles^c, (observing the form of the fast,) on the days of Lent, and on those of Vigil or Abstinence which occur in the course of the year; except Ash-Wednesday, Fridays in Lent, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in Holy or greater Week, (the whole of the said week except Palm-Sunday as regards ecclesiastics;) and, lastly, the Vigils of the Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, of Pentecost, of the Assumption of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, and of the Blessed Apostles S. Peter and S. Paul^d."

The only method whereby an individual can apply to his own case the benefits and privileges of the Bull, is that of buying a copy of it, and having his name inserted in it, and his copy does not stand him in any stead for longer than one year. The price to ordinary persons is two reals, or $5d.\frac{1}{2}$; to

^c Literally, salutary flesh-meat.

^d In Portugal matters are even more lax. There the afternoons of even Good Friday, Easter Sunday, and Whit Sunday, are not Holy days of obligation. The Bull of Gregory XVI. issued in June 1844, has dispensed with their observance. On the subject of the state of religion among the Portugese in Africa, I have been favoured with a letter from the Rev. Meredith Brown, complaining of the way in which pagan belief and ceremonies are confusedly mixed in the minds of the natives with the Christian faith, and declaring, that "as to attendance on the Services of the Church, nothing could be more lax, and that, with the exception of a very few principal Feasts, no one thought of going to them, considering it a weakness to do so, and a thing to be ashamed of."

persons of high station and dignity, it is somewhat higher. In Spanish America it costs, I believe, almost a shilling. The office at which they were printed was formerly in Seville, at the Dominican Convent, and used to be the most busily employed in Spain, but it was burnt down by the French. Of course, at the end of the year, when the new Bulls arrive, which they do just before Lent, ushered in by joyous peals of bell ringing, the copies of the old Bulls are useless, and, according to Blanco White, on Midlent day they are put to a very curious use. "Children," he says, "of all ranks, those of the poor in the street, and such as belong to the better classes in their houses, appear fantastically decorated, not unlike the English chimney-sweepers on May-day, with caps of gilt and coloured paper, and coats made of the Crusade Bulls of the preceding year. In this attire they keep up an incessant din the whole day, crying as they sound their drums and rattles, *Aserrar la vieja la picara pelleja*, Saw down the old woman, the scoundrel hound." About midnight, parties of the common people parade the streets, knocking at every door, and repeating the same words. I understand that they end this revel, by sawing in two the figure of an old woman, which is meant as the emblem of Lent."

The effect of this Bull is, curiously enough, to *compel* every religious person in Spain to take out

a dispensation from fasting. Desire to be reprieved from the pains of Purgatory in Spain takes the place of fear of Hell with us, but no relaxation of these pains can be had without the Bull. The Love of our neighbour, which rouses us to exertion in behalf of the souls of others, finds its natural vent in Spain in Masses for the Dead, and application of Indulgences to the spirits of the deceased; but no such Indulgences can be gained and applied by any one who is without the Bull. Again, Confession, Absolution, reception of the Host, and Extreme Unction, are the last soothing rites of religion to the Spaniard on his death-bed, as Confession, Absolution, and Holy Communion are with us; but if the dying man is without the Bull, his Confession is not received, Absolution is not given, the Host is not brought, Extreme Unction is not administered. Clearly therefore no devout person could be without the Bull, and its consequent dispensation from fasting. That many Spaniards are nevertheless without it, and the plea by which they justify their neglect, will be shewn presently.

In the course of the evening we walked up to the Gennalifé and the Alhambra to take our last leave of them, and lingered with footsteps unwilling to depart in the *Sala de las dos Hermanas*, which is perhaps even more exquisite than the Hall of the Abencerrages or the Embajadores. A little previous to going there I received letters

from England, bringing tidings too long looked forward to by many an English Churchman with anxious forebodings. Manning, Hope, the S. Saviour's Clergy, and some of the Laity, were gone from us. The position of the S. Saviour's Churchmen alone made their loss to be felt deeply after so many sufferings of like kind, but Manning and Hope were more than ordinary losses. One of them at least deserved to be ranked next to Newman, in the list of those who have gone forth from the shadow of their Mother, in whom they have been born and fed all their life long, and attached themselves to the Communion of Rome. Heavy tidings for Easter Day.

On Easter Monday we were on the saddle again at six o'clock in the morning, and took a N.W. direction through the Vega of Granada for Cordova. Two days and a half ride brought us into the old city of the Caliphs. The first day was spent in traversing the glorious Vega, and at the end of it we arrived at Alcala la Real, situated high up on the Sierra Susana. From hence we could see what was the real height of the Sierra Nevada, whose grandeur one learns to underrate when living close beneath it each day, and watching the gradual victory of the summer's sun over the white mantle of snow which shrouds its summit. The Duke of Wellington's estate of Soto de Roma, given him by the

Spanish nation in return for his services, lay to our left, and we crossed the famous Bridge of Pinos, where Columbus, now feeling old age to be creeping over him, while he wore out his life in vainly looking for 'that smile he would aspire to, the sweet aspect of princes,' rejected by Portugal, by his native Genoa, and by Spain, was musing over the failure of all his speculations and hopes, when Queen Isabel's messenger overtook him, and commanded his return.

Alcala, like most of the old towns of Tuscany, stands upon the side of a steep conical hill, the point of which is crowned by an old castle now mouldering away, whose horse-shoed arches tell who were its builders. It stands on the borders of the Provinces of Granada and Jaen, and within a few miles of that of Cordova. Our next halting place, Castro del Rio, was not remarkable for any thing except a pompous claim, hung up for view in the public hall, that "it received its name from Tubal^e, that it was the treasury of the Carthaginians, that it was renamed by Julius Cæsar, and that it had its towers built by the Moors," besides more modern glories. A few hours' ride along the banks of the Guadajoz, enlivened by the

^e Mariana begins his history by a grave assertion, that Tubal, son of Japheth, was the first man who came to Spain.

groaning music of the water-wheels^f, brought us into the once famous city of Cordova.

^f These water-wheels are simple, but clever contrivances for raising the water of the river to a sufficient height to disperse it over the fields. A horizontal wheel made to revolve by an ox, turns a vertical wheel, to which are fixed jars. These jars fill themselves with water in the revolution of the wheel, and empty their contents into a trough, which pours off what it receives by different channels through the fields.

CHAP. XVII.

Cordova. The Omniad Caliphate. The Moors. The Mosque. Almansur. Azzahra and Azzahira. Garden. Cordova to Seville. Ecija. Carmona. Easter Confessions. Bula de la Cruzada. Fasting. The Blessed Virgin. Real Prayers of the people. Two systems—on paper and in practice. Prostration. Orientalism. Fair of Mairena. Seville.

CORDOVA lies on the Guadalquivir, and the dark mountain ridge of the Sierra Morena makes a most noble background to its white cluster of buildings. The Sierra Morena is, however, it must be confessed, disappointing to one who looks for a realization of Southey's description in his *Don Roderick*. There is not sufficient character about the "dark Sierra," and the "height above height," to satisfy the eye^a. The city has little to tell the

^a Before them Betis rolled his glittering stream,
In many a silvery winding traced afar
Amidst the ample plain. Behind the walls
And stately piles which crowned its margin, rich

tale of its ancient glories except its Name, its Mosque, and its Bridge. But these are quite sufficient to throw back the mind 1000 years, to the time when the Ommiad Caliphs ruled over a million subjects within its walls. The period of this Caliphate represents the Moors' energetic vigour of youth, just as the kingdom of Granada exhibits the characteristics of a yet green old age. Abderrahman its founder, having alone escaped from the Abbassidæ, fixed his seat here in the middle of the eighth century, and under his successors Hixem I., Alhakem I., Abderrahman II., Mohammed, Almondhir, Abdallah, Abderrahman III., Alhakem II., and Hixem II., the Caliphate of the West shone forth in all the magnificence of Oriental civilization.

The Island of Andaluz, as the conquerors generally termed their Spanish possessions, was to the natives of the dry parched east and south the very joy of their hearts. Meeting with incredible success in their first attempts, trampling down their enemy in one long hard-fought battle

With olives and with sunny slope of vines,
And many a lovely hamlet interspersed,
Whose citron bowers were once th' abode of peace,
Height above height, receding hills were seen
Imbued with evening hues : and over all
The summits of the dark Sierra rose,
Lifting their heads amid the silent sky. Canto V.

on the banks of the Guadalete, and, as it were in a moment, pushing on their impetuous arms from the Rock of Gibraltar, which still bears the name of the victorious Tarik, to the mountain range of the Pyrenees; and being beaten back from France and the rest of Europe by the battle of Tours, the stern enthusiasts may well have thought that Andaluz was the land which Allah meant for his faithful children, and beyond whose mountain barrier it was not his will that they should push their arms. Certain it is, that as soon as Abderahman had made Cordova the home in exile to the adherents of the line of the Ommiads, the chief energies of the Moors, as they are generally called, were turned from the fiery pursuit of conquest, so congenial to their nation and their faith, and directed to the establishment of a peaceful empire by the cultivation of the arts and sciences, the furtherance of agriculture and commerce, and the introduction of oriental luxury and splendour. Their dominion has now passed away like a dream, but the broken aqueducts still shew the travellers their skill in agriculture; the names of Abdel Malek Ibn Zohr and of Abu Abdallah Ibn Roshd, commonly spelt Avenzoar and Averroes, prove their proficiency in science; and in the way of art there still remain the Mosque of Cordova, the Alhambra, the Alcazar, and the Giralda, to shew how great they once have been.

The one object of interest, when we had dismounted from our horses at the Fonda, was the Mosque; and accordingly, after a short siesta, which under Spain's burning sun neither the attractions of the Mosque nor the torture of the mosquitoes could make us forego, we sallied forth, and after a few minutes walk hid ourselves from the glare of the streets in the cool and darkened Cathedral. To give a notion of it by description is impossible. Murphy and Prangey give as faithful a representation of it as can be had without personal inspection. The whole space enclosed by the walls of the building is 620 feet north and south, by 440 feet east and west. Of this 620 feet, 210 go to form the Court of the House, supplied with fountains for ablution, and planted with trees. Thus the actual space occupied by the Mosque itself is a parallelogram, measuring from north to south 410 feet, from east and west 440. Above this superficies stretches the roof, only 35 feet from the ground, once flat, but now studded with a number of little cupolas. This roof is supported by rows of pillars, which divide the 440 feet into 19 aisles, running from north to south, while the narrower aisles from east to west are no less than 31. The pillars are all of marble, and, like those of Santa Sophia, have been gathered from a number of ancient temples, and made to do duty a second time. Small as is the space between the roof and the floor,

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each aisle is crowned by two horse-shoed arches thrown across from one row of pillars to another, the lower arch being a few feet beneath the upper.

As you stand in the centre, and let your eye range down the innumerable interminable vistas, perhaps at first every other feeling is swallowed up, as has been truly said, in pure wonder^b. By-and-by you begin to try to make out your bearings, as though you were lost in a wood, and this is no easy task, owing partly to the size of the building, partly to our ignorance of the arrangements of a Moslem temple, and chiefly to a pile of building introduced into the old Mosque, by way of Choir, by the architects of the time of Charles V.

All Mohammedan places of worship have a sacred point, which answers in a way to our East End. It represents the direction of Mecca, and therefore in Spain we should have expected it to have been towards the east; but whereas most of the Moslem conquests lay to the north of Mecca, it had become customary to fix this sacred point towards the south, and therefore it came to be a question of grave debate among the Imaums and Architects, whether in Cordova it should be eastward or southward. At last it was settled it should be to the south^c. In S. Sophia, on the

^b Vide Freeman's Hist. of Architecture, chap. xv.

^c "While the Architects, Mathematicians, and Astronomers, were disputing among themselves, the Faquih Abri Ibrâhîm

contrary, it is very little to the south of east, and a very curious effect is produced by the rows of mats being turned, almost but not quite, towards the spot where the Altar once stood: the Cathedral has the appearance of being awry. During the time of Prayer, the Moslems stand in long rows facing in this direction, at certain intervals one from another, and stand, sit, or prostrate themselves with the utmost precision, according to the posture and intonation of the Imaum, who leads them from a raised platform. This sacred point at Cordova is formed by an octagon Chapel, the roof of which consists of one block of marble, wrought into the shape of a shell. Its stone floor is still worn with the feet of pilgrims, who compassed it seven times, walking backwards with bare feet. It is entered by a horse-shoe arch, round which are specimens of

came up to Alhakem, and said, "O Prince of the Believers! all the people of this nation have constantly turned their faces to the south while making their prayers: it was to the south that the Imáms, the Doctors, the Kádís, and all the Moslems directed their looks: and it was to the south that the Tabis (may God shew them mercy!) inclined the Kiblahs of all their Mosques. Remember the proverb, which says, 'It is preferable to follow the example of others and be saved, than to perish by separating from the track.'" Upon which the Caliph exclaimed, "By Allah, thou sayest right! I am for following the example of the Tabis, whose opinion is of great weight." Al-Makkari, Book III. c. 2.

flashing, glistening, Mosaic, more brilliant than that of Constantinople, Venice, Rome, or Sicily.

Cordova is a specimen of the early period of Arabian architecture, just as the Alhambra represents the later period. The Mosaic and the Pillars bear something of a Byzantine stamp upon them, and the low roof of Alerce wood is totally different from the hanging honey-combed roofs of the Alhambra, and Alcazar. It was begun in the eighth century by the first Caliph Abderrahman. Previous to his time, half of the space was occupied by an earlier Mosque, and half by the Church of S. Vincent, the only place of worship which the conquerors allowed for the vanquished Christians, the descendants of the flock, which the saintly President of the Council of Nice, Bishop Hosius, once governed^d. Abderrahman's successors continued en-

^d The description by the Mohammedan poet Ibn Shoheyd, of Santa Maria, which in his time he calls the principal Christian Church of Cordova, is curious: "The noise of the thundering bells resounded in my ears, the glare of innumerable lamps dazzled my eyes: the priests decked in rich silken robes of gay and fanciful colours, girt by girdle cords, advanced. Every one of those present had banished mirth from their countenances, and expelled from their minds all agreeable ideas; and if they directed their steps towards the marble font, it was merely to take sips of water in the hollow of the hand. By the Lord of Mercy it was to a Girl that their prayers were addressed, it was for her they put on the gay tunics, instead of humiliating themselves before the Almighty! The priests, wishing us to stay long among them, began to sing round us with their books in their hands: offering

larging the work, and the most magnificent parts were finally added to it in the eleventh century by Almansur, the Vizir of Hixem II. This was the most magnificent moment of a magnificent dynasty's rule, but it bore marks of the coming fall of the Ommiads. Almansur it is true reigned gloriously, till near his death, in peace and war, but while he was holding his more than Imperial court at his palace of Azzahirá, his effeminate sovereign was, Sardanapalus-like, kept immured in a willing slavery in the neighbouring Azzahrá. Of these two palaces not a vestige now remains to verify or falsify the almost incredible reports of Mohammedan historians concerning their magnificence and grandeur.

"The cause of the building of Azzahrá," says Al-Makkari, "was as follows. The Sultan determined to spend some money in the redemption of captives. A search was accordingly made in the country of the Franks, but not one Moslem captive could be found; upon which An-nassir was greatly delighted, and gave thanks to God. His mistress Azzahrá then said, 'Build with that money a city that may take my name,' and in compliance with her wish he built the city. The favourite, however, being dissatisfied with the appearance of the mountains behind, said to her royal spouse, 'See, O master, how beautiful this
us every attraction that their drinking of new wine or their eating of swine's flesh can afford.'" Al-Makkari, Book III. c. 4.

girl looks in the arms of yonder Ethiopian.' On hearing which, An-nassir gave immediate orders for the removal of the mountain, (the Sierra Morena;) but one of his counsellors, happening to be present when the order was issued, said to him, 'O Prince of the Believers! God forbid that thou shouldest undertake a task, the mere idea of which is sufficient to make a man lose his wit.' An-nassir was convinced."

The historian goes on to describe its "running streams, limpid waters, luxuriant gardens, stately buildings, magnificent palaces, throngs of soldiers, pages, eunuchs, and slaves of all nations and religions, sumptuously attired in robes of silk and brocade, moving to and fro through its broad streets; crowds of Judges, Kátibs, theologians, and poets, walking with becoming gravity through the magnificent halls, spacious ante-rooms, and ample courts of the palace;" and ends by an account how "this abode of contentment and mirth was converted by the Berbers into a place of desolation! There is no God, but God! the great! the Almighty!"

Azzahirá is described as even more like a palace of the Arabian Nights than Azzahrá, and its founder is represented as foreseeing that one day a Nemesis must fall upon it; for "he was one day sitting regaling his eyes, his whole soul absorbed by the contemplation of the beauties sur-

rounding him, when suddenly tears rolled down his cheeks, and he exclaimed in deep sorrow, 'O Azzahirá, may the Almighty Lord save you!' And Almansur wept bitterly, and hid his face with both his hands. Then one of his favourites said, 'What ails thee, O Almansur? What is the meaning of words which thy lips never uttered before?' 'God grant,' said Almansur, 'that my presentiments do not come true'.^e "

A shadow of the once proud garden of the Caliphs still remains, calling back the gardens of eastern tales with their flowers, and shrubs, and fountains, and nurseries, and fish. The last of these were barbel, large and ravenous enough to swallow whole oranges with voracity. We went away loaded with flowers, with which, as we started for Seville the same afternoon, we decorated our horses' heads, till they withered under the influence of the fierce sun of Andalusia. The same evening brought us to La Carlota, which lies to the south of the Guadalquivir, and the Sierra Morena, and to the south-west of Cordova. Our direction was now towards Seville, and the following day we skirted Ecija, situated, with its beautiful Alameda, on our old friend the Genil, which on leaving Granada creeps round the Sierra Susana, and taking a turn to the north, runs by

^e Al-Makkari, p. 224. This is not the only case in which Almansur took a hint from Herodotus.

Ecija into the Guadalquivir. At sunset we climbed the steep hill of picturesque Carmona, after having traversed a long uninteresting plain, the weariness of which I beguiled by conversation with my Spanish companions. Two of these, Nicola and Roque, had accompanied me throughout my journey. Another, named José, I had picked up in Granada. He accompanied us on foot the whole way from Granada to Seville, partly for the sake of security, partly from a hope of a *cumplimiento*, well earned by his civility and attention, from the two Inglés, with one of whom he was before acquainted. He was the best specimen of a Spaniard that I met with. Simple-hearted and religious-minded, he did what he was commanded, and believed what he was told, without question or denial. And I was therefore the more glad to see what his notions were^f.

I have already given an account of the Bula de La Cruzada, from which it will have appeared, that its possession is an absolute necessary to a Spanish Churchman, who has any faith in the dogmas of his Church, any regard for its discipline, or any spirit of obedience to his ecclesiastical teachers.

“Have you confessed this Easter, Roque?” “No, Señor.” “Why not?” No answer, but a long face,

^f I do not desire that the following conversations should be taken at more than they are worth. *Valeant quantum.*

which shewed a consciousness of neglect. "Have you the Bula de la Cruzada?" "No, Señor." "Do you then keep the Friday fast?" "No, Señor." There was not much to be got from Roque, so I turned to José: "Have you confessed at Easter, José?" "Yes, Señor." "Bueno! And you have the Bula de la Cruzada?" "Yes, Señor; I bought it in such a Church for two reals." "Bueno! And have you confessed, Nicola?" "No, Señor." "Why not?" "There are a good many of us who do not do that now." "Have you the Bula de la Cruzada?" "No, Señor: that is bought by the women more than by the men." "But you can have no benefit from Indulgences without it." "No, Señor," (with the most perfect indifference.) "Do you eat Vigil on Friday?" "No, Señor." "But are you not bound to do so by the laws of your Church, if you have not the Bula?" "Why, Señor, we say, If these Indulgences are of any avail when we have paid two reals, they will be of avail without it. If I may eat meat without sin, when I have paid two reals for a piece of paper, it can be no great sin to eat it, whether I have paid the two reals or not." So those who have the Bula do not fast because they have it, and those who have not because they could get a dispensation by paying two reals.

Nicola and José served as specimens of the practically unbelieving and believing school of

Spaniards; so I presently took an opportunity of trying separately what each held on the subject of S. Mary the Blessed Virgin. "José, to which do Spaniards pray most, our Lord, or our Lady?" "Quite equal, Señor." "Is there no difference in the way in which you address them?" "None; she is the Queen of Angels in Heaven." "Nicola, do Spaniards pray most to our Lord, or to our Lady?" "Some to one, some to the other, Señor." "But which is the most common object of adoration?" "One quite as much as the other. It is impossible to say." So far the two testimonies agreed together; but I found that José still considered her no more than woman, while Nicola said she was generally considered far above the nature of woman. Which is worst, the error in the major premiss, that worship may be paid to the creature as well as the Creator; or in the minor, that the Blessed Virgin was not a partaker of Adam's nature, in the same way that human beings are? The first contradicts a prime instinct of our nature, the second mars the theory of the Incarnation.

Carmona is an interesting town, and its position often made it the scene of contending parties, who one after another made themselves masters of it. In the evening I took a walk through the streets, in order to examine the fine Moorish Gateway with its horse-shoe arches, which stands within

it. As I returned I found two Churches open, and went into them. At San Pedro, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin was going on. This Litany is of very frequent use, and, together with Exercises and Prayers in the Spanish tongue, selected often at the will of the Priest, forms the real worship of the common people. Till I had visited countries where the Roman Religion was dominant, I did not know how little one can judge of the prayers of the people, and doctrines taught from the pulpit by the Breviary and Missal. The latter are exponents of the system which is contained in the heads of the learned and on paper, but they are not the exponents of the system which is working in the hearts of the poor. They are often not to be had at any price, seldom except at such a price as would hinder all but the wealthy from purchasing them. There is indeed, however, but very little demand for them. They are not what the Book of Common Prayer is to us, but, like Holy Scripture, have practically been shelved to make way for *Semaña Santas*, Litanies, Rosaries of the Blessed Virgin, Books of devotion, to which so many Prelates have attached so many days of Indulgence, Meditations, and such other works as the people are not precluded by the language from understanding. That the inhabitants of Roman Catholic countries have deviated without rebuke, and have been encouraged to

deviate from the authoritative standard of their Faith, in one direction, farther than the people of England from the teaching of the Prayer-book in another, is a patent fact^g.

The other Church into which I went at Carmona, presented a curious example of Orientalism of manner, which I had not elsewhere witnessed. A party of seven or eight persons, accompanied by two torch-bearers, were going the round of the Stations, and performing their devotions at each picture. Great earnestness and sincerity appeared in their manner, and at some of the prayers they stooped to the earth, and beat the ground with their foreheads. This practice is by many mistakenly considered a Mahometan usage. It does not belong so much to creed as to character. It is natural to the Orientals, whether Christian or Mohammedan;

^g "An acquaintance of some years with Roman Catholic countries has impressed me with the conviction, that our English notions about them are very crude and imperfect. I have felt also most strongly, that we have in the Roman Catholic Church two systems, the one contained in books and in the heads of the learned, the other as practically working in the hearts and habits of the people. And there cannot be a doubt, that the theory of Romanism, which has lately tempted so many from our Communion, is *not* that which is actually carried out in the Roman Catholic countries of Europe.... In the various national branches of the Church of Rome with which I have had any acquaintance, this coexistence of a theoretical and practical system has been to me most marked." Veritas. Guardian, June 25, 1851.

it is opposed to the spirit of the western nations. Its retention in Spain is probably owing to the oriental spirit which pervades the Peninsula partly caused by the Mohammedan conquest, partly produced by the quasi-eastern climate. Half a day's ride from Carmona brought us to Seville through Mairena, where the once famous fair, the delight of the dandies of Andalusia, was going on. Its ancient glories have now sadly faded, and its once goodly shew has dwindled into a congregation of horses, cows, pigs, and goats. The Duke de Montpensier was present, having driven over from Seville for the spectacle. The gate near Los Caños de Carmona admitted us into Seville.

CHAP. XVIII.

Sunday at Seville. Murillo. The Bull-fight. The Giralda. The Cathedral. The Chapel Royal. Blanco White. Gardens of San Telmo. Impoverished state of some of the Clergy. The Alcazar. Sisterhood at the Foundling Hospital. The Guadalquivir. Cadiz. The Cathedral. Murillo's death. Church.

OUR first day in Seville was a Sunday; and if banking had seemed a strange occupation for Easter Sunday at Granada, Low Sunday would have been spent in a manner still less accordant with 'Anglican' notions, had I acted on the principles of doing at Rome as Rome does. The Fair of Seville having this year fallen on Easter Day, the Bull-fight, which usually graces that festival, was deferred to the following Sunday, and Seville was alive with the expectation of its Circenses.

The great attraction to us after the Morning Service, in which some English residents were glad to join, was the Museum, which is only opened to the public on Sundays. Murillo's

Paintings, which are here preserved, have been already referred to^a. Zurbaran's Apotheosis of S. Thomas was to me of little interest. The quantity of trash, not worth arresting the eye for a moment, is even larger than in most other Galleries, but Murillo's room will make up for all deficiencies. Each visitor chooses his own favourite from among the paintings, but every one finds something with which to be charmed. One selects the Adoration of the Shepherds, another S. Anthony, another one of the two exquisite Conceptions. My favourite was the face of our Lord as He bends down from the Cross to embrace S. Francis. The subject was over bold for my feelings, but the face was almost perfect. S. Felix restoring the Infant to the Blessed Virgin, and the Infant Saviour piercing the heart of S. Augustine, are noble paintings. One I would fain have dismissed ignominiously from its place of honour. The Madonna de la Servilleta gives me no pleasure to look at. It may be that there are hidden beauties in it; but I must acknowledge, that I could recognise nothing holy or pure in the bold face before me. Never was face more different from the embodiments of simplicity, purity, grace, and holiness, which the two Conceptions in the same room display. But after all, Murillo will not compare with Raffaele. Simple, pure,

^a Vide supra, Chap. IV.

innocent, child-like faces he can paint as none other, but the majesty and dignity of Raffaele, which when combined with the other qualities produces the heavenly expressions of the Del Cardellino, the Della Seggiola, the Staffa Madonna, and Madonna of the Neapolitan Museum, are wanting in Murillo. The S John, and the Holy Family of the National Gallery, are equal to any of the Murillos of Seville.

As the day proceeded, the excitement caused by the prospect of the Bull-fight visibly increased; and by the afternoon all Seville was pouring itself through the streets towards the Plaza de Toros, a vile and poor mock imitation of a Roman Amphitheatre, just as the bull-fight is a sham aping of the old Roman sports. After dinner, which in this climate of course takes place in the middle of the day, we walked to the neighbouring Giralda, and mounted to the top of it. It is a beautiful tower, very similar in character to San Marco's Campanile in the Piazza of Venice, and recalling vividly that most exquisite of buildings, the Campanile of Florence. It has probably borrowed something from Italian art, although of Moorish construction. Exterior ornament with which it is diapered over is not to be found in the severe and forbidding towers of the Alhambra. From the Giralda the Bull-ring presented a most animated and attractive ap-

pearance. We could command a distant view of half of the area, and of the seats, the last of which were filled to the full with a variegated mass of bright colours. Sometimes the bull remained on the side of the area nearest to us, and then we could see nothing that was going on, and causing such shouts of applause from the spectators, except sometimes when the smoke rose up from the fire-darts which were thrown into the flesh of the poor beasts that would not fight. Sometimes the bull came bounding into our vision in pursuit of a *picador*, or chasing an audacious *chulo* to the side. One I saw fall as if by magic under the sword of the *matador*, which was at that distance invisible, and then the gay team of mules appeared for a moment, and whisked his body from the area. The usual complement of eight bulls were slain, and from twenty to twenty-five horses were gored to death. The next morning the local papers gave a detailed account of the deaths of the bulls and horses, but as usual omitted to mention that two men had been carried out, whether alive or dead none knew, and few cared. There was staying at the Reina a German, who, like many of his countrymen was characterized rather by bluntness of sensibility than by fastidiousness and delicacy of nerves: he however expressed himself quite sickened by the sight of the gored horses. The entrails of one he saw fall out

in a mass, after many wounds, to the ground. Another was sinking with the weakness of approaching death, and the picador in consequence got off his back; but he was at once assailed by the cries of the spectators, who made him remount, and push on the poor animal to be gored once more. "It is in truth a piteous sight to see the poor mangled horses treading out their entrails, and yet gallantly carrying off their riders unhurt^b." The Infanta and the Duke de Montpensier, as well as all the chief people of Seville, were of course present. Indeed, no Royal personages could be popular in Spain who discouraged bull-fighting. Mr. Ford states, "that a choice box in the shade, and to the right of the President, is allotted as the seat of honour to the Canons of the Cathedral, who attend in clerical costume, and such days are fixed upon for the Bull-fight as will not by a long Church-service prevent their coming. The Clergy of Spain have always been the most uncompromising enemies of the stage, where they never go, yet neither the cruelty nor profligacy of the amphitheatre has ever roused their zeal. They dislike being touched on the subject." If this is the case, it is encouraged alike by Church and State, and the proceeds, as has been before mentioned, go towards charitable purposes of all sorts, such as building Churches, and supporting Hospitals. A Bazaar for

^b Gatherings, p. 304.

such an object, bad as it is, is at least not so bad as a Bull-fight. At the conclusion of the sport, we walked to the amphitheatre to see the matadors, picadors, and chulos come out in their variegated dresses. There was a great crowd covering the space near the doors. Men were crying crayfish-claws, water, and other eatables and drinkables, and the merits of the bulls were being eagerly discussed in loud and excited tones. This was Sunday at Seville. In the morning, many of the shops had been open, and every-day work had been going on. In the afternoon, every thought and every feeling had been swallowed up in the interest of the Bull-fight; and the evening appeared given up to cards, billiards, and dominoes in the casinos and cafés. At Cadiz I found the same games being played by numbers at the casino, as the ordinary occupation of Sunday evening.

Grand, solemn, and impressive beyond description, is the majestic Cathedral of Seville. It was built at the end of the fifteenth century, and, together with its Sagrario, Court of oranges, and walls, retains the shape of the old Mosque, which once stood upon the same site. Of itself it is enough to shew, that the Goths must in the end have beaten back the Africans. It is the product of a mightier spirit, and a more unbending race, than that which luxuriated in the Alhambra, or delighted to add vista after vista to Cordova.

One column of Seville Cathedral would block up a whole aisle of the Mosque, and for height, four Mosques one upon the other would not reach the soaring roof of the Cathedral. When you have entered at the western door as the obscurity of partial twilight is coming on, and walk up the seemingly never-ending aisle, and mark the mighty columns, and the lofty roof, and brilliant windows, you have a sense of greatness which Arabian buildings do not produce. The effect is much marred by the position of the Choir, which here as elsewhere is like a large pew surrounded with high walls, dropped down near the western part of the nave. The great *Monumento* at the west end interfered even more materially with the view. Its use was now over, and men were employed in taking it down by degrees. The great heavy statues were swung down by a pulley, shaking from side to side unsteadily till they reached the floor. "Feet have they, but they walk not, neither is there any breath in their mouths." The *Monumento* happened to stand over the grave of Columbus' son.

The Sagrario, or parish-church attached to the Cathedral, is every thing that is bad in taste. Opening into the Cathedral is the Capilla Real, where S. Ferdinand, the conqueror of Seville, lies with his son Alonso the Wise. S. Ferdinand's body is declared by authority to be still uncorrupted; but Blanco White, "in whose word" Dr.

Newman has "the fullest confidence, when he witnesses to facts, and facts that he knew," denies the fact, upon the evidence of his own sight. It was here that poor Blanco White was Chaplain, till his overtaxed faith having given way to scepticism, he fled from his now loathed ministrations, to embrace for a while a faith which, as was natural, after the shock that his mind had received, was only to give way once more to unbelief.

On Monday afternoon, the Duke de Montpensier and the Infanta threw open the gardens of San Telmo to the citizens of Seville. This was a favour exactly adapted to the wants and wishes of the Sevillanos. It gave them an occupation, something to look at, and engage their minds, without requiring any amount of thought to disturb their serenity; and all Seville accordingly flowed in an unbroken stream to the Palace and Grounds, just as on the great festivals they go to the *funciones*. There is something curious to an Englishman in the determined manner in which amusement-seekers in the south and east make up their mind to be amused. One accustomed to the business-like ways and chilly climate of the north, does not understand making the most of a fine holyday, and seems always anxious to get to the end of what he is about. Not so the Sevillanos. There was no hurry and bustle. Every one followed contentedly in the general line that

quietly moved onwards, looking at every thing as they passed with great but quiet curiosity. None seemed to have a thought which could disturb the tranquillity of their souls, and like children they were ready to be interested in every thing that the person who walked before them thought interesting. A green-house was a great marvel, but the attraction *par excellence* was a small field containing several kangaroos. These unknown creatures were great objects of curiosity when sitting still, but when they became excited at the presence of the crowd, and hopped from side to side of their paddock, there arose an 'inextinguishable laughter,' mixed with cries of *Mira! Jesus! Maria! Santisima!* What one looked at, all looked at: and accordingly when we turned off the path along which the quiet stream was flowing, to look at the tomb of an Englishman who was buried at a short distance from it, there was a general peaceful murmur of *Donde se va?* and all who were behind us turned likewise down the side path, and were followed by the rest of the train all day long. The Englishman whose tomb we visited was once owner of the spot, and his relations were defrauded of it by a process familiar to the Courts of Justice of Spain and Naples. It was then sold to the Duke de Montpensier, and application was made to him for leave to remove the bones. The Duke, however, (to his

praise be it spoken) returned answer, that he had enquired into the circumstances, and learnt how much benefit Mr. W. had done to the Sevillaños, and he should count it an honour if the tomb were allowed to remain in his garden; and there accordingly it stands, with a slight fence round it.

As we were walking a few days afterwards to the Alcazar, a curious thing occurred, shewing the impoverished state of the clerical order, and the effect that it has had upon some of them. A man came up to us dressed in a very rusty brown cloak, such as all Spaniards, who can possibly afford it, wear, with an ordinary sombrero, and an unshaven unwashen appearance, and asked to be allowed to shew us over the Alcazar. We assented to his desire, and with Spanish readiness he presently entered into conversation. "You are an ecclesiastic from England, Señor?" "Yes," "*Yo tambien*," he continued. "Indeed? To which order do you belong?" "To the Priesthood, Señor." "Do you officiate now?" "No, Señor, I have no cure now, and as it is necessary to eat, I shew strangers over Seville." He was glad when we left the Alcazar to receive a peseta, and went away with many expressions of gratitude. The following day, as we were crossing the Plaza, we heard a voice exclaiming, "Padre Inglés! Padre Inglés!" and on turning round, we found our friend, who shook

hands, and wished to know if he could shew us any thing else. We never heard any thing more of him. Possibly he had been deprived, but he gave references to some dignitaries for his respectability, together with his name.

The Alcazar ought not to be seen after the Alhambra. It is in fact a milk-and-water edition of the Alhambra. Its arches are not so elegant in their shape, its rooms and patios are not so large, its arabesqued stucco not so varied, and it is more marred by white-wash and neglect, and modernization. Yet its Sala de los Embajadors and the neighbouring patios are most beautiful, and perhaps its Azulejo work is superior to that of the Alhambra. The restorations which the Duke and the Infanta are making are in as good taste as the nature of the case admits. The quaint and formal gardens are pretty. In this sunny climate there is something not unpleasing, though childish, in spouting walks, labyrinths, carved myrtle-beds, and fountains.

The other buildings of Seville, the House of Pilate, said to be an exact copy, in imitation-Moorish architecture, of the House in which our Lord was brought before Pilate—the Caridad with its four Murillos; the Loaves and Fishes; the Moses striking the Rock; the Infant Saviour; and the S. John—the Universidad, with its Roelas and its Ribera Brass, formerly the College of the Jesuits,

till they were expelled by Charles III. in 1767—the Cartuja, now a Pottery under the direction of an Englishman, on the other bank of the river, with its delightful garden of orange trees—the River itself, skirted by the *Las Delicias* shady walks—each has its own attraction and beauty.

The two most flourishing charitable institutions are the District Visiting Society and Foundling Hospital. The first of these is seldom found in countries devoted to the Roman Faith; here it seems to work well. The second, from having been a recognised House for Infanticide, has come to be most excellently managed by some good Sisters of Mercy, who tend the children under the direction of a Committee of Ladies of Seville. The duties of this Sisterhood are active rather than contemplative, and consequently (unless indeed the Sister to whom we spoke misunderstood our question) they have no stated hours of prayer or meditation except in the morning and evening, the whole of the middle of the day is occupied with practical duties. The number of abandoned children taken in by them is something beyond belief.

When the time for going to Cadiz was come, we embarked in the San Telmo, and steamed off slowly down the Guadalquivir. The view of Seville from San Juan de Alfarache is magnificent; but after passing that point, the river becomes very

uninteresting, and flows muddily along through great plains, or round islands formed by itself, enlivened only by the herds of cows and bulls, some of the last of which are destined for the Seville Bull-fights. They are active and wiry, but small, and not to be compared for strength with an English bull. Presently we passed San Lucar, and by-and-by came out into the glorious Bay of Cadiz, and began to draw near to the town. A white cluster of buildings rising up out of the dark blue sea, it looked in the distance like Venice, but on coming closer it took more the features of Valletta. The roofs are flat, but the line of the horizon is very picturesquely broken by little turrets attached to every house.

The glory of Cadiz is its Bay: the town itself has little in it to interest the visitor, being regularly built with streets running at right angles to each other, each one of which is the counterpart of the others. The Cathedral, the Franciscan Convent, and one or two Churches, are its only sights, and the first of these takes its chief interest from the zeal and piety of the Good Bishop, who has with great difficulty contrived to complete the long unfinished building. It has the good qualities of massiveness and grandeur, if no more can be said for it. There are two Murillos in the Church of the old Franciscan Convent; S. Francis receiving the Stigmata, and the Marriage of S. Catherine. The

last of these has little to recommend it artistically, but yet it is a spot interesting perhaps above all others in Cadiz; for here it was that the great Painter of Spain was engaged upon his work in the position in which it is now placed, when he fell from the scaffolding, and died of the injury he received. He was buried in Seville, and his ashes have been scattered by the French to the winds.

Before leaving Cadiz, I went into one of its Churches, and as I walked round it, I marked fourteen or fifteen images or pictures of Nuestra Señora, four or five of Nuestro Señor, a very conspicuous one of Sta. Philomena, and several of some other Saints. It was the last Church that I saw in Spain, and I thought that it harmonized well with the religion of the country.

CHAP. XIX.

Tracts at Seville. The Cross of Caravaca. Miracles wrought by it. Sta. Philomena. Her History. Her Name. Her existence. Letter from a Spanish Priest to an English Clergyman. Distress of mind among the Spanish Priesthood. Communication from a Spanish Priest. A cry for help.

BEFORE leaving Seville, as I was walking towards the Cartuja, I stopped at one of the book-stalls, which are to be found at the corners of many of the streets, and bought two of the Tracts which they have on sale. These Tracts for the most part consist of tales and legends of Saints, together with numerous lives and miracles of La Santisima Maria. I bought two Tracts. The first was on the Cross of Caravaca, a Cross of the ordinary shape, except that it has two arms instead of one; and the second was on Santa Philomena, of whom I at that time knew nothing, but was induced to buy it, owing to the great reverence that I had observed paid to her. I read neither the one nor the other of them at the time I bought them, and therefore they may be considered as fair and ordinary specimens of the stock in hand. The Tract on the Cross of Caravaca, literally translated, runs as follows:

“The most holy Cross of Caravaca, which is venerated in its Royal Church in the Castle of the said town of Caravaca, and which was deposited there, through the Divine Mercy, by the ministry of Angels, for the proof and exaltation of our Holy Catholic Faith, and the protection and comfort of the Faithful, against the crafts and snares of Hell, against tempests, inundations, fires, and all kinds of danger, both spiritual and temporal. Every person who shall recite a Padre Nuestro, or a Credo, or perform any other act of Faith before any Cross, or devoutly carry it about him, and pray for the exaltation of our Holy Faith, and the necessities of the Church, gains three thousand six hundred days of Indulgence, conceded by various very Eminent, very Excellent, and very Illustrious Lord Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops of Spain and America. This devotion is earnestly recommended by Fr. Diego Josef, of Cadiz, an Apostolic Missionary.

Holy Divine Wood^a, chosen by Christ for our good, to deliver us from the captivity in which Lucifer had bound us; losing his life on thy arms, he gained for us the glory for which we hope.

In the Cross is our healing, our protection, and defence, and all our good; let us then be devout lovers, for it is a strong shield against Lucifer; but it is to be believed that he who carries it about him, can suffer neither fright nor terror.

^a What follows is in verse.

How happy art thou, Caravaca, who hast received so great a favour, that the Cross came down from Heaven, entered thy Sanctuary, and placed itself there: and there beauteously working marvels and miracles, healeth the sinner of his disease.

By the counsel of the Padre Fray Diego, which he gave to a maiden, she so loved the Cross, that when a youth desiring to enjoy her entered her chamber, the Cross delivered her; and the way was, that it placed itself on the bed, giving light, and the traitor fled.

What Christian will not have great devotion to the Holy Cross, adoring, and contemplating also that Christ worked thereon our Redemption; and that He suffered till He gave up his life in its arms with great torments, because He loved us.

There was a man who was devout to the Holy Cross, and wore it, because he loved it much; they fired a shot at him with bails and bullets to rob him, and it did not hurt him: and it is a marvelous thing, that the balls and the charge left a mark on the Cross that he wore on his heart.

A poor woman had been in labour five days, and could not bring forth; with the Cross they signed her over the body, and she brought forth a boy that was able to live: and it is to be noted, that a relation of hers brought her this Cross, and said with faith, Thou shalt not die.

There were three men at work in a field, a storm burst forth, and a thunderbolt fell; it con-

sumed two of the three, and the middle one was unhurt; and the miracle was worked by a Cross, which he wore on his breast, and which remained impressed on it.

If the Cross is the ensign and signal of a Christian, and we are bound to love it, because it delivers us from our adversary, the common enemy, and from tribulation, let us love this Sacred and Divine wood, in somewhat imitating our Redeemer.

And Felipe Cantabria beseeches you to ask God the Father to give him wisdom and light, that he may be able to speak of the grandeurs, and the great excellences of the Holy Cross: for he cannot find light, nor any thing wherewith to compare it, save the sweet and Holy name of Jesus.

With Licence of the Ordinary. Published at Seville by D. Manuel Nicolas, Vazquez, and Company."

Now it is very easy to say that there is little harm in these tales; that even if these very things did not take place, yet something else of a similar nature may have occurred, and therefore that it is justifiable to place them before the people as worthy of belief. But if we realize it to ourselves, this Tract on the Cross of Caravaca must be either one thing or the other. Either it is true, and then it is a record of instances, awful instances, of God's interfering with the laws of material

nature, and the constituted order of things; or it is false, and then, with however good motives put forth, what else is it than a fable, a falsehood, and an imposture? Are we then to imagine that the Ordinary, who gave this licence, really believed, that he who carried a model of the Cross could suffer neither fright nor terror? Did he really believe, that the Cross came down from Heaven, entered the Sanctuary of Caravaca, and placed itself there; that it there beautifully worked miracles, and healed sinners of diseases? Did he really believe, that it placed itself upon the maiden's bed? Did he really believe, that the man in the field was saved from the thunderbolt, when his two companions perished by a miracle worked by the Cross which he wore on his heart? If he did not, he was clearly acting upon the principle of *Populus vult decipi et decipiat*. But if it is the system of the Church that such statements are to be accepted, we can scarcely wonder at their still being Blanco Whites, whose minds rise up and ask for evidence. And with regard to the simple ones of the flock whom it is the special office of Christ's Church to tend and cherish, can we conceive any thing more reckless than their authoritatively sanctioning the belief that 3,600 days of Indulgence may be gained in such a way?

The second Tract was an account of Santa Philomena, of whom I wished to know more, owing

to the great reverence which appeared to be so generally paid to her. She seemed to me to stand higher than any other of the Saints, of course putting the Blessed Virgin out of consideration, in the estimation of the people. That this is actually the case I will not undertake to say; but at least her name and image had so far impressed themselves above others upon my notice, that I selected her life from among the rest. Who she was I learnt on my return to England. The following is a translation of the Tract.

“ HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE GLORIOUS VIRGIN AND
MARTYR S. PHILOMENA.

“ Attend, dearest reader, to the greatest marvel that thou couldst imagine in the years of thy life: the most terrible occurrence, the most unheard of history, that was the most strange and rare that was ever heard of in this world; it is the life of that Saint who is called Philomena, of that magnanimous Saint, that divine Saint: in whom, reader, so many virtues shone, who with so much patience tranquilly suffered a thousand tortures; who by her sufferings merited glory; who breathed her last sigh with a sweet smile, of that fair woman of angelic beauty, who fearless before her wicked lover, overcame with intrepid firmness. Attend, for I have begun the amazing history; learn it by heart, for it is an unheard of history.

A a

This fair virgin was born in the capital of Greece, the daughter of a Christian king, and heiress of the throne. She was born so lovely, and her beauty was so great, that the whole world admired the divine Philomena: and there was no human loveliness that could be compared with hers, for none existed that was not very inferior. The Princess grew in years, and became more beautiful, and her breast nourished the idea of virtue in its Christian inspiration. Led by her purity, the damsel consecrated herself as the bride of Jesus Christ; and gladly gave up her whole soul to her God, forsaking the miserable enjoyment of the earth. This was the oath of this fair lily, this the Spouse that this tender creature loved. The virtuous Philomena lived happily in this manner, when her father, oh misfortune! took her to Rome, where Diocletian held the reins of that empire; and so severe was this man, that the earth trembled before him. Scarcely had the tiger seen the timid Philomena, when he felt in his breast a flame that burnt him; when he felt himself convulsed, and could not hinder it; when he felt his accustomed firmness forsake him; when he felt not affection, but the blindest passion, annihilating, consuming, and destroying his whole soul: and frantic, he desired Philomena in marriage, because he would yield up his sceptre and his life to such beauty. The pure virgin heard this, and was covered with shame, and with a stammering voice

thus replied: 'I cannot, no, Diocletian, I cannot be your wife, because I have sworn to love no man upon earth; for I have long since consecrated myself altogether to JESUS, and it is impossible that I should perjure myself.' Then her father pressed her, and told her to yield, for otherwise, Diocletian would make cruel war upon them, and by his terrible vengeance and unconquered pride they would both be expatriated, and covered with shame. In vain, in vain, were all attempts to persuade Philomena, for they could not overcome her approved firmness, and when her lover saw this, his breast burnt with rage, he insulted her, and warned her to lay aside her resistance: and the beautiful woman, with suffering printed on her countenance, kneeling to Christ, began this supplication.

'O God, that art in Heaven! look upon me from Thy high place, and mitigate my bitterness with Thy heavenly comfort: pour out Thy divine inspiration, Lord, and animate my heart, O my God; and looking with merciful eyes, Lord, upon my anguish, make me to bear this suffering with resigned patience, and cause this cruel tyrant, who now so torments me, to repent of his insane frenzy.'

Scarcely had the afflicted maiden spoken these words, when the wicked Diocletian seized her violently by the arm, and with eyes sparkling with anger, terrified her with a thousand insults;

and nothing in the world was able to calm his rage, no words could soften the heart of the savage, and no hope remained for the sad maiden. The senseless man immediately commanded his executioners to come, and the torturers speedily presented themselves around: by the tyrant's order the barbarians bound Philomena, and bore her to a loathsome dungeon, and inhumanly loaded her with chains and fetters, and threw upon her reptiles, toads, lizards, and vipers, and gave her no food, however much she desired to eat, that the beautiful victim might yield to such torments; but she would not give up her faith for pains and sufferings, nor for the vile threats of those perverse people, nor for the seductive entreaties, nor the lewd speeches, that the tyrant used to make her yield. Nothing availed, and Diocletian became like a wild beast, and commanded his executioners to scourge the maiden. They seized her by her golden hair, and dragged her away full of pain and bitterness, and the vile tormentors furiously attacked that lovely body, whiter than the lily: they struck cruel blows with such force and vigour, that a thousand wounds were formed in that tender flesh. But neither the great pain, nor the seeing herself covered with blood, diminished the courage of the virtuous maiden; for an angel inspired her, and comforted her in her pains, strengthening her body; therefore the tormentors

took her again to her prison, and again did those monsters load her with chains. When the tyrant perceived her tried firmness, he thought of the new torment of darts and arrows. The divine woman serenely endured the torment, and the multitude beheld such innocent virtue with amazement. But the cruel Diocletian ordered other barbarities; he commanded her to be plunged in the Tiber with a weight round her neck. The vile slaves executed this barbarous sentence, and threw the unfortunate Princess into the river; but the Almighty, who protected her innocence, saved the fair rose unhurt from this martyrdom: and the people related the surprising event as a miracle, and venerated the innocent victim as a saint. The emperor then, as if he was mad, ordered her head to be instantly cut off; and, oh heavens! they executed this tremendous order: oh heavens! they deprived this world of Philomena. The cruel executioners seized the beauty, and in their barbarous inclemency cut off her head. When the innocent one died, two angels were seen carrying her pure and serene soul to Heaven in a cloud. Learn, reader, learn from the history of Philomena, that if thou imitatest her virtues, thou wilt enjoy everlasting glory."

Now of the *existence* of this beautiful and saintly princess, what evidence have we?

The following*.

In the year 1802, an inscription, with the first and last letters destroyed, was found upon a stone in the Catacombs at Rome, which began with *lumenā*, and ended with *Fi*, the words between *lumena* and *fi* being *pax tecum*. Thus it stood
LUMENA PAX TECUM FI.

This was the foundation of the history. “The learned Jesuit, Mariano Partenio,” began the building upon it by suggesting, “that the two last letters *Fi*, ought to be prefixed to the first word of the inscription, according to the ancient usage of the Chaldeans, Phœnicians, Arabs, and Hebrews, some traces of which are found even among the Greeks.” This is an argument such as one does not often meet with. Clearly the learned Jesuit had in his mind the fact, that in the Oriental languages which he has mentioned, the direction of writing is from right to left, instead of left to right. If then the inscriptions were in Chaldaic, Phœnician, Arabic, or Hebrew, he would have a shadow of ground for reading it, IF MUCET XAP ANEMUL. But IF MUCET XAP ANEMUL is not FILUMENA, and if it were, it would have nothing to do with the case in hand, inasmuch as the present inscription is neither Chaldaic, Phœ-

* The substance of the whole of what follows on this subject, is taken from the Rev. R. Scott's Twelve Sermons, Appendix.

nician, Arabic, Hebrew, nor Greek, but Latin, in which language not even the learned Jesuit ventures to assert that such conjuring tricks are possible.

However, the learned Jesuit's suggestion makes the first step: the second is "miraculous phenomena, which exhibited themselves" in the Catacombs: the third is formed by three visions, which appeared to three different persons. These visions confirmed the truth of the sagacious Jesuit's guess, by declaring that her name was originally *Lumena*, which (in what language is not expressed) means *light*; and that she took the name of *Filumena*, which by some curious law of composition is the same as *Filia luminis*, *Daughter of light*, at her Baptism^b; that she was the object of Diocletian's love and rage, and was by him put to death in torture. The last step was Leo XII. pronouncing her a great saint; and Gregory XVI. solemnly blessing one of her images at Rome, after which she became "sur-named the Thaumaturge of the nineteenth century." Thus *Lumena pax tecum fi* became converted into Sta. Philomena. "It is not wished," says Mr. R. Scott, "to disparage the Christian

^b "We are left in this dilemma: Philomena (φιλουμένη) is a possible name, but confessedly is without authority. Filumena (filia luminis) is impossible, but claims the authority of a direct revelation." Mr. Scott's note.

graces of any departed believer either in the Church of Rome or our own. But there is a previous question. Must we not believe that they ARE, before we can go further?" "Now we know," says S. Paul, "that an idol is nothing in the world:" can more be said for Santa Philomena? Yet she is one of the most popular objects of worship^e in the south of Spain.

These words are written in no scoffing spirit. The whole of the Santa-Philomena-system is a thing, which raises deeper feelings than the sense of the ludicrous, or contempt, or even indignation. Does it not invite to infidelity? is it not provocative of Blanco Whiteism, more than all the scoffs and blasphemies of Voltaire and his crew? Has not the Church of Rome a heavy account to pay, for, with one hand, discouraging the free use of the authoritative standard of the Christian Faith, and with the other scattering abroad such groundless fictions as these? The Tract giving account of this gradual formation of Sta. Philomena was published with Episcopal approbation at Geneva, and her image is allowed to stand conspicuous in the Churches of

^e It seems now needless to apologise for this use of the word *worship*. It is the only word that is honest, and is now commonly used by Roman Catholics. Thus Mr. Faber, addressing S. Joseph, says naturally,

"There is no Saint in heaven I *worship* like Thee,
Sweet spouse of our Lady, O deign to love me!"

Andalusia, and the people are in the habit of offering their prayers to a nonentity.

That there are some high minds in Spain, patient, discerning, truth-loving men, who do not for the sake of the evil reject the good, nor for the sake of the good swallow the evil, who shall doubt? In these men lies the hope of Spain. There is the same class strong in intelligence, if not in numbers, throughout Italy and Sicily also. And if there are spirits among them, which, writhing under the weight of the evils of the system in which they find themselves, are inclined to throw themselves into phases of belief and thought, which *abstractedly* we should hesitate in approving, let us not be too willing to judge harshly of them; let us remember their provocations and sympathize with their sufferings and assist their struggles. I would earnestly call the attention of those who have allowed their minds to dwell upon the evils of the Church of England to the following letters, written by a Spanish Priest now ministering in Spain to a Priest of the Church of England. They will there see, that there are other standards than their own of the respective merits of England and Rome, and other judgments entertained by those who are practically acquainted with one side as well as we are with the other. Let us not shut our ears to the cry of an earnest soul, which yearns for the purity of

God's Holy Truth as taught in Christ's Catholic Church in the ages of Primitive Christianity, a cry uttered from amidst a system where that Truth has been overloaded and defiled by the accretions of later ages.

Letters from a Spanish Priest^a.

May 9, 1851.

Dear Sir, and my Brother,

The letter which you had the kindness to direct to me, dated on the third of this month, has given me much pleasure and satisfaction. I give you the most abundant thanks for your kindness, and for the lively interest which you take in my concerns. I waited with some impatience for an answer to my former letter, and although after some delay, I have had the pleasure and consolation of receiving it.

My sentiments in religious matters are the same that I expressed before. I desire to be incorporated into that holy Church, in which the practices of Primitive Christianity are observed, and which is a faithful copy of that which was founded by Christ, and propagated by the Apostles. But in order to abandon one's country, and to establish one's self in a foreign land, you know well

^a The first of these letters was written in Spanish, the second in Latin.

that there is need of more than desires. I would not have indigence and hunger drive me one day to repent of my resolution, however noble and holy. I know that being unable to speak English, I cannot be of use in your Church, because it is not possible for me to exercise the priestly ministry. I could be useful only by editing some compositions in my native language, and making translations from Latin and French into Spanish. But I believe that there is no propaganda in the Anglican Church, and that there is little anxiety to lead other Christian nations, which groan under the errors of Popery, to abjure them, and to breathe the pure air of Evangelic Truths, and of Primitive Christianity. There are not wanting persons full of virtue and of zeal, who are animated with the noblest and most pious sentiments on this point, but these are only individuals, and not corporations, with a fixed plan, and with that ardent zeal which is inspired by the desire of the propagation of the truth. Notwithstanding this, the Catholic Review of last month contained the intelligence, that a society had been established in London, at the head of which was an Anglican Bishop, for the purpose of propagating and diffusing evangelical truth amongst the Italian Clergy. I do not know whether the Spanish Clergy may be comprehended under this name.

My chief object was to make myself well ac-

quainted with the doctrines of your Church, in order to be one day useful to my country. Up to the present time we have encountered nothing but obstacles. Your desires are very good, but means and resources are wanting to you. I was moved by the desire of fitting myself to serve my countrymen some day, by teaching them the truth as it proceeded from the lips of Christ, and not as the Popes and the Inquisition have disfigured it by means of fires and tortures.

Amongst other services which you might do me, I should be extremely obliged to you, if you would obtain for me some books in Latin or in French. I have translated the ——^d, which I will send to you as soon as you write to me on the subject. Unless it is for publication, it can be of no use to you in Spanish, as you have it in English. I have begun other literary undertakings of the same character, but I confess, with some discouragement, because, whilst there is no thought of propaganda with the necessary resources, they can neither be printed, nor made use of.

I beg you to make me acquainted with all pious and prudent men, who comprehend the full extent

^c The work of one of the great English Reformed Divines. It is necessary to omit the name, lest in a country where the same system of espionage is carried on as that which has crushed the spirit of the Neapolitans, the name should lead to the discovery and consequent persecution of my Spanish correspondent.

of the charity of Christ, and who have a true zeal for the propagation of his truth, I desire to enter into correspondence with them, and to interest them in my projects.

Your judgment and discretion will supply what I leave unsaid for want of room. Do whatever you think fit for me, and account me your most humble and affectionate brother.

Oct. 15, 1851.

My most dear Brother in Christ,

I have gratefully received your welcome letter, written in England on the 24th of August last, together with that of the Rev. Doctor —, of the date of Sept. 18, in which you ask me for some account of the state of things here, and desire me to explain in Latin what it is that I want, and how it is we are bound to one another by our new and brotherly friendship.

If I must begin by a profession of faith, in order that the conformity of our ideas and unity of religion may be the more plain and clear between us, that which I can offer, you will find, to the letter, in the Apostles' and the Constantinopolitan Creed, and it is expounded in the same sense in which I make it by John Jewel, formerly Bishop of Salisbury, in his excellent defence of the Anglican Church.

Being anxious to communicate with those who hold this faith, whom I looked upon as brethren most beloved and specially blest, I diligently made search for a good and learned Minister, whom I might implore for help, wise instruction, and counsel, and after a long search, by the inspiration of God speaking by the mouth of the people, I have found one whose evangelical virtues are every where spoken of. I therefore wrote to him, that I might be received by his means into communion with the Anglican Church, and having a place among the Ministers of the true Gospel of Christ, might be enabled to exercise some office, which should provide for my subsistence in a strange land. For I was thinking of coming to you, and relinquishing and giving up all I have, satisfied with your fellowship and communion, but at the same time I did not wish to be burdensome to you. I wished, in short, to say with S. Paul, These hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that are with me, for so labouring it is right to support the weak. For otherwise, an exile from my country, with no office, nothing to do, and no income, there was nothing left for me but to die of hunger and want.

This was ever my thought, from the time that I once recognised the true faith of Christ, to place it under the powerful shadow and protection of the Anglican Church, that, strengthened by so

great a support, and led by so great a light, it might be propagated through the Spanish territory, and bring forth fruit most abundantly.

As you well know, the true and genuine Gospel of Christ can not be preached in Spain, but the Gospel of the Pope, which is a very different thing indeed from that. Here there is not the Spirit, for where the Spirit is, there is liberty. Our very Bishops have nothing in common with the Apostles; they do not preach the Word, they do not instruct the people. All they do is for hire: they accommodate every thing to their sensual conceptions and earthly desires. They are not shepherds but robbers, they are not successors but usurpers, they are not leaders but misleaders, they are not masters of the Truth but watchmen of a lie. They are Pharisees who sit on Moses' seat, and hold up to the people traditions, errors, and superstitions. They take away the bread of understanding and the water of life: they have removed the keys of knowledge, and the kingdom of heaven have they shut before men.

The Bishop of — has never preached the word of God; and so ignorant is he, that he knows nothing except the ceremonies, and this is all that he requires in a Priest. At the last synod for providing Curas, he forbid the theologians, as is the

old custom, to test the candidates' sufficiency by theological questions and dissertations.

The Spaniards, having all these things before their eyes, laugh at the mission of the Christian Priesthood, are losing their faith and morals, and sinking into Atheism. Will you then keep them in the way of perdition, in the very mouth of the pit? There is no other way but preaching the true Gospel. Here then is a difficult work, to which all my efforts are directed, and I implore your aid. It is a difficult work, and very dangerous; but the Apostle says in the seventh and following verses of the first chapter to the Galatians, 'There be some that trouble you, and would pervert the Gospel of Christ: but though we or an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel unto you than (beside) that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other Gospel unto you than (beside) that ye have received, let him be accursed.' And our Lord, the Saviour of the human race, says, in the 30th verse of the 12th chapter of S. Matthew, 'He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathers not with me scatters.'

It cannot be denied, that Spaniards of the present day are generally opposed to Roman practices, and rather agree with you and me in thinking and

doing, than with them: such is the force of Reason and Truth. However, while they are giving up the errors of Romanism, they have no rule of faith and morality to embrace, and led as by a blind impulse, each has prescribed a liberal and irregular belief for himself, which sometimes he follows, and sometimes relinquishes.

For unity then and stability of faith to be established among us, for the restoration of Evangelical morals, and specially for delivering them from Atheism, into which they are running headlong, the light of the Gospel must, as in old times, shine among them. But how shall they believe without a preacher, and how shall we preach unless we are sent? Let there be raised the voice that cries aloud, and the word of God will not return empty. But as the charity of Christ constraineth us, and His cause here suffers violence, and groans at being surrounded with great dangers, I have determined not to go hence, but to remain, and to implore your help for the Spanish nation.

Will you then associate yourselves together for the work of the Gospel in these regions? Will you in your charity lead this people to the true faith of Christ? Will you recal them from Atheism, or Indifferentism to the Church of God? Establish Evangelical Missions, and support them with your pious alms. The Romanists labour night and day to propagate their errors, they send

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their fanatical Missionaries to go round the world, and all sorts of sectaries run eagerly to the work. But ye who profess the true faith of Christ, will ye leave a thirsty people to perish, and give them nought out of your abundance when they ask? Nay, my most beloved brethren, for if the Lord hath given you five talents, ye will gain five other talents, to be good and faithful servants.

If the present supplication seem to you worthy, religious, and Christian, if it has any influence over you, send me the chief works of^d ——— and ———, and after I have translated them, I will send them back to you to be printed in England. So the light of the Gospel may be spread through these regions, and prepare the soil for receiving the seed of Truth and Life.

Wherefore, my most beloved brethren, I commend me and mine to your prayers, and Christian charity; and remember, that whatever you do for the least of your brethren, you do it unto the Lord, according to S. Matthew xxv. 40.

Your brethren in captivity salute you, and the Holy Anglican Church of God. Peace, grace, and mercy from our Lord JESUS CHRIST be with your spirit. Amen."

^d These names are omitted for the reasons given above. They are the strong Reformers.

APPENDIX. No. I.

Documents. Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba's Book of Prayers. Novena of the Divine Shepherdess. Panegyric on S. Mary. "New invention" of the title of Divine Shepherdess in 1703. Progress of the devotion propagated by the Missionary Capuchins. First office of the Divine Shepherdess: Knowing her sheep. Second office: Leading her sheep to good pastures. Third office: Driving away the wolves with her voice and crook. Fourth office: Encouraging the feeble sheep. Fifth office: Healing the sick sheep. Sixth office: Seeking for the lost sheep. Seventh office: Bringing back the lost sheep to the fold. Eighth office: Assisting the sheep at their death. Ninth office: Being an example to the sheep. The Joys of the divine and most loving Shepherdess of souls. The Seven Mysteries of Joy. The Seven Mysteries of Sorrow. The Seven Mysteries of Glory.

As my desire throughout has been to give a fair picture of the Church of Rome, I have thought it well to append *in extenso* the little Book of Prayers given by the Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba, and the Novena of the Most Holy Mary, from which quotations have been made in the letters at the early part of the volume. They will shew the mixture of truth and error, which is contained

in the system prevalent in Spain. "In fact, the formidable character of Romanism," says Mr. R. Scott, "arises from this very possession of much truth: for with this it juggles, offering the primitive verity to the eye, and giving the modern corruption to the hand. Thus the Romish *cultus* of Saints differs from the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints, as sense differs from faith." How much the "parasitic overgrowth of error" has practically smothered the Truth, a calm perusal of the following documents, and an examination of their spirit, will unmistakeably shew. They are exactly and literally translated, Capital letters, Italics, and Roman letters being used in the translation only where they are used in the original. The Novena consists of nine supposed offices of the Blessed Virgin in the character of Divine Shepherdess, with a consideration upon each in her honour, and a prayer. In the prayers of the first and third day, it will be observed, that we tell God that we are praying to the Virgin: in that of the second day we pray to God the Father by the merits of JESUS and of Mary: in that of the sixth, seventh, and ninth, we pray to God the Father by the merits of Mary: in that of the fourth and eighth day, we pray to our Lord by the merits of Mary. The Prayer to the Blessed Trinity is rather a Hymn of Praise to the Virgin. This, together with the "Joys of the Divine and most

loving Shepherdess of Souls, Most Holy Mary, our Lady," is to be used daily during the Novena. The Seven Mysteries of Joy, Sorrow, and Glory, are appended. These are subjects of Meditation.

BOOK OF PRAYERS GIVEN BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF
SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

PRAYER TO THE MOST HOLY VIRGIN.

O Virgin and Mother of God, I give myself to thee as thy child; and for the honour and glory of thy purity I offer thee my soul, my body, my powers, and my senses, and I beseech thee to obtain for me the grace of never committing any deadly sin. Amen Jesus. Three *Ave Marias*.

My Mother, behold thy child.

My Mother, behold thy child.

My Mother, behold thy child.

In thee, my sweetest Mother, I have put my trust; I shall never be confounded.

CHRISTIAN PRACTICES.

PRACTICES FOR EVERY DAY.

1. *As soon as thou risest say;* Virgin and Mother of God, *as in the first page.* Say the Lord's Prayer to thy holy guardian Angel. Another to thy patron Saint. Another for the benefit of the souls in Purgatory.

2. Hear Mass every day if thou canst.

3. Every night repeat a part of the most holy Rosary, with attention and devotion.

4. Receive at least once a week, the holy Sacraments of Confession and the Eucharist.

5. When thou hearest the hours^a, say an *Ave Maria*, and make a spiritual communion.

METHOD OF SALUTING MOST HOLY MARY,

And of communicating spiritually at the hours, and on all other occasions.

When thou hearest the hours, say : Hail most pure Mary, conceived without sin, *One Ave Maria, and one Gloria Patri.* And directing thy heart towards the most holy Sacrament, turning thy face also, if thou easily canst, towards a church in which it is reserved, say with great desire of receiving it, Alas, my God, that I had ever loved thee! that I had never offended or displeased thee! Ah that I were so happy as now to receive thee sacramentally! . . . But since I am not worthy of this, be pleased to accept my desire, and to communicate to me thy *holy love*. So be it.

STAIRCASE TO ASCEND TO HEAVEN.

In all that thou doest, and in every word that thou sayest, remember death, judgment, hell, and glory; and I assure thee that thou wilt never sin, and that thou wilt be saved.

Steps of this precious staircase, divided according to the days of the week.

MONDAY. Say one Lord's Prayer, and one Ave

^a "horas," when the bells are rung at the beginning of dark, and when darkness comes on.

Maria, and then slowly and with reflection, repeat ten times : *I must die.*

TUESDAY. Say one Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria, and then slowly and with reflection, repeat ten times : *I must be judged.*

WEDNESDAY. Say one Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria, and then slowly and with reflection, repeat ten times : *Woe is me if I am condemned ! what will all the world have profited me ?*

THURSDAY. Say one Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria, and then slowly and with reflection, repeat ten times : *Short joy, eternal suffering.*

FRIDAY. Say one Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria, and then slowly and with reflection, repeat ten times : *Jesus toiled and died to save me, it is just that I should toil and suffer to be saved.*

SATURDAY. Say one Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria, and then slowly and with reflection, repeat ten times : *Oh blessed country of heaven ! who knows if I shall be able to obtain thee ?*

SUNDAY. Say one Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria, and then slowly and with reflection, repeat ten times : *Cost what it may, I will be saved.*

Repeat five Lord's Prayers and as many Ave Marias, in memory of the five wounds of Jesus : and seven in reverence of the seven sorrows of most holy Mary.

MAXIMS WHICH EVERY CHRISTIAN SHOULD HAVE ALWAYS
PRESENT TO HIM.

1. Love the Lord our God with all thy heart, with

all thy soul, with all thine understanding, and with all thy strength. 2. Love thy neighbour as thyself for the love of God, and help him. 3. Always return good for evil, and never avenge thyself. 4. Do unto others as thou wouldest have them do to thee.

By repeating the prayer given above, and practising what is recommended in this book, thou mayest gain 1160 days of indulgence, granted by various Spanish Prelates to this and all the publications of the religious Library^b.

Malaga, Printed by Martinez de Aquilar 1851.

NOVENA OF MOST HOLY MARY, UNDER THE TITLE OF THE
DIVINE SHEPHERDESS OF SOULS, PROTECTRESS OF THE
MISSIONS OF THE CAPUCHIN ORDER.

REPRINTED WITH LICENCE.

MALAGA, 1851.

Malaga, 30 of January 1851.

We give permission to Don Santiago Casilari, an inhabitant of this city, to reprint the Novena of the DIVINE SHEPHERDESS, which has been practised this month, during the Holy Mission in the parish-church of Saint Philip Neri, by father Felix of Cadiz; and grant 40 days indulgence to all the faithful for each day on which they joined in it, praying to the Lord our God for the exalta-

^b A Prospectus of a Universal Library of Catholic Authors has been issued, to be published by a Religious Society, with the previous censure of Ecclesiastical Authority, "to serve as an antidote against the poisonous invasion of prejudicial books, which for some years have been pouring over our eminently Catholic country to the detriment of tranquillity and social perfection."

tion of our holy catholic Faith, and the other objects of the Church.—SALVADOR JOSEF, *bishop of Malaga.*—*By command of H. I. L. the bishop, my lord.*—Francisco de Paula Raya, *Secretary.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the arm of the Almighty did great things in Most Holy Mary, and the glory of his holy name has been manifested, in dispensing by means of this Lady his graces and his mercies, it is no wonder that all generations should call her Blessed, and that all men should desire to employ themselves in her worship, and desire to propagate it throughout the Universe. Men of God, illumined by the Holy Ghost, have paid her the tribute of glorious praises, and after exhausting the precious treasures of their wisdom, have lamented that they could find no phrases, could meet with no terms or words worthy of the greatness of *Mary*. S. Isidore calls her Lady; S. Thomas Aquinas names her Star of the sea; S. Augustine, the only Hope of sinners^a; S. Bernard says that she is the

^a This passage will serve to illustrate the real ignorance as to Primitive doctrine in which, owing to the use of garbled compendiums and false quotations, many who are even learned Roman Catholics are enveloped, and will shew how much the spirit of the Decretals of Isidore is still acted upon. This assertion is simply untrue. S. Augustine never used such an expression as this, and yet the Breviary in two different passages quotes it as a saying of S. Augustine. The explanation is as follows.

“Quia tu es spes unica peccatorum, per te speramus veniam delictorum: et in te, beatissima nostrorum est expectatio præmiorum.” *Pseudo-S. Aug. Sermon. cxcv. Op. tom. v. Append. p. 323.* This passage is found in the printed copies of the Sermon

Discoverer of grace, the Mother of salvation, a heavenly plant, more precious than all, more Holy than all; and all lift up their voices to repeat with S. Antoninus: What shall I say of thee, Blessed Virgin? All is less than thou deservest; all is little for thy eminent dignity.

All catholic Authors following this holy and respectable doctrine, which the Holy Fathers taught with their words, and left to posterity in their writings, have attributed to *Most Holy Mary*, our Lady, various glorious names and titles, to signify the perfection of her holiness, the extent of her power, or her clemency, her goodness, her purity, and her mercy.

This solid and pious way of thinking was not unknown to Fray Isidro of Seville, a Capuchin Preacher, when in the year 1703 he began publicly to invoke *Most Holy Mary* under the most sweet title of Divine *Shepherdess*^b of souls: that righteous man who em-

above cited, but is not in the Mss. and the Sermon itself in which it has been inserted is certainly later than S. Augustine. The Sermon is put among the spurious by the Benedictine editors, and the passage cited, within parentheses. Yet the Sermon with these words is read in the Lectons in the Breviary on the Feast of the Nativity B. M. V. and the second day inf. Oct. on which latter, the portion including the passage in question is the sixth Lection. The words are not found any where in S. Augustine. Perhaps one of the clearest evidences of the late introduction, of this and of other distinctive doctrines, is the marked contrast between the genuine works of Fathers, and the more recent ones which were attributed to them.

^b This would be an instance of the *new inventions* of which Mr. Faber so highly approves. Of course the office was *invented*

ployed himself to the most extreme old age with indefatigable zeal in the holy exercise of Missions, reflecting that our kind Redeemer Jesus Christ is the good Shepherd who knows his sheep, the righteous souls, and is known by them, and that he has other sheep who wander in the thorny thickets of sin, whom he desires to bring back to the fold of grace that all may be one flock; and that *Most Holy Mary* as the true Mother of the good Shepherd Jesus, and the Mediatrix of human redemption, employs herself in the same occupation as the good *Shepherdess*, he set her before his hearers in this humble but appropriate vesture, and began to experience the mercies of the Most High towards souls by the intercession of this Lady.

This holy devotion has been propagated with rapid progress from that time by all the Capuchins who are employed in Missions, and are filled with joy at seeing that the praises of their kind Mother, the divine *Shepherdess* of souls, are heard, not only in Spain, but in France, in Germany, in Italy, and in the most remote and distant part of America. And

with the title. Mr. Faber expressly states, that not only the titles of honours, but the honours themselves bestowed upon S. Mary, are *new*.

So age of the age in the Church hath gone round,
And the Saints *new inventions* of homage have found,
New titles of honour, *new* honours for thee,
New love for thy shining, sweet Star of the sea!

God's Religious Truth is *old* and *handed down*. Man's additions to it are *new* and *invented*.

as in the happy reign of Carlos 3. who is with God, when the arts had attained a perfection to be envied by the most advanced of foreign nations, a gentleman of Havanna, full of religion and piety, caused an excellent and beautiful print of the divine Shepherdess to be engraved, in order to promote devotion to her amongst those noble Islanders, that appeared a fit occasion for bringing forth this Novena, that it might accompany the prints which were distributed in their Missions by the Capuchins newly established in the island of Cuba, that so the faithful devotees of *Most Holy Mary* might know, that although we ought to ask and to hope for all good things by the intercession of this Lady, our chief end in this Novena must be to ask God by the merits of Jesus Christ, and the prayers of his Mother, to forgive us our sins, give us a good death, and lead us to eternal blessedness. Amen.

FIRST DAY.

Kneeling in the Church before this Most Holy Image, or at home with thy family, or alone, as the case may be, sign thyself with the sign of the Cross, and say the following Act of contrition.

My Lord Jesus Christ, very God and man, my Creator, my Father, and my Redeemer, because thou art what thou art, and because I love thee above all things, I grieve, Lord, that I have offended thee, and I firmly purpose never more to sin. Amen.

THE FIRST OFFICE OF THE DIVINE SHEPHERDESS.

Knowing her sheep.

Consider, my soul, that from the first instant that God created thee, this most watchful *Shepherdess* has never for one single instant lost sight of thee. With joy of spirit did she see thee wearing for some years thy baptismal innocence, when with simplicity of spirit, and gladness of heart thou didst run in the way of God's Commandments. But as soon as thy passions awakened, and the perils of the world, together with the craft of the devils, robbed thee of that first grace, and precipitated thee into crime, what did not this kind Mother do to succour thee? To her prayers, oh my soul, thou owest those profitable gnawings of conscience, those illuminations from the holy Angels, those lively callings of divine grace, and all the other gifts with which her Son very God, Jesus Christ, has favoured thee. But alas, my soul, misusing thy liberty thou hast closed thine ears against her callings, thou hast misused the holy sacraments, thou hast disregarded the divine mercies, and falling again into fresh crimes, thou hast forged the heavy chain of thy bad life, which will draw thee, unless thou breakest it, into everlasting burnings! Consider seriously the regret which thou wilt occasion to this loving *Shepherdess* of souls, and begin without any delay to give her pleasure, by reforming thy customs.

Here reflect on this most important truth, and then let all say the following prayer.

Almighty God and Lord, who of thy infinite goodness and for the prayers of Most Holy *Mary*, the most watchful *Shepherdess* of souls, hast so often brought us out of darkness into light, and raised us from the death of sin to the life of grace; humbly prostrate at the feet of thy Mother, we devoutly beseech her to intercede for us, that we may in such wise abhor sin, that we may never again commit it, that for the crimes we have committed we may bring forth worthy fruits of Penitence, and by means thereof may obtain a good death, and attain to eternal Blessedness. By our Lord Jesus Christ, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth, God for ever and ever. Amen.

Now repeat five Ave Marias for the purpose of obtaining what is asked in this Novena, then conclude with the following prayer of praise to the Most Blessed Trinity, which is to be said every day.

Blessed eternally be the Eternal Father, because he created Most Holy *Mary* to be his daughter, and because he gave her so much power. Amen. Blessed eternally be the Eternal Son, because he created Most Holy *Mary* to be his Mother, and because he gave her so much wisdom. Amen. Blessed eternally be the eternal Holy Ghost, because he created Most Holy *Mary* to be his Bride, and because he gave her so much love. Amen. Blessed eternally be the Most Blessed Trinity, because they created Most Holy *Mary* to be their Temple and habitation, and because they gave her to us adorned with so much

power, wisdom, and love to be the divine *Shepherdess* of souls. Amen. Let all creatures bless thee. eternally, eternal God, Three and One, and give thee honour, glory, and praise, for all the graces, prerogatives, and privileges which thou didst grant to Most Holy *Mary* our kind *Shepherdess*. Amen. Blessed be the most pure Womb of the Sovereign Empress of Heaven, which bare for nine months the *Lamb of God*, who taketh away the sins of the world. Amen. And blessed be her most chaste, most pure, and virgin breasts, which nourished the Son of God made man. Amen.

Then say, Blessed and praised be the Most Holy, &c. and sing the joys, which will be found at the end of this Novena.

SECOND DAY.

Make the sign of the cross, and the Act of contrition, as on the first.

THE SECOND OFFICE OF THE DIVINE SHEPHERDESS.

Leading her sheep to good pastures.

Consider, my soul, that since it is impossible for the life of the sheep to be maintained unless they turn away from harmful good, and make use of that which is salutary, our most kind *Shepherdess* Most Holy *Mary* efficaciously seeks to turn souls away from sin and from its occasions, and to bring them near to virtue and to its practices. How watchfully does she lead them to hearken to the divine

word, move the tongues of the preachers that they may announce it duly, and stir up holy affections in the hearts of all that they may obey it! With what pleasure does she accompany them to the feet of the Confessors, and bring them near to the Altar, that they may be partakers of the bread of Angels, which came down from Heaven, and giveth life to the world! With what gladness does she caress them when she sees their docility! But alas, my soul! Art thou one of these docile sheep of *Mary*, or art thou one of those which run astray over the mountains of pride, of those which feed in the meadows of lewdness, of those which grow old in the woods of avarice, of those which pine away with the evil plants of envy, or fall from the cliffs with the transports of anger? Consider it well, my soul, and thou wilt perceive that not only thou hast wasted thy life, feeding on poisonous food, but by thine evil dispositions has turned into poison the most salutary pastures of the Church. What sorrow for thy *Shepherdess*, so loving to souls.

Here reflect on these great truths, and then let all say the following prayer.

Most mighty and everlasting God, who didst so love men, that thou gavest for their healing thy Sovereign son, Christ Jesus, who by founding his Church, by instituting Sacraments, and by ordaining worthy ministers, most perfectly fulfilled thy adorable will; prostrate in thy presence we humbly beseech thee by the merits of that most sweet *Jesus* and of his Most Blessed Mother, our divine *Shepherdess*, that we

may always draw near to receive the holy Sacraments with such profound humility, with such edifying modesty, with such living faith, and with such true love, that we may obtain the divine grace, may attain to a happy death, and may see thee eternally in glory, where thou livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

Here repeat the five Ave Marias, then say the prayer of praises to the Most Blessed Trinity, which begins, Blessed eternally, &c. and conclude with the joys, as on the first day.

THIRD DAY.

Make the sign of the cross and the Act of contrition, as on the first day.

THE THIRD OFFICE OF THE DIVINE SHEPHERDESS.

Driving away the wolves with her voice and crook.

Consider, my soul, that Satan, that ancient enemy of man, who sought in his pride to be made like the Almighty, having been cast down from his seat, and converted into a most hideous devil, now that he cannot lift up himself anew against the Creator, seeks to avenge himself on his creatures, and coming forth with hellish fury from the eternal fires, seeks like a voracious wolf to make a prey of the sheep of the good Shepherd Jesus, attacking them by every means which his craft suggests, in order to devour them. He seeks to discover their passions, to search out the inclinations of each, to study their weaknesses; and attacks on the side where he finds resistance most feeble,

inclination most inclined, and passion most predominant: some he attacks by pride, others by avarice, these by sloth, those by lasciviousness, and he would devour all, if our most kind *Shepherdess Mary* did not drive him away by her power, and did not warn us by her voice, to flee from his terrible assaults. This most mighty *Shepherdess* from that happy instant in which she broke the head of the serpent of the abyss, of the wolf of hell, has never ceased to display her power for the benefit of souls. Hell trembles at the holy name of Mary. The devils tremble, and perceive full of fury, that the sheep which *Mary* guards are far away from their rage. Excessively unhappy wouldest thou be, oh my soul, if thy own feet should carry thee to the mouth of those voracious wolves, if in spite of the great power of thy kind *Shepherdess*, thou shouldest perish by the claws of thy deadly enemies. Consider how thou art living, little sheep, for if thou dost not obey *Mary*, thou wilt infallibly perish.

Here reflect on these great truths, and afterwards say the following prayer.

O God, the Lord of Hosts, who didst grant to thy Most Pure Mother, our sweetest *Shepherdess*, marvellous power to defend the souls that call upon her, against the attacks of the devil. humbly prostrate at the feet of that mighty Lady, we devoutly pray her to defend us from the perils of the world, from the attacks of passions, and from the assaults of the wolves of hell; that journeying under the protection of her mighty arm through this vale of tears, we may

keep the divine Commandments, and in the last strife of our death may triumph over all our enemies, and obtain eternal salvation. Through the same Lord Jesus Christ, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth, God for ever and ever. Amen.

Here repeat the five Ave Marias, say the prayer of praises to the Most Blessed Trinity, and conclude with the joys, as on the former days.

FOURTH DAY.

Make the sign of the cross and the Act of contrition, as on the first day.

THE FOURTH OFFICE OF THE DIVINE SHEPHERDESS.

Encouraging the feeble sheep.

Consider, my soul, that as all the sheep in a flock have not equal strength, but some die weak, feeble, and puny, so in the Holy Church all souls do not fervently follow the good Shepherd *Jesus*, who goes before them with his example. Many, weakened by a prejudicial coldness, stop in the way of the divine precepts, or journey with slow, lazy, and fainting footsteps; they stumble and fall frequently in imperfections and slight voluntary defects: they fulfil these obligations negligently: they are discouraged at the smallest hindrance which they meet with in the spiritual life; and although they will not commit grave offences, they do not take proper care to avoid lighter ones, and thus they do not experience the gladness of spirit, the peace of heart, or the tran-

quillity of conscience which accompany fervent souls in their inward life. Greatly does our most kind *Shepherdess Mary* lament the state of these souls, a state more fatal than it is commonly thought; for perchance it would be less prejudicial that they should fall into some grave fault, because then the just and lively remorse of their conscience would make them forsake it, perhaps even gain by it, through the new fervour that they would conceive after their fall; but in this state of languor they slumber and never awaken: they are on the edge of the precipice, and know it not: they are almost dying, and think themselves healthy and strong. A truly lamentable state! But a state from which our kind *Shepherdess* desires to free thee, encouraging thee by the examples of persons who are now the edification of the town, as they were once its scandal and stumbling-block: offering thee the same help which she gave to them, and setting before thee the same rewards. Is it not so, my soul? How often hast thou experienced these good offices of Most Holy *Mary*? But say, in what state art thou now? Consider it well, and seriously strive to amend.

*Here reflect on this important truth, and then let all
say the following prayer :*

Most Gracious and Everlasting God, who by an incomprehensible excess of charity towards men didst descend from heaven to earth, that our hearts might be kindled with the fire of thy holy Love, and we might burn with pure charity towards Thee and

towards our neighbours; humbly prostrate at thy feet, we beseech Thee by the merits and intercession of thy Most Pure Mother our most kind *Shepherdess*, to banish lukewarmness from our hearts, that walking fervently in the paths of thy Law up to the terrible moment of our death, we may afterwards obtain eternal life, where with the Father and the Holy Ghost thou livest and reignest, God through endless ages. Amen.

Here repeat the five Ave Marias, say the prayer to the Most Blessed Trinity, and conclude with the joys, as on the first day.

FIFTH DAY.

Make the sign of the cross and the Act of contrition, as on the preceding days.

THE FIFTH OFFICE OF THE DIVINE SHEPHERDESS.

Healing the sick sheep.

Consider, my soul, that though by the sacred Sacrament of Baptism all is pardoned that truly bears the name of sin, yet there remains for thy exercise and warfare that concupiscence which proceeds from sin, and leads towards it. This is the reason why we are so slow and lazy in good, and so ready and inclined to evil. Hence arise many infirmities of human nature, and the malignant fevers of vices, which so often afflict us in this life. Yes, my soul, avarice is a dropsied fever which consumes thee; sloth a fever which stupifies thee; pride a fever

which chokes thee; heat a fire which burns thee; and envy a slow fever which makes thee waste away. Miserably wouldest thou perish by the violence of so many sicknesses, if Most Holy *Mary*, the loving *Shepherdess* of souls, did not apply salutary medicines to those deadly diseases. With what pleasure does she set forth the greatness of a liberal and magnanimous heart, before the littleness and meanness of a miser! the beauty of humility, to cast down the haughtiness of pride! the purity of chastity, to banish the impurity of lust! the sweet fruits of labour, to confound indolence and sloth, and the merciful bowels of charity to wean the hearts that are gnawed by envy! But how often, oh my soul, has thy obstinate resistance frustrated the exertions of this sweet Mother and the efficacy of these active and profitable medicines! The disorders of thy past life, and the defects of the present, bear witness to this important truth! Suffer thy spiritual sicknesses to be healed, unless thou desirest to complete thy wickedness by an evil death.

Here reflect on this most important truth, and then say the following prayer.

Most sweet *Jesus*, Redeemer of the world, very God and man, who didst take upon thyself our pains and sicknesses, and give us life by thy death; deeply inclined at thy most holy feet, we beseech thee by the merits of thy Most Pure Mother, our most kind *Shepherdess Mary*, that thou wilt heal the wounds of our souls, and cure our spiritual diseases, that strong

in spirit, clean in heart, and pure in conscience, we may keep the promises of Baptism, observe the precepts of the Gospel, and by means of an unblameable life may attain to a happy death, and to thy eternal companionship. Where with the Father and the Holy Ghost thou livest and reignest, God throughout all ages. Amen.

Here repeat the five Ave Marias, say the prayer to the Most Blessed Trinity, and conclude with the joys, as on the first day.

SIXTH DAY.

Make the sign of the cross and the Act of contrition, as on the former days.

THE SIXTH OFFICE OF THE DIVINE SHEPHERDESS.

Seeking for the lost sheep.

Consider, my soul, that the good Shepherd would not fulfil the obligation of his office, if he cared only for the sheep that are docile to his voice, who leave not his presence, nor depart from his fold; and did not try to seek those which wander and flee through thickets and mountains. Therefore our most kind *Shepherdess* Most Holy *Mary*, not only watches over the righteous souls that hear the word of God, and keep it, but goes out in search of those who wander through the thorny thickets of sin. O with what charitable anxiety does she run in pursuit of them! With what sweet and penetrating whistles does she call them! At one time by temporal misfortunes, by

the death of a father, a mother, a child, or a protector, by a furious tempest, by a thunderbolt, an earthquake, a shipwreck, or a fire; at another by the lively representation of everlasting torments, by the inextinguishable fire, by the insatiable worm, by the horrible darkness, by the dreadful devils. At times also she calls, inviting us to those eternal joys which God has reserved for those who fear and love him. That great glory, that desirable company of Angels and Saints, that incomprehensible sight of the essence of God himself, that . . . But who, oh my soul, can explain the wonderful ways in which our kind *Shepherdess* has sought thee? But alas, closing thy ears against her tender callings, thou continuest wandering and in danger of perishing by the claws of the wild beasts of hell! Hearken, listen, soul, to the voice of thy *Shepherdess*, if thou desirest eternal salvation.

Here reflect on this great truth, and then say the following prayer.

Most pitying Lord and most high God, who shewest the way and the light of truth to them that wander like lost sheep through the paths of life; humbly prostrate at thy feet, we beseech thee by the merits and intercession of the most Holy Mary, our most pitying *Shepherdess*, to lead us by thy grace out of the dark paths of sin, that walking as children of light in this valley of tears, we may see and enjoy thee eternally in the happy Land of the living. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, who with thee liveth and reigneth God throughout all ages. Amen.

Here repeat the five Ave Marias, say the prayer to the Most Blessed Trinity, and conclude with the joys, as on the first day.

SEVENTH DAY.

Make the sign of the cross and the Act of contrition, as on the preceding days.

THE SEVENTH OFFICE OF THE DIVINE SHEPHERDESS.

Bringing back the lost sheep to the fold.

Consider, my soul, that the loving charity of our most sweet *Shepherdess Mary*, not content with seeking after the wandering sheep, efficaciously seeks also to bring back to the fold of grace, and to the friendship of their God, the unhappy lost sheep. What a spectacle worthy of the admiration of Heaven! In imitation of her son the good *Shepherd Jesus*, she lays the lost sheep upon the shoulders of her care and loving diligence, and gladly returns with it to the sheepfold, calling upon heaven and earth, upon Angels and men, to be partakers of her joy. I have found, she says, this sheep which I had lost. What sorrow did its misfortune cause me! I found it wearied in the ways of wickedness. a slave to sin, carried away by the impetuous torrent of its passions, and cruelly bitten by the wolf of hell. But now it has rested from its weariness on my compassionate shoulders, it has been delivered from the captivity which oppressed it, and the devil flees vanquished seeing it protected by my power. Rejoice with me at

this triumph of divine grace which my Son the eternal God has mercifully granted. Blessed be thou a thousand times, loving *Shepherdess* of souls. How many indeed are there now, who are mirrors of purity by the prayers of Most Holy *Mary*, having been formerly slaves of lust! How many share their own property with the poor, who formerly stole that of their brethren! How many who a little while ago were proud, are now humble: how many once passionate, are patient: how many now modest and edifying, who a few days since displayed as in triumph vanity and immodesty! O powerful grace of the Almighty, how admirable are the transformations of the souls wherein thou dwellest! But thou, my soul, knowest thou these things? Wilt thou deny that thou owest it to thy loving *Shepherdess* that thou art not at this instant in hell? If the Virgin had not protected thee, what would now have been thy destiny after so many sins? Woe unto thee if thou amendest not!

Here reflect on this great truth, and then let all say the following prayer.

Most Gracious and Most Holy God, who of thy infinite goodness willest not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live, for which reason thou givest him grace, bearest him on the shoulders of thy adorable Providence, and offerest him glory: deeply prostrate in thy presence, we beseech thee by the intercession and merits of Most Holy *Mary*, our most sweet *Shepherdess*, thou wilt lead us in obedience to thy most holy will, that per-

fectly fulfilling it in life, we may experience thy protection in the terrible moment of death, and after that obtain thy desirable company through all eternity. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, who with thee liveth and reigneth, God throughout all ages. Amen.

Here repeat the five Ave Marias, say the prayer to the Most Blessed Trinity, and conclude with the joys, as on the preceding days.

EIGHTH DAY.

Make the sign of the cross and the Act of contrition, as on the first day.

THE EIGHTH OFFICE OF THE DIVINE SHEPHERDESS.

Assisting the sheep at their death.

Consider, my soul, that if our most watchful *Shepherdess Most Holy Mary* is careful of her beloved sheep in their life, far more does she help and defend them in the terrible moment of death. Then when she saw them afflicted with the temptations of the devil, with the fearful prospect of eternity, with the terrible torment of their own conscience, with the pain and anguish of their sickness, then does she manifest herself a Mother full of pity and clemency to console, to help, and to defend them. How by her power does she drive away the wolves of hell! How does she defend them with the protection and companionship of the holy Angels! How does she make

the Ministers of Jesus Christ run to their assistance! How does she call upon her Son, the eternal God, that they may worthily receive the Sacraments! What thoughts full of tenderness, sorrow, and confidence towards their God does she infuse into them! How does she gather up their tears and sighs in her most sacred hands to present them at the Tribunal of the Almighty, and plead in their favour till she obtains a favourable sentence! How does she accompany the soul in its separation from the body till she has placed it in the everlasting abode! But alas! my soul, if thou rashly continuest in sin, thou wilt frustrate this charitable anxiety of thy Mother! If thou leavest thy real conversion till death, thou wilt die in thy sin in spite of all the desire of the Virgin for thy salvation! Now then, while it is the acceptable day, and the day of salvation, even now must thou leave thy vices, and amend thy life, if thou desirest that thy most loving *Shepherdess* shall assist thee at the hour of thy death.

*Here reflect on this most important truth, and then
let all say the following prayer:*

Most mighty and everlasting God, without whose help there is nothing healthy, nothing strong, nothing holy, humbly prostrate at thy most holy feet, we beseech thee by the merits and intercession of thy most pure Mother, our most kind *Shepherdess*, that thou wilt cause the plenteous aid of thy divine grace to descend upon us, that weeping for our crimes in our life, we may experience the protection of that Virgin at our death, and may accompany her in

eternal glory. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, who with thee liveth and reigneth, God throughout all ages. Amen.

Here repeat the five Ave Marias, say the prayer to the Most Blessed Trinity, and conclude with the joys, as on the other days.

NINTH DAY.

Make the sign of the cross and the Act of contrition, as on the first day.

THE NINTH OFFICE OF THE DIVINE SHEPHERDESS.

Being an example to her sheep.

Consider, my soul, the eminent and heroic perfection with which Most Holy *Mary* is made a model of all virtues to souls, which are the sheep of the good *Shepherd Jesus*, her beloved Son. Look upon her as much as thou wilt, and thou wilt always find her perfect in the highest degree. In her humility, most profound; in her virginity, most pure; in her modesty, most exact; in her faith, most lively; in her hope, most certain; in her charity, most perfect. She is the model of purity to virgins, the pattern of faithfulness to the married, and the example of devotion to the widows. In knowledge she surpasses the Doctors, in fortitude the Martyrs, in zeal the Apostles, in all virtues united all the Saints. The Angels praise her, the Seraphim bless her, all the supreme Spirits prostrate reverence her. In her presence hell trembles, earth is glad, and heaven

rejoices. The devils regard her as their enemy, men as their advocate, the Saints as their Queen, and God as his Mother. Oh how wonderfully glorious a Creature! She knows all her sheep, she seeks their true happiness, she leads them to healthful pastures, and removes them from such as are prejudicial and noxious, with her voice and her power she scares away the wolves of hell that they make not prey of the sheep: she encourages the weak, she heals the sick, she seeks the wandering, she brings back the lost to the fold, and she helps the dying. Oh how exquisitely perfect a *Shepherdess*. Let all generations bless thee, for the arm of the Almighty hath done in thee great things! But unhappy art thou, my soul, if thou dost not make use in time of the goodness and power of thy kind Mother and thy precious *Shepherdess*. Alas, with what inconsolable tears wilt thou weep for not having imitated this heroic model of all virtues! But happy and blessed, if from this moment thou efficaciously resolvest to imitate her!

Here reflect on this most important truth, and afterwards let all say the following prayer:

Almighty and eternal God, who from Heaven beholdest our miseries with benignant eyes, and desirest to relieve them, that the sons of men may know and seek thee the only true God, despising all the vain occupations of the world: humbly prostrate at thy feet, we beseech thee by the intercession of Most Holy *Mary*, the divine *Shepherdess* of our souls, to grant that we may not turn away from the rectitude of justice and from the way of truth, nor be corrupted

and made abominable before thee by our crimes, but free and quickened by the power of thy mighty grace, we may run in the paths of thy divine Commandments, and rejoice eternally in thy company, and in that of thy Son Jesus, who with thee liveth and reigneth, God with the Holy Ghost through endless ages. Amen.

Here repeat the five Ave Marias, say the prayer to the Most Blessed Trinity, and conclude with the joys to the DIVINE SHEPHERDESS, as on all the other days.

JOYS OF THE DIVINE AND MOST LOVING SHEPHERDESS OF
SOULS MOST HOLY MARY OUR LADY.

*Very humbly at thy feet,
Thy tender flock implores thee,
Pity, divine SHEPHERDESS,
For I am a lost sheep.*

When *Jesus* died, that his flock might not remain deserted, he appointed thee *Shepherdess*: on Calvary he left this chosen *Herdswoman*: *Pity, &c.*

In the green and beautiful flowery Meadow of Jericho, where the Rose budded, thou feedest thy flock: with this delicate food the flock flourishes: *Pity, &c.*

The pretty sheep marked with thy name joyfully come out of the fold following thy footsteps: animated by thy example they find the ascent easy. *Pity, &c.*

When some lamb cannot follow thy steps, that it may not be left behind thou takest it in thine

arms; and that it may not lag, thou givest it new breath and life. *Pity, &c.*

If thou perceivest the contagion of vice in thy flock, before the evil can extend thou appliest a speedy remedy: thou appliest the oil of charity to every wound: *Pity, &c.*

If any lost sheep leaves the path, thou like the divine *Shepherd* callest it when it goes away: thou complainest lovingly, and receivest it in thy arms: *Pity, &c.*

The most savage beast flees from thy Flock, if thou raisest thy crook when he expects his prey: the wolf himself venerates this chosen *Herdswoman*. *Pity, &c.*

Michael, brandishing his thunderbolt against the bloodthirsty wolf defends the meek lamb that wanders; the protected sheep goes bleating, AVE MARIA: *Pity, &c.*

Whilst thou hearest the human sheep feeding among flowers, thou seekest in solitude the *Shepherd* of shepherds. There thou singest a thousand loves to the life-giving *Lamb*: *Pity, &c.*

In the day of strife in the valley of Jehoshaphat, *Shepherdess*, let me not be raised among the reprobate; place me among the blessed, as a chosen sheep: *Pity, &c.*

In Valencia and Arragon, Catalonia and Castile, in the Indies and Seville, devotion to thee shines: it is the Capuchin Fathers who make thee known: *Pity, &c.*

Since thou art the Queen and Lady of the chosen flock: *Pity, Divine Shepherdess, for I am the lost sheep.*

V. Permit, Lady, and sacred Virgin, that we may praise thee.

R. Grant us valour, Lady, against thine enemies.

PRAYER.

We beseech thee, my Lord Jesus Christ, good Shepherd, who gavest thy sacred Life for thy sheep; and didst commend us who are thy People, and the sheep of thy Passover, to thy Virgin Mother when thou wert hanging on the tree of the cross; grant to us by her intercession that following thee on the earth as our Shepherd, we may be led to the Passover of eternal life in heaven. Who livest and reignest with God the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God throughout all ages. Amen^a.

The above is the translation of the whole of the Novena, as it was used in the Church of San Felice Neri. Appended to it are directions and subjects for meditation to be used with the Rosary. They are in verse, and consist of the Seven Joyful Mysteries, the Seven Sorrowful Mysteries, and the Seven Glorious Mysteries.

^a Compare the following Italian Prayer.—Santissima Madre del Verbo Incarnato, Tesoro della Grazie e refugio di noi miseri peccatori, pieni da fiducia ricorriamo al vostro materno amore e vi domandiamo la grazia di far sempre la volontà di Dio e di voi. Consegnamo il nostro cuore nelle vostre santissime mani: vi cediamo la salute dell' anima e del corpo, e speriamo di certo che voi nostra madre amorosissima ci esaudirete intercedendo per noi: e però con viva fede diciamo tre Ave Marie. Ducenti giorni d' indulgenza.

D d

Of the Mysteries of Joy,

The first is the Incarnation of the Word.

The second, the Visitation of the Virgin to
S. Elizabeth.

The third, the Birth of our Lord.

The fourth, the Adoration of the Wise Men.

The fifth, the Circumcision.

The sixth, the Purification.

The seventh, the finding of the Child JESUS in
the temple.

Of the Mysteries of Sorrow,

The first is the Agony in the garden.

The second, the Taking of our Lord.

The third, the Scourging.

The fourth, the Crowning with Thorns.

The fifth, the Bearing the Cross.

The sixth, the Crucifixion.

The seventh, the Burial of our Lord.

In the fifth Mystery of Joy, and the three first of Sorrow, our Lord only is spoken of, and the Virgin mentioned only in the response, "Since thou art my Shepherdess, I am thy sheep. Ave Maria." In the others, as might be expected, her part in the Mystery is dwelt upon as much as our Lord's.

The Mysteries of Glory are as follows.

MYSTERIES OF GLORY.

The first is the resurrection of Christ.

The Lamb who lovingly gave his life into the power of savage beasts rises glorious and trium-

phantly, and invites us to behold him : what joy must the Shepherdess have felt when she saw her Lamb born anew !

R. *Since thou art my Shepherdess I am thy sheep. Ave Maria.*

The second is the Ascension of the Lord.

With joy and gladness Jesus ascends glorified to heaven ; he leaves Mary as Shepherdess to watch over the flock : for none can supply the want of him better than our Shepherdess Mary.

R. *Since thou art my Shepherdess, &c.*

The third is the coming of the Holy Ghost.

The Holy Ghost transformed into tongues of fire descends upon Mary, and confirms her as Shepherdess of the flock : he infuses into her strength, spirit, and courage, to make vain the audacity of the wolf.

R. *Since thou art my Shepherdess, &c.*

The fourth is the Assumption of Mary.

Fairer than the dawn in chariot of light the divine Shepherdess ascends to heaven ; her sheep are mournful : there would be cause to weep and lament her absence, if she did not give us succour from thence. R. *Since thou art my Shepherdess, &c.*

The fifth is when the Father crowned Mary.

The supreme majesty of the Father who is the fount of eternal life puts the diadem on thy head, and adopts thee for his Daughter eternally : great happiness ! but Thou, Lady, adornest it with the dress of a Shepherdess. R. *Since thou art my Shepherdess, &c.*

The sixth is when the Son crowned Mary.

The Son, who had been a Lamb in thy great flock glad and pleased presents thee with the crown that he owed thee: the torrents of blood that he shed are rubies set in it. R. *Since thou art my Shepherdess, &c.*

The seventh is when the Holy Ghost crowned Mary.

The Holy Ghost enamoured shews^d himself a faithful lover; burning with the flames of love, he crowns thee as his Bride: it is assuredly a garland due to thee, for thou wert the most brilliant Shepherdess.

R. *Since thou art my Shepherdess, I am thy sheep.*
Ave Maria.

^d blasona, rather "boasts himself."

APPENDIX. No. II.

MR. FABER.

THE greater parts of the seventh and ninth chapters of the present volume having already appeared in the form of a Tract, which I published some months ago, they have undergone a severe critique at the hands of the Rev. W. F. Faber, Priest of the Oratory. There is such a curious mixture of kindness almost amounting to affection, and of violence of language quite sinking to vituperation, in Mr. Faber's remarks, that it is difficult to know in what spirit to meet them. For the former, I thank him in all sincerity; for the latter, I can make allowance, and will not follow his example^a. Statements are all

^a Mr. Faber gives it as his opinion, that "the Author seems very much out of humour with something, or somebody, or every thing, or every body;" that I and my correspondents profess a "mock compassion;" that we "mourn as Pharisees;" that we and all like us "are helplessly engulfed in a system of peevish unreality," of a "Pelagian habit of mind," "unable to appreciate grace, and as little able to appreciate sin;" that we are "self-satisfied, pungent, frivolous, little;" that the pamphlet is one "of bitterest virulence;" that "the account of the Mission is in some respects absurd," that "it refutes itself," that it contains "disrespectful ebullitions;" that "there are beings, they are not inmates of heaven nor dwellers upon earth, who share to the letter the feelings, hopes, fears, and sympathies," expressed in the pamphlet, &c.

that can be dealt with argumentatively; and to the few statements scattered here and there through the pages, whose contents when analyzed come to be, "Well, I don't think so, and I think it is very bad of you to say so"—not a very convincing, however natural, way of meeting facts—I desire to say a few words.

"The pamphlet is simply a libel on the Spanish Church." This is an assertion, and a strong one. With what proof is it supported? None, except dark reference to "a Gentleman of great piety, *of whose veracity* and means of information *as a Spanish Catholic* we are quite confident." To put aside the insinuation contained in these words, strangely borne out by Neapolitan theories of lying, and the disregard of truthfulness prevalent (whatever be the cause of the phenomenon) wherever Rome has full sway, Mr. Faber must bring his shadowy Catholic somewhat more into the foreground, out of the region of shapes and forms, if he is to make use of him as a witness. As however he is quite confident of his veracity, and means of information *as a Spanish Catholic*, he must surely be most entirely convinced by the testimony of one who is not only a Spanish Catholic, but in addition, a Spanish Catholic Priest now officiating in Spain. This testimony he will find in the nineteenth chapter of the present volume.

"The Author says in a note, The men of Italy do not pray. . . . It is shamefully untrue." And then Mr. Faber goes on to descant on the grievance that truth is no longer to be found in such quarters. Now

for the love of truth shewn by Mr. Faber, in this extract. The note, after having spoken of the devotion of the women to the Blessed Virgin Mary, ends thus: "The men in Italy do not pray. Their faith has been overtaxed, and they have in the middle classes in numberless cases cast away belief." Thus I had introduced two limitations. First, I had limited my assertion to that portion of the men of Italy which forms the middle classes, and then confined it to numberless cases of that class. Mr. Faber has omitted both limitations, and made as though the assertion was of all the men of Italy. Truly, to use his own words, in *this* way of interpretation, as Bp. Butler says, any thing may be made out of any thing.

"What will the Catholic reader think of Father Newman's subscribing himself to his correspondent, 'Yours in S. Mary and S. Philip,' being considered as a proof of 'excess of adoration?'" The passage stands thus, "The excess to which this adoration has been carried by the new School of the Oratorians is well known. It was *hinted* in Mr. Newman's letter. It is brought out clearly in Mr. Faber's writings." Mr. Faber's implied proposition, that the signature, 'Yours in S. Mary and S. Philip,' does not *prove* excessive adoration of the Blessed Virgin, is true. My assertion, that such a signature is a *hint* of it otherwise known, is likewise true. Thus Mr. Faber is left in this dilemma: either he knew the two propositions were compatible, or he did not. If he did, he has attempted to pass off a fallacy. The less probable alternative need not be stated.

In the next sentence, Mr. Faber accuses me of inaccuracy and error, for quoting his "translation of Muzzarelli's *Mese di Maria*, as an illustration of the length to which adoration of our Blessed Lady has been carried by the new school of the Oratorians, whereas Muzzarelli has been in his grave these thirty-eight years." My assertion would be perfectly accurate, had Muzzarelli been dead 380 years. I first asserted the excess of adoration as a thing known. I then brought forward, as a slight sign of it, Mr. Newman's words; as a clear sign of it, I referred to "Mr. Faber's writings," whether prose or poetry, and from his hymns I selected a few passages which were translated from the Italian. The translation and republication makes the sentiments his own just as much as though they were original.

Again, Mr. Faber denies that there was any "ludicrous misconception of the religion of the English implied by the Neapolitans saying they were 'infidels,' because they were 'English and Protestants.'" For himself and eight millions of our fellow-subjects, he declares the belief that "the good Neapolitans were talking very sound theology." To this no reply is needed. That so monstrous a statement should have been made is enough.

Once more, he cannot refrain from putting in a word for the truth of the old woman's assertion, that the only thing that the poor English had by way of Baptism was, that some rose-water was poured over them. He then continues, "For this (some articles in the *English Churchman*) and other reasons we wonder the

author should put forth Baptism as a strong point of his protestant Establishment, and be horrified that an old woman at Rome misconceived of Anglican Baptism, when the Privy Council and a divided Bench of Bishops, the mettlesome Suffragan no less than his excommunicated Primate, found in it, to say the least, as much difficulty as the poverina vecchia did, and have managed to leave a great deal more." This is either an argument or a sneer. If it is an argument, the Premiss is as follows: The Privy Council and Bishops have found the question of Baptism a difficult one: The Conclusion is, Therefore the belief that the only Baptism that the English have is a sprinkling with rose water, is not a misconception of the religion of the English. If this is not the argument, Mr. Faber has condescended to go out of his way for the sake of a sneer, and made, to say the least, a most inaccurate assertion, "that the author put forth Baptism as a strong point of his protestant Establishment," whereas, be it strong or be it weak, he did no such thing, as it did not come within his scope to do so in the place referred to.

Mr. Faber has accounted for much of my pamphlet on the grounds that it was required of me by my system: "like the helpless intoxicated Greeks, he speaks only what the fumes of his system inspire into him." I would apply the same charitable hypothesis to himself. It could have been nothing but a system which could have induced Mr. Faber to commit himself to so reckless an assertion for himself and his co-religionists, that it is a point of sound theology to hold

all Englishmen not in communion with Rome to be Infidels. It could have been nothing but a system which has made him take under his patronage such a story as that English Baptism consists of nothing but a sprinkling with Rose-water. It could have been nothing but a system which could have made him in the same Essay term Mr. Gladstone's Letters, "a party slander, which has taken so well with the Protestant public." But it must be a strange system which has reduced Frederick William Faber and others of once cherished and still honoured name to making such reckless assertions as those to which they now commit themselves.

THE END.

APR 15 1915

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ERRATA.

| Page | line |
|------|--|
| 67. | 19. <i>for</i> Virgins <i>read</i> Virgin |
| 75. | 8. <i>dele</i> all |
| 106. | 10. <i>for</i> Gaudix <i>read</i> Guadix |
| 119. | 28. <i>for</i> <i>graeoso</i> <i>read</i> <i>gracioso</i> |
| 131. | 14. <i>for</i> Senor <i>read</i> Señor |
| 174. | 26. <i>after</i> well <i>insert</i> nigh |
| 190. | 22. <i>for</i> fingured <i>read</i> fingered |
| 219. | 1. <i>dele</i> and |
| 227. | 12. <i>for</i> were <i>read</i> are |
| 263. | 24. <i>for</i> religion which upholds <i>read</i> religious which uphold |
| 277. | 22. <i>for</i> Straus's <i>read</i> Strauss' |
| 313. | 20. <i>insert</i> “ |
| 314. | 24. <i>for</i> Gennalifé <i>read</i> Generalifé |
| 352. | 25. <i>for</i> their <i>read</i> thus |
| 370. | last line <i>dele</i> the |

